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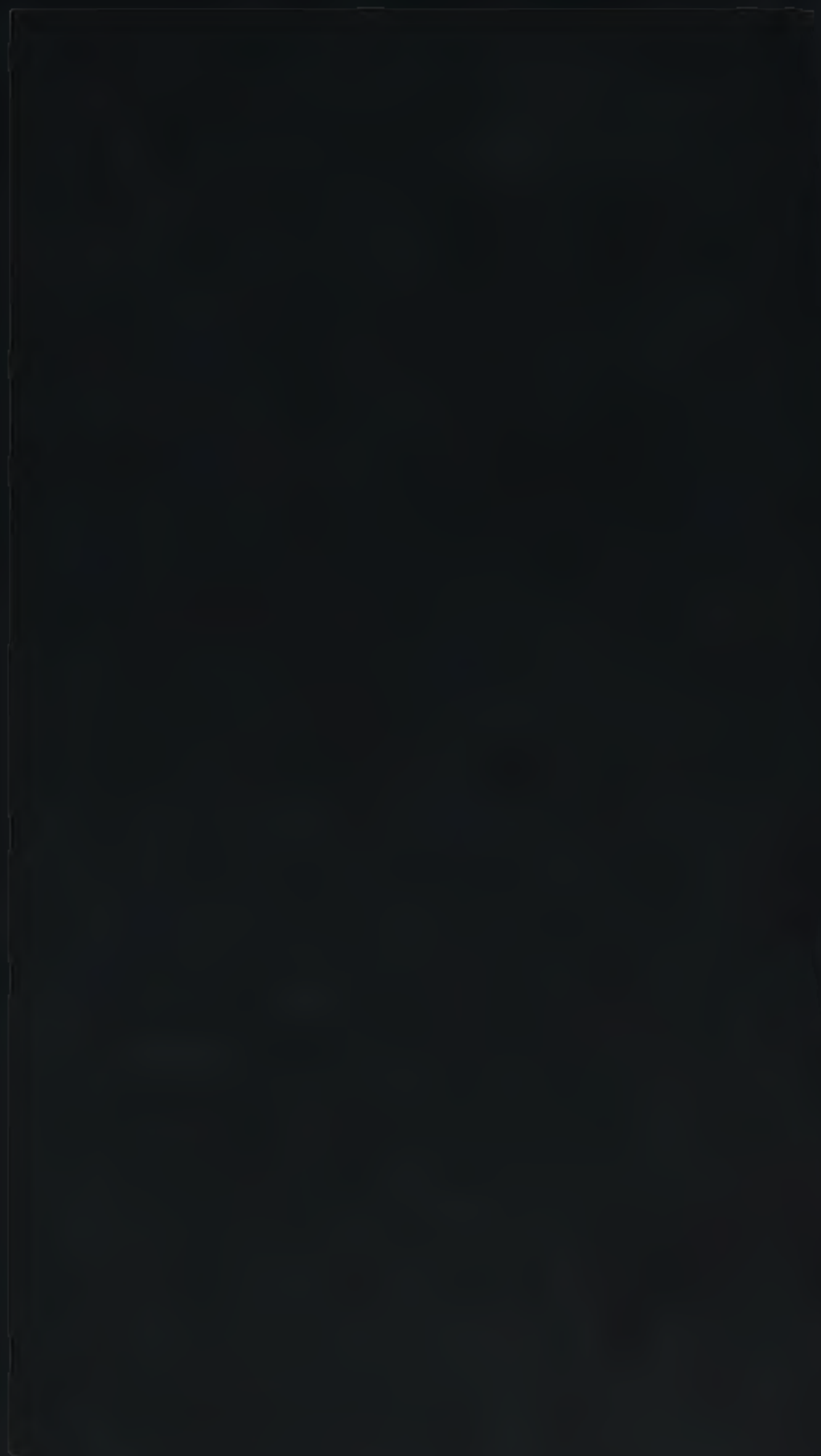
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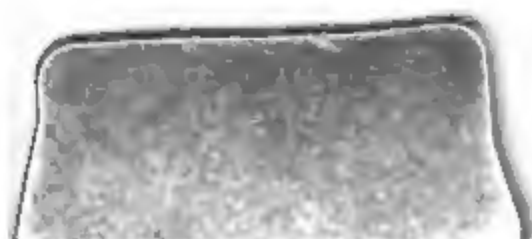
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THE
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RETURN FROM POITIERS.

THE frontispiece represents the entrance of the Black Prince into London, after the brilliant success attending the battle of Poitiers.

There is no doubt that, in all times, some fine, some touching, and some notable events and incidents have been lost to the world for want of, or marred by, the unskilfulness of a chronicler. Some heroes and some heroic deeds are shrouded from our eyes, or shown to us, from this cause, in other than their true colours. The Black Prince, however, and his noble-minded mother, Philippa of Hainault, have nothing to complain of on this head—they live, speak, and act still in the pages of Froissart, and present the finest examples known to us of the generous knight and the noble matron of that century. It has been thought, that within a few pages Froissart relates three of the most picturesque, touching, and noble traits in all history—namely, the death of the blind King of Bohemia, in the heat of the battle of Cressy; the intercession of Philippa for the six noble citizens of Calais, after the siege of that place; and the vain attempts of the Cardinal of Périgord to mediate between the Black Prince and the King of France before the battle of Poitiers,* together with the description of the battle and the surrender of the king. Froissart's account of the battle of Cressy, and the incidents that preceded it, is very minute. "After crossing the ford of Blanchtache, and avoiding an attack from the French king, the English king lay in the field with his army all night, and made a supper to all his chief lords of his host, and made them good cheer. . . . "About midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes, and heard mass, and the Prince, his son with him, and the most part of his company were

* *Lord Berners' translation, completed in the reign of Henry VIII.*

confessed and houseled. And after the mass said, he commanded every man to be armed, and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed." There, after ordering and arranging everything, the king mounted a "hobby" * and taking a white wand in his hand, went round to all the battalions, "desiring every man to take heed that day of his right and honour; he spake it so sweetly, and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing of him." It was then, as the chronicler observes, "nine of the day." Then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and afterwards every man lay down on the earth, and by him his salet and bow, to be more fresher when their enemies should come."

In this manner they awaited the tumultuous rush of the French army, which came near, crying, "Down with them," "Let us slay them."

To this disorderly onset, and to a little incident, also recorded by the impartial historian, it is probable that the English owed victory as much as to their valour and conduct—"For," says Froissart, "anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, *the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes, and on the Englishmen's backs.*"

And now, after an hour's hard fighting, occurred the incident which has given a crest and motto ever since to the heir of the English throne. The blind King of Bohemia sitting, listening in his saddle to the noise of the battle, and anxiously attentive to distinguish, if it might be, the battle-cry of his son, "He said to them about him, 'Where is the Lord Charles my son?' His men said, 'Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting.' Then he said, 'Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey. I require you bring me so forward that I may strike ONE stroke with my sword. They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they might not lose him in the press, they tied all the reins of their bridles each to other, and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies."

And where was this "Lord Charles my son," for whom, in despair lest he had come to harm, or in hope that he

* A high pacing or stately horse.

could aid his cause, the blind father had charged to almost certain death ?

"The Lord Charles of Bohemia," says Froissart, "his son, who wrote himself King of Bohemia, and bore the arms; he came in good order to the battle, but when he saw that the battle went awry on their party, he departed; I cannot tell you which way. The king, his father, was so far forward that he struck a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward, that they were there all slain, and were found in the place about the king, and all their horses tied to each other."

After this follows in the chronicle an account of Edward's paternal anxiety for the prince, to whom he sent a message, desiring the knights that were about him that day, "to suffer him to win his spurs," and assuring him that he forbore to succour him, though he knew that he was hard pressed, because he believed that he could prevail without it, and "he would that the honour thereof should be his, and theirs that were about him."

With all that is generous, brave, and devoted in the characters that live in these old chronicles, the bloodshed and hand-to-hand slaughter that took place on the field are terrible to contemplate. Besides the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Lorraine, the Earl of Alençon, the Count of Flanders, and many other noblemen, twelve hundred knights and thirty thousand soldiers died on that disastrous day.

The whole account of this battle is in Froissart's finest manner, vivid, truthful, and quaintly simple, from the picture of the midnight supper in the English camp, and the rising at dawn to receive the sacrament, to the riding away of the French king the midnight after, and his stopping at the Castle of Broyes, when the gate was closed, and the Captain, coming to the walls, said, "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the king answered, "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France."

The battle of Cressy was won by the English, Aug. 26, 1346. That of Poitiers, which gave the French king to Edward the Black Prince as his prisoner, was fought on the 19th of September, 1356, just five hundred years ago.

It was early in May, 1357, that Edward the Black Prince made *his entry into London*, with his illustrious prisoner, *whom he permitted to ride on the superb white charger*

on which he had ridden at Poitiers, and which had been captured with him. The French king is, accordingly, the most conspicuous figure in the print. The Prince presented his prisoner to the Queen, his mother, and by her he was hospitably entertained, with all the observance due to his rank and character. With him came his fourth son, Philip—a boy of only fourteen years—who, during the hard-fought fray, had kept at his father's side, fighting and aiding him with cries of, "Father, guard yourself on the right," "Father, they strike on the left." This young hero, being exceedingly jealous of the dignity of his father, boxed the ears of King Edward's cup-bearer, for serving wine to the English king before the French king; "but," says Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," "Edward and Philippa only smiled at the boy's petulance, and treated him with indulgent benevolence; and when he quarrelled with the Prince of Wales, at a game of chess, they most courteously decided the disputed move in favour of Prince Philip."

The Black Prince is represented as riding beside the King of France, on a black palfrey, and wearing armour.

ON SEEING A LITTLE CHILD PLAYING WITH FROISSART'S
CHRONICLE.

WHAT is all the poet teaches
But the knowledge of his kind;
Wiseest things the wise have told us,
But the mysteries of mind;
Rolls historic, what but fragments
Of a tale with MAN for whole,
Art, but nature as reflected
Through a human soul?

Now the time-worn page lies open,
Page that you must shortly con,
Fast the chapters shift and rustle,
They will turn for you anon.
What a child you are to talk with,
Yet, of many an ancient Tome,
Never heard of sandy Egypt!
Never heard of Rome!

Never read, all cold for pity,
How the black sail left the shore,
With those wailing virgins freighted
For the hungry Minotaur.
Never wept for that old father,
When he look'd in his despair
For the white sail that was promised,
And—it was not there !

Never trembled when the bloodhound
Baying track'd the Bruce by night,
With the enemy behind her,
John of Lorn, the traitor Knight.
Never triumph'd when in secret,
Wading down the stream he went,
And the hound upon its margin
Stopp'd and lost the scent.

Never, but a page is turning,
You shall read and tremble too,
King and Queen and Saint and Soldier
They shall rise and talk with you.
First of heroes Black Prince Edward,
Ah, what pity he is dead !
See him stand ; Bohemia's feathers
Droop upon his head.

Cressy—now methinks I see her,
Read of Cressy all alone
In some garden arbour shelter'd
All with vine leaves overgrown.
Lights that flicker, leaves that flutter,
Spots upon the page have made,
And the heart it flutters faster
Than the shifting shade.

Thus she reads—" The sun that morning
Shone upon the tented plain,
There he stuck the spears of Anjou,
Here the shields of proud Lorraine,
There the helms of high Alençon
Lighten'd as they moved afar,
*There he touch'd the rich,—the waving
Banners of Navarre."*

Sad to think how death hangs nearest,
When life bravest acts her part,
That the warmest love is lavish'd,
Often on the coldest heart ;
Sad that want, that sordid tyrant,
Oft the noblest mind controls,
Sad that highest seats are destined,
Oft for meanest souls.

Yes, he died, the brave and faithful,
Now the victor wears his plume,
And the little heart is troubled
Thinking on her Hero's doom.
Let him rest in shrouded glory,
Sword is sheath'd and banner furl'd ;
You are young to read the riddle
Of the wondrous world.

Yes, he died, but would his story,
Could these recreant spirits nerve,
With a braver heart to follow
Him whom we profess to serve.
Follow One whose cause is purer,
King, but not of earth's renown,
Serve, beneath a holier standard,
For a brighter crown.

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SEEKING AND FINDING.

CHAPTER I.

ON a lonely sea-coast, at some distance from any house, a lady was wandering at the turn of the tide, and watching, somewhat sadly, the shadows of the clouds as they passed over, and changed the colours of the tranquil sea.

It was a clear morning in the beginning of September, and she had walked more than three miles from her lodgings in the nearest village. This walk had been under high rocky cliffs, from which tangled bugloss, thrift, and sea-lavender hung, and long trailing fern-leaves peeped, and offered somewhat to hold for the hand of the adventurous climber. The shore under these cliffs was rugged with rocks which stood out from the soft sand, and were covered with limpets; the water washing among them made a peculiar singing noise, quite different to the deep murmur with which it recedes from a more level shore. She listened to this cheery singing, as the crisp little waves shook the pebbles, playing with them, lifting them up, and tossing them together; and she listened to the sheep-bells, and watched with wonder how the adventurous lambs found food and footing on the slippery heights of the cliffs.

Those who are familiar with the scene I am describing will know that I do not exaggerate in saying, that from this range of cliffs, more than 300 feet high, the last descending so steeply as not to be climbed without risk, the coast and country become so perfectly level, that, standing on the low bank of sand—a natural barrier which keeps out the sea—a spectator may discern spires and turrets more than twelve miles inland, and may carry his eye over vast fields, pastures, and warrens, undiversified by a single hill, and over which the shadows of the clouds are seen to lie, and float as distinctly as over the calmest sea.

It is a green and peaceful district; the church-bells, the sheep-bells, and the skylarks make all its music; and a few fishermen's cottages are the only habitations along its coast for several miles.

As I before mentioned, the lady had wandered for more than three miles from her temporary home; and now,

pausing to consider whether she should return, she observed a figure at a distance before her on the level sand. At first she thought it was a child, and then, changing her mind, she thought it was a large white stone; for it was perfectly motionless, and of a dazzling white in the sunshine.

It stood upon a vast expanse of sand, and excited her curiosity so much, that she drew nearer to look at it; and then found that it certainly was some person standing up, but not moving; and, upon a still closer approach, she found that it was a boy, apparently about twelve years of age, and that he was intently gazing up into the sky. So intent, so immoveable was his attitude, that the lady also looked up earnestly; but she could see nothing there but a flock of swallows, and they were so far up, that they only looked like little black specks moving in an open space of blue between two pure white clouds.

She still approached, and again looked up, for the steady gaze of the boy amazed her. His arms were slightly raised towards heaven, his whole attitude spoke of the deepest abstraction; he had nothing on his head, and his white smock-frock, the common dress of that country, fluttered slightly in the soft wind.

She was close at his side, but attracting no attention, said:—

“What are you looking at, boy?”

The child made no answer. He had a peculiar countenance; and the idea suggested itself to her mind that he was deficient in intellect.

“Boy, boy!” she said, shaking him gently by the sleeve, “what are you doing? What are you looking at?”

Upon this, the figure by her side seemed to wake up from his deep abstraction; he rubbed his eyes, and that painful smile came over his features which we so often see in those whose reason is beclouded.

“Boy,” said the lady, “what are you doing?”

The boy sighed, and again glanced towards the space between the clouds; then he shaded his eyes, and said, with distressful earnestness, “Matt was looking for God—Matt wants to see God.”

Astonished and shocked at receiving such an answer, the lady started back; she now felt assured that the boy was *not of perfect mind*. She did not know how much trouble *and pains it might have cost his friends only to convey to his mind the fact that there is a God*; and she was not one

of those who, inconsiderately and unauthorized, will venture to interfere with the teaching of others. She therefore said nothing; for she could not tell that to assure him of the impossibility of his ever seeing God, might not confuse him in his firm belief in the being of God.

She looked up also, and prayed that his dim mind might be comforted, and his belief made more intelligent. The clouds were coming together, and as they mingled and shut out the space of sky, the boy withdrew his eyes, and said to his new companion, "There was a great hole—Matt wanted to see God."

"Poor Matt!" said the lady, compassionately. "Does he often look for God in the sky?"

The boy did not reply; but, as if to comfort himself for his disappointment, said, in a reassuring tone, "Matt shall see God to-morrow—shall see God some day."

He then began to move away; but, as he appeared to be rather lame, his new friend kindly led him. But when she found that he did not seem to be making for any particular part, but wandered first to one side, then to the other, she said, "Where does Matt want to go?"

The boy looked about him, but could not tell. Perhaps his long upward gazing had dazzled his eyes; perhaps the sweet sound of some church-bells which was wafted towards them, now louder, now fainter, attracted his attention; for he stopped to listen, and, pointing to a grey church-spire, told his new friend that the bells said, "Come to church, good people."

This was evidently what he had been told concerning them. There were some cottages on the sand-bank a quarter of a mile from them, and, not doubting that he lived there, the lady led him towards them. Though dressed like one of the labouring classes, the boy was perfectly neat, clean, and obviously well cared for. His light hair was bright, and his hands, by their soft and white appearance, showed that he was quite incapable of any kind of labour. He yielded himself passively to her guidance, only muttering now and then, in an abstracted tone, "Matt shall find God to-morrow."

Very shortly a little girl came out of one of the cottages, and ran towards them. She was an active, cheerful little creature; and when she had made the lady a curtsy, she took the boy by the hand, saying to him in a slow, measured tone, "Come home, Matt—dinner's ready."

"How can you think of leaving this poor boy to wander on the shore by himself?" said the lady: "Did you know that he had left his home?"

"He always goes out, Ma'am, on fine days," said the child, "and we fetch him home to his meals."

"But does he never get into mischief?" asked the lady. The child smiled, as if amused at the simplicity of the question, and said, "He's a *natural*, Ma'am; he doesn't know how to get into mischief, *like us that have sense*."

"How grateful you ought to be to God, for giving you your senses!" said the lady; "and what a sad thing it seems that children should ever use their sense to help them to do mischief!"

The little girl looked up shrewdly; and perhaps, suspecting some application to herself, began to evade it, as clever children will do, by applying it to another.

"There's Rob," she began in her high childish voice, "he's the smartest boy in the school, Ma'am. Got the prize, he did, last year. His mother says he's the most mischievous boy in the parish. Mr. Green gave him 'Pilgrim's Progress,' for his prize, but I reckon he doesn't know Rob's ways. Rob climbs up the cliffs after the pigeon's eggs, he does; and his mother says she knows he'll break his neck some day; he climbed a good way up once with his little brother on his back, and his mother says, she thought she should ha' died of fright."

"I am sorry to hear that he is such a bad boy," said the lady; "I hope his little brother was not hurt."

"No," said the child; "but Rob was beat,—his father beat him, he did, when he got down, all the same as if he had hurt his little brother." Then, as the boy at her side appeared to flag and come on with reluctance, his little guide resumed the measured tone in which she had at first spoken, and said to him, "Matt must make haste, the dumpling's ready; make haste, Matt."

The kindness and care with which she led him, induced the lady to say again, "Is it safe to leave this poor boy all alone on the beach, when he does not seem to know the way home?"

"He can't go out of sight, Ma'am," said the child, shaking back her hair from her healthy brown face; "and our *folks* give a look at him, now and then, to see what he's *about*."

"O, then, you do care for him," said the lady; "you are all fond of him?"

"Yes, sure," replied the girl, "he never does us any harm; and he must come out; he would fret, unless he might come out and look for —"

The child hesitated, but being encouraged to proceed, continued in a lower tone—

"He expects, that some day he shall see God, Ma'am. He is always asking where God is; and when our folks tell him that God is up in heaven, he comes out and looks up."

"Poor fellow!" said the lady; "does he know that we are talking about him now?"

"No," said the child decidedly; "his grandfather says he can only think of one thing at a time; and now he is thinking about his dinner."

By this time they had reached the nearest cottage, and a decent looking woman came out and requested the lady to walk in and rest; she then led the boy in, set him on a low stool, and having cut up his dinner on a plate, gave it to the little girl, who began to feed him with it.

A chair had been set for the stranger; and as she gladly sat down to rest, she took the opportunity of looking about her.

A very aged man was sitting in a corner mending a net, such a one as is used for catching shrimps. A middle-aged woman was clearing away the remains of a meal, and the other, having given the plate into the hands of the child, had turned to an ironing board which was covered with laces and muslins.

It was a tolerably comfortable kitchen; and as no one spoke for a few moments, the lady had time to remark the long strings of dried herrings that hung from the blackened beams in the roof, the brick floor, which was a good deal worn away and looked rather damp, the sea coats hanging on the wall, the oars lying under the chairs, and that general overcrowding of furniture, and yet neatness, which is often seen in a fisherman's cottage, and gives it a resemblance to the cabin of a ship.

The old man at length looked up. "I reckon you have had a long walk, Ma'am," said he, "the visitors from D—very seldom come over to this lone place; all the fine things they want to see lie on t'other side."

"Yes, it is a long walk," she answered; "and I do not know that I should have come quite so far if I had not met with this poor boy: he must be a great charge to you indeed."

"Ah, you may say that, Ma'am," said the woman at the ironing board; "he is thirteen years old come Michaelmas, poor fellow, and has never done a hand's turn for himself in his life, and never will, as you may plainly see."

"Are both his parents dead?"

"Yes; his poor father was lost in a gale, five weeks afore he was born. He sailed in a fine new brig, the Fanny, of Scarborough; she was very heavy laden with wheat, and she went down in Boston deeps, and all on board perished—he was mate, and a very steady man."

"The boy's mother was my grand-daughter," said the aged man.

"Yes, a poor young thing," observed the woman, "and she died afore he was a year old. As fine a child he was as you would wish to see, at first, and when I took him to be baptized, for his poor mother did not get over her confinement time enough to take him herself, I well remember Mr. Green saying to me, 'Well, Mary Goddard, I hope this child may live to be a comfort to his mother; tell her so from me.' But, poor dear, she doted on the child, and did not live long to want comfort."

"Not but what she knew there was something strange about him," interrupted the old man.

"Aye," said the woman, "for though he was a brave child to look at, he couldn't stand, and he had a way of sitting with his head back that was queer to see; and his mother took notice of it for a few weeks afore she died: as she sat just where you sit now, Ma'am, and I was ironing as it might be there, before the window, I heard her crying behind me, and I turned and says, 'What's the matter now, Sally?' 'Aunt,' she says, 'I misdoubt about my boy; however, I put my trust in the Almighty.' 'What do you mean by that?' says I; 'the child's well enough, Sarah.' 'I misdoubt about his head,' says she; 'for I'll warrant you, if you give a crust to other folks' children, they're sharp enough to put it in their mouths by the time they are his age.' 'Well,' says I, for I began to be afraid myself (for *what she said was true enough*), 'don't you be fretting, Sally, for he has friends, and he shall never want, so long

as they can work for him.' Becca, don't feed him so fast, my dear."

"I suppose this little girl is a relation," said the visitor.

"O, no, Ma'am," was the reply, "none at all; but the neighbours' children take a sort of pride in waiting on Matt, this little lass in particular; and as her mother has no young children at home, she can very well spare her."

By this time the old man, having finished the work he was about, lighted a short pipe and went out, and the boy with him; little Becca set a stool for him, in the sunshine, outside the cottage door, and there he sat basking, and apparently enjoying himself, while his grandfather went to his work.

"You see, Ma'am," said the woman, "that poor boy can do nothing, but the neighbours are as kind as kind can be; and Mr. Green says, sometimes, 'Though this is not a common misfortune,' says he, 'yet, your father's being able to work at his time of life, is not a common blessing,' for father is near upon eighty years of age, and as hale and hearty as some men at sixty. So the old can work for the young, and we are not burdened with both old and young."

"No, that is certainly a blessing," said the visitor, who felt self-reproved when she saw the cheerfulness and industry of this family, particularly of the woman herself; "and no doubt you have done what you could for the poor fellow; have you tried whether he is capable of being taught anything?"

The woman was busy laying the clear-starched articles in a flat basket, and counting them over to her sister, who was about to take them home: when the latter had left the cottage and shut the door behind her, she went on with her ironing, and answered her visitor's question.

"Ten years ago, Ma'am, I walked over to K—; it is nigh upon thirty miles from our place, but I had heard say there was a doctor there, that folks thought very highly off. So I told him my name was Mary Goddard, and that I had come about a child that was afflicted; and he asked a vast many questions; and by what I said, he said it was easy to tell that the child was paralytic, and had pressure on the brain. But when I asked if he could do anything for him, 'Mary Goddard,' says he, 'can he feed himself?' 'No, Sir,' says I,

‘his hands are too weak.’ ‘Then,’ says he, ‘I am afraid it is out of my power to help him; want of sense is less against him than want of power: but I will come and see him.’ And so he did, sure enough. May the Almighty reward him, for he would take nothing from us.”

“And could he do anything for the boy?” asked her visitor.

“No, Ma’am,” answered the woman, with a sigh. “He shook his head, and said we were to keep him as warm as possible. He was eight years old afore he could speak plain enough to be understood. The neighbours’ children taught him, and a vast deal of pains they took; for, dear heart! the difficult thing is to get anything into his head. Whenever that’s done, there’s no fear of his ever forgetting it.”

“But that is an advantage, is it not?”

“Not so much as you would think, Ma’am. Now you see how peaceable he is, sitting in the sun as happy as can be, with his jackdaw on his knee; but there are some words, that if he was but to hear them mentioned, would put him into such a fret and a ferment as is pitiful to see.”

“Does he go to church?” asked the visitor, who felt more and more interest in the poor child.

“Yes, Ma’am,” said the woman; “but I reckon he has no notion of praying, and sometimes the organ frightens him a little; but we have taught him to behave very pretty—only sometimes (and that’s not very often, I’m sure) the poor child will give a little laugh when he sees anybody that he knows. And the neighbours never take any notice; but some people in the other hamlet set it about that he disturbed the congregation, and ought not to come. So I walked over to Mr. Green, and I said, ‘Sir, if it is your wish, I and my sister will take it in turns to stay at home with the boy.’ ‘Why should you, Mary Goddard?’ says he. ‘He behaves as well as many children that have their faculties; and I do not see why you should be kept from public worship on his account. And as for the child,’ said he, ‘I should be sorry to banish him; for who can tell whether he may not learn something, however little? Indeed, it is my wish that he should come.’”

“And do you think he has learned anything at church?” asked the visitor.

“No, Ma’am; because he never seems to understand anything, unless the person who says it stands close to him,

and speaks to him, and attends to nothing else. But Mr. Green said it was not for us to limit the Almighty, and decide whether he could understand or not. We were to do our duty, and leave the rest."

"That is the only way to avoid anxiety," observed the visitor.

"At one time," continued the woman, "we did think he was more sensible, and Mr. Green let him come to school. The neighbours' children used to wheel him there in a barrow; but they could teach him very little. And at last Mr. Green came to us, and told us in a very kind way that he could not let him stay, because he disturbed the other children, and wanted so much watching. But Mrs. Green, when she found how much we took it to heart, said she would try what she could do for him; and sure enough she was a clever lady, and she made him know more in three months than anybody else had taught him in all his life. But she fell ill, and died, dear lady, and there was an end of his learning."

"What did she teach him?" asked the visitor, who was beginning to consider whether she could not take up the work.

"She made him understand that there is a God," said the woman, "and made him have a wonderful sort of reverence for God; and you would hardly believe, Ma'am, that when that boy has done a wrong thing, such as throwing things in the fire, which he will do sometimes, or oversetting the milk, which he knows is mischief, he will go and hide himself in the closet till it gets dark, that, as he says, God may not see him; for you know it is too much to expect that poor child to understand that God can see through a door."

"Poor fellow!" said the lady. "But what a proof this is of his entire belief of what he has been told!"

"Yes, Ma'am, that is what Mr. Green said, when I told him. 'Mary Goddard,' he said, 'this ought to put us to shame. How few of us have the presence of God so clearly in our minds, and are so much afraid when we know we have done amiss.' Now, Mrs. Green being dead, we cannot exactly find out what she taught Matt; for, though he can turn things over in his mind, he cannot tell them to us. *However, we noticed from that time that Matt had a great habit of looking up in the sky; and I have no doubt,*

Ma'am, he told you, if you asked him, what he was looking for."

"Yes, he did; and I felt very much surprised," said the lady.

"Ah," remarked the woman, "I thought so, Ma'am. I saw you were surprised when you came in, and I made up my mind you should know the rights of the story, if you would stop a while. Well, Ma'am, Matt spends the chief part of his time on fine days looking for God; and knowing God sees everything seems to make more difference to him, than to us that have our senses."

"And there again he reproves us," observed the visitor.

"What you say is very true, Ma'am. Now, the neighbours never tell *him* any lies—that would be a wicked thing; so I know none of them ever made him expect to see what we never shall see in this world; so I reckon that Matt put two things together, and thought if the Almighty could see him, why, He might be seen."

"And do you know whether he learned any more," asked the visitor, "of this kind friend?"

"Mrs. Green told me that she had tried to give him a notion of the Saviour," said the woman; "but she did not think he understood her. He only knows the name of Jesus Christ, I think; for one day, when the sky was uncommonly clear, he told me that Jesus Christ lived up there with God. Mrs. Green showed him pictures, and took a deal of pains; but I don't think he made any more than that out of her teaching. But she taught him to count and say the days of the week; and, altogether, he has taken much more notice since she instructed him."

The woman had evidently been so well pleased to have some one to speak to who could sympathise with her, and take a kind interest in her poor charge, that her visitor had stayed much longer than she had at first intended. She now prepared to leave the cottage; and, before doing so, remarked that she could not but think, in spite of the boy's deficient intellect, that he might be taught to occupy himself in some slight way, such as netting or plaiting straw; and she offered to come and try to teach him. The woman shook her head, and said,—

"I am very much obliged to you, Ma'am, I am sure; but *it is not the want of sense that makes me afraid he could not learn, so much as the weakness of his hands; and in*

cold weather they are so numb, that he is more helpless by far than you see him now."

Still the visitor said she should like to try, and offered to come the following day and begin. The woman thanked her, and consented with gratitude; declaring, that if once the boy could be taught anything, he never forgot it.

The visitor then went away, saying, as she passed the poor child, who was now basking idly in the sun,—

"The next time I come to see Matt, I shall give him a penny."

She said this, partly to test his memory, partly to make him anxious to see her again. His face brightened; and, as she walked home over the level sand, the consideration of how great a contrast there was between his powers and her own, occupied her mind, and she thought of those words of serious meaning, "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required."

There was a great deal of comfort in his humble home. His grandfather seemed to be a quiet, sober man; his aunts were industrious women; a healthful breeze came in at the open door, and the two little casement windows supplied two such views as are not often to be met with. From the front casement might be seen the grand spectacle of the open sea; some heavy clouds had come up, and their leaden grey hues were reflected on the shifting waves; while vast flocks of sea-birds were wheeling in great circles, at every turn the white of their wings flashing out; the tide was rapidly coming in, and the wind rising, every beat of the breakers on the soft sand sounding like low thunder. The other casement looked inland, for the kitchen occupied all the lower floor of the little cottage; the clouds hanging only over the sea, there was still sunshine over the open fields and wide marsh of the brightest green; church-spires stood up here and there; but the district seemed to be so thinly populated, that it was wonderful how they could gather congregations. Behind the cottage was a little garden; its walls sheltered a few rose-trees, a number of scented flowers, and some apple-trees from the force of the wind: a sweetbriar was trained to climb over one of these trees, and its falling blossoms were wafted on to the ironing-table, and dropped among the delicate laces which the woman was *smoothing*. *But the warmth of that day and its steady sunshine were all that gave pleasure to the*

afflicted boy. The grand sea sweeping in, the wheeling sea-birds, the luxuriant fields, and towering cliffs, might all have vanished away like a dream, and taken no part of his enjoyment from him.

The lady walked home; and some things that had been said to her of poor Matt recurred to her mind, together with his own strange words, "Matt was looking for God." Alas, how few of *us* are looking for God! "although He be not far from any of us." In His works how few discern Him, but can look on the glorious sun, and only consider its warmth and brightness, and on the green earth, and only count up the harvest it yields, without thinking of Him who ordained them.

In the ways of His providence, also, how few look for God! Even among those who desire to serve Him, how few "search diligently that they may find Him," observing and pondering on the trials and troubles, as well as the mercies that He has ordained for them, and considering what effect they are intended to produce upon their minds and characters—whether impatience has caused the more painful dispensations to be merely punishments, or whether submission has received them as discipline, and found them to be blessings in the end!

REMARKS ON LANGUAGE.

THE study of words, as regards their primary signification, has sometimes been regarded as a task solely appropriated to the learned; the subject is, on the first inspection, uninviting, but will be found, on trial, richly to reward the patient toiler in its mines of buried wealth. Here and there the shining ore of the deviations of our language palpably crop out (to borrow an Australian phrase) upon the surface: but by far the greater treasure lies within, only to be acquired by long search, and untiring application. Our language is like a Mosaic pavement of glorious dies and shifting pattern; but nearly every separate stone that goes to form the whole brilliant picture is probably of a different origin. As we trace, in some old tessellated pavement, *here a sparkling piece of lapis-lazuli—here a square of verd-antique, or sienna marble—so the component parts of*

our own language are of varied and often antagonistic forms. Like a nosegay culled from many-hued flowers, every sentence of our best authors is a specimen of unlike tongues spoken by races, strangers to each other.

If the Britons had remained masters of the land, called Britain after them, their language, like the modern Welch, would have been more in unity with itself, and independent of other tongues. The Romans, strange to say, have after their four hundred years of military occupation, left little trace of their Arts and Science—still less of their language, even in the fastnesses of Cambria. Many, too, of the words which resemble Latin in that language, might be traced to a common Indo-Germanic root. Whatever Latin was spoken in the time of Gwerthem (or as the name is usually written Vortigen), was destined to give way to the Saxon tongue. If, in its turn, the Saxon language, with its kindred Norse, Danish, and Syriac dialects, could have made good its position against all comers, the English language would have been but very slightly indebted to the South for her present forms of speech. Numberless words, which we now express by Latin, exist self-coined in the Teutonic mixture of language. “For instance,” is rendered by our German cousins, “for a bye-play,”—“impression,” is an “in-stroke,”—“translation,” is “setting opposite.” And as we have, since the Norman conquest, gradually dropped these original terms, the difficulties of all learners of the German language are greatly increased: although that language is our mother tongue and parent of at least two-thirds of the words we utter. It is certainly strange, as we have remarked before, that Rome should have left behind her such faint traces of her speech, among the original inhabitants of Britain so long under her sway.—Whatever little she left was speedily effaced by the barbarous sea-kings and their illiterate followers from Jutland, Denmark, Frisia, and the mouths of the Elbe. The pure Roman tongue soon ceased to be spoken even in France and Spain, where its hold was more firmly fixed. Alfred, our first well-educated Saxon King, talks of translating Boethius’ Consolation of Philosophy, from “Book Latin,” into the vulgar tongue. A debased dialect began to be spoken about Italy and in Rome herself. The Romana Rustica—the provincial Latin—has infected so many words in Italian, French, and Spanish, that their derivation is often

very dim and hard to be arrived at by the most acute among the learned.

There has arisen in the present day a great re-action, from the old Johnsonic Latin-loving diction, a cry has been raised for the employment of Anglo-Saxon exclusively, in all our writings. But surely, when our language is so confessedly rich in the spoils of nations, it would be too unwise to throw away what we have acquired, or strive to root out the Roman phrases engrained in our tongue; and as difficult to be removed as the cement of the Roman walls which here and there still exist in our land, silent and time-worn monuments of the great and solid Roman empire. So many are the English means of expression, that our very riches are a kind of encumbrance to ourselves, and the embarrassment of choice checks our pen. The simplicity, majesty, affectionate tenderness, and knotted strength of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, is never more apparent than in our Bible and our Prayer Book. To our Bible we owe the preservation, not only of religious truth, but we have in it a guarantee of the purity of our language. It is "a well of English undefiled," and has embalmed that English to all succeeding ages, in all its native and inimitable worth. This simplicity, and in some cases, quaintness of diction, did not stand the trial of succeeding ages. The times of Charles the Second gave a tinge of French colouring to our language, even in what is called the Augustan age of Addison; the English of Steele is very inferior to that of the preceding times in simplicity and well-chosen expressions. The stream flowed on somewhat muddily, receiving in its course, numerous tributaries of other tongues till we arrive at the times of to-day. In these a greater attention is paid to foreign languages: and the attention of almost every learner is aroused by the light thereby thrown on many of our words, especially by the German, whether high or low Dutch.

In no place too, has this language taken such root as in England: for Lombardy, so long under the rule of a Teutonic race, bears few and faint marks of the German tongue in her Italian speech. "Snello" may recall "*schnell*," quick, and "stivale," "stiefeln," or *boots*, to the Italian scholar: but *the Teuton has in no respect Anglicised Northern Italy, as Cymbric Britain has been Anglicized by the hordes of Hengist and Horsa.* The Moors, in Spain, on the contrary,

have left far deeper footprints of their march of conquest and have left behind so many Arabic words which will outlive even that purely Oriental creation of the sunny East, the famous Alhambra. Still in spite of Frank, and Goth, and Arab, the languages of France, Italy, Portugal, and Spain remain most decidedly Romanesque; and Latin is the key that unlocks the cabinet of all their poetry and prose. The Roman name has outlived its language elsewhere, as in Roumelia: the Moors call all ruins in Africa, the work of Room: the gipsy calls his language, Rommany, though clearly derived from Hindostan: the Greek is proud to style himself, Romaïcos, or Roman.

It is an interesting thought, moreover, that the uses, and even the meaning of words, gradually change in the lapse of ages. Words are either deposed or exalted in their signification, and the original meaning is often confounded, or perhaps entirely lost, owing to the ignorance of succeeding generations. For example, when we say, "Tide and time wait for no man," tide was originally synonymous with time—the *time* of the ebb or flow of the sea. *Lukewarm*, in the same way, is corrupted and magnified from the old Saxon "löh-warm," which survives in the Scottish word for fire, "low." "Charles' Wain," the rustic name for the constellation Ursa Major, is corrupted from the Saxon: it was originally The Churl's (or farmer's) Waggon. "Pate" is no longer a serious word, but excites ludicrous images in the hearer. "Harness" is no longer the plate and mail armour of the knight of old—from whence the "Beauharnois" did not disdain to take their name—but is confined to the ignoble gear of horses. So "fowl" once comprised every bird that flies, and "meat" all that can be eaten, surviving still in "wild-fowl" and "sweetmeat"—but both words have been stripped of their universal sway by tyrant custom. "Deer" once signified "wild animals"—the boar and the wolf, as well as the hart and roe of the old forests of England—those forests which gave shelter to the Britons against the Romans, and to the Saxons against the Normans.

Many expressions which we now consider vulgar, were once held excellent and grammatical English. "Most Highest" is good Saxon for "Most High," while we scrupulously avoid in our English of to-day a double comparative or superlative. *Again, a double negative is the commonest construction possible in ancient English, and continues in*

force to the time of Chaucer. To use it in our ordinary conversation would now be esteemed a proof of a very faulty education ; though Dame Margaret Paston, using the everyday speech of her day, tells her "right worshipful husband," John Paston, "I can *neither* be purveyed of posts *nor* of boards *not* yet."

Again, the grammar of our language has gradually laid aside very much of the severer forms and terminations of the Anglo-Saxon, which more resembles the Greek and Latin, or *classic* tongues, in its difficulties of gender, number, case, and mood. "Well is thee," "Woe is me," are not to be explained at first sight ; but when we know "thee" and "me" to be old *datives*, the difficulty vanishes.

It is not every reader of the beautiful version of the Psalms in our Prayer Book, from the Latin of the Vulgate, that can understand all the English common at that period. But in "Latimer's Sermons" we see the self-same expression which may have puzzled us in the English of Cranmer. For instance, "Runagate," for "Runaway ;" "other," for "others ;" "setteth not by himself," for "puts no inordinate value on himself ;" "Morian," for "Moor," or Arab—and many other archaisms, which do not perhaps occur in the later version of the Bible, put forth in the reign of James I. Even the seventy years that elapsed between Cranmer's Prayer Book and our present version of the Bible have left broad traces of the ever-changing nature of our language. Like a mighty river, it leaves in its rolling course fragments on its banks, to be replaced by fresh spoils that it encounters on its march.

In every language proper pronunciation is a matter of great importance. In modern languages, a purity of accent is sedulously sought by all learners, who propose to do more than *read* them for their private amusement. Hence it is of no slight consequence who is our instructor. An Englishman will probably fail in obtaining "the true Parisian" accent from a native of Picardy or Burgundy ; a Yorkshireman will not give a Frenchman a correct idea of his English tongue as spoken in London circles.

It happened to the writer of these few words to fall into the company abroad of a Swede of Göttingen. For a long time he took the Swede for a Scotchman ; and, on mentioning *this supposition*, he was told by him that the English *he had learnt and spoken* hitherto was the result of intercourse with Scottish merchants of his native Göttingen.

Much, no doubt, that is now held vulgar in pronunciation once received the patronage of nobility, and even royalty. "Yow," for "you," though common among the Lincolnshire peasantry, is not held to be polite; but it had once good authority. A Countess of Suffolk, in one of the oldest letters extant in the original handwriting, spells "you," as she no doubt pronounced it, "yow." Queen Elizabeth is known to have spelt, and probably pronounced, the word "heard" "*hard*." So, also, "joy," "annoy," &c., were probably pronounced by our great-grandfathers, as they are now pronounced by the lower orders of the Midland Counties, to rhyme with "I." It is a fact that Henry Kirke White, born and bred at Nottingham, makes "boy" to rhyme to the above personal pronoun; by which unfortunate provincialism he drew down upon himself, what his sensitive nature ardently desired to avoid—severe literary criticism. Again, the Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Henry VI., signs himself in a letter written at his Castell of Makestok, to Lord Beaumont (see Introduction to the Paston Letters), "Yowre trew and feyfull broder." "Trew," for "true," is still the Norfolk pronunciation; also "blew," for "blue." Our modern change of pronunciation may in this instance be considered a corruption, as it leaves us no difference of sound between "blew," did blow, and "blue," the colour.

Linguists are fond of consoling themselves for the difficulties they encounter, with the saying, "As many tongues as a man knows, so many times is he a man;" and, under the present dispensation, this is certainly true; yet it is probable that the heaviest punishment ever laid on the erring children of Adam was the confusion of tongues, and the multitudes of tongues, which we investigate with so much interest, are proofs of the Divine displeasure.

The sin for which this punishment was inflicted is not clearly defined in Scripture. The building a city and a tower which, in hyperbolical language, should "reach unto heaven," or the sky, was not in itself an offence; their crime was therefore, doubtless, the *motive* for so doing. Some persons have endeavoured to show that the confusion of tongues was merely decreed in order to induce man to migrate and replenish the earth, and was not intended as a punishment. *But this view is not consistent with the narrative.* The people were headstrong: the Lord said,

“Nothing will be restrained from them,” *therefore* “let us go down, and there confound their language.” It has been very commonly supposed that they built the tower as a protection in case of a second deluge, and that the daring disbelief of God’s promise, that he never would destroy the earth again, was their crime. This opinion has been so widely spread, that some persons have felt great surprise, on consulting the sacred record, to discover no foundation for it there.

But for whatever cause the builders of Babel were scattered, we their children still suffer from the effects, in the isolation of the different races, the division of the finest minds from each other, the locking up of some works of genius among small tribes, and the utter loss of others, from the gradual change of the tongues in which they were written.

We now inherit portions only, and broken fragments of that perfect language, which was one of God’s best gifts to man, but which, when He came down from heaven, and saw the children of men upon the plain of Shinar, and perceived that “nothing would be restrained from them,” He shattered to atoms: as Moses cast down and shattered the precious tables of stone, written with the “finger of God,” when he beheld the children of Israel worshipping a molten calf upon the plain that was overshadowed by Sinai.

E. R. P.

DR. DEANE’S GOVERNESS;

OR, DEPENDENT AND INDEPENDENT.

WE do not like the title of our tale; it should have been “Dr. Deane’s Children’s Governess;” but that sounds awkward, and we English are fond of clipping out all words that are not uttered with ease, so let it be Dr. Deane’s Governess, it will save trouble; and we never say, Mrs. Richardson’s Children’s Governess, or, Mrs. Chichester’s Children’s Governess.

Dr. Deane’s Governess, Miss Ann Salter, was quietly seated, about three o’clock on a Wednesday afternoon, by the window of a pleasant little carpeted room, which was evidently used as a schoolroom. The sun shone in at the *window*, the light air was blowing in a good many petals of *China roses*: four children were playing outside, three girls

and a boy, the latter about six years old, and the girls all older.

Miss Ann Salter had a book in her hands; and I can put you in possession of her attitude at once, if you have ever seen a pretty print called "the Governess," by saying that precisely and exactly in the position of "the Governess," sat Miss Ann Salter. If you wish to know whether she had seen the print in question, I am happy to inform you (it being my desire to oblige you with all proper information) that she had.

But if you yourself have not seen this print, I must tell you that it represents a very pretty pensive-looking girl, sitting quite alone, with her feet upon a stool, her hands dropped on her knees, and an open letter in them; her hair is drawn in a braid from her cheek, and one long curl falls on her neck. She is dressed in deep mourning, and is evidently musing over this letter from home; perhaps it is from a bereaved mother. There are globes in her room, and slates and maps, and children's dogs-eared books: so there are in the room where Miss Ann Salter sits, but she is not in mourning, she is dressed in a gown of a light brown colour, with three flounces, a stripe of blue at the edge of each, and a very pretty collar and cuffs of her own work. It is always best to be particular in describing these little matters, because it prevents mistakes.

The hands and feet represented in the print are unnaturally small, Miss Ann Salter's, however, were of the usual dimensions; her hair, dressed exactly like that of "the Governess," was smooth, abundant, and of a somewhat sandy hue, she had very light eyebrows and eyelashes, and her face, young, healthy, and plump as it was, had no pretensions to beauty, or even to good looks, excepting when she was laughing or looking very animated; then it was a pleasant young face enough, and as fresh as a milkmaid's.

At the time of which we speak her face was very gently pensive, though it was a half-holiday, though she had a new book on her lap, and though it was quarter-day.

Perhaps she had been seated twenty minutes in this position, when one of her little pupils ran up to the window and exclaimed, "O, Miss Salter, Johnnie has got Papa's great squirt, and he is squirting the roses!" thereupon, Miss Salter started up, and in a voice a little sharp for such a pensive heroine, exclaimed, looking forth from the window, "Johnnie, you naughty boy, bring that squirt to me immediately;" and Johnnie reluctantly approached the arbiter of his fate with a large greenhouse syringe under his arm.

"How came you to take that?" asked Miss Salter, with *impressive solemnity*.

"It was only just inside the greenhouse door," said the chubby little culprit; "and I've only just been squirting some bees that had got into the roses."

"Put it back directly," said Miss Salter.

"Mayn't I just squirt the rest of the water out, first?" asked the boy.

"No," replied the Governess, "you may not; and you are not to be always saying, *I only just* did this and that: it is very naughty to make excuses; put back the squirt directly, where you found it."

Thereupon the little boy slowly turned away, and carried his stolen plaything across a well-ordered lawn, under some tall fir-trees, and along a gravel walk till he reached a greenhouse, his governess watching him till she saw him put down the squirt and come out again. She then withdrew her head and shoulders from the canopy of roses, clematis, and passion flower into which she had been leaning, and at the same moment a respectable elderly servant opened the door behind her and said, "Master has come in, Miss Salter, and wishes to speak to you, if you please."

O, quarter-day, thought Miss Salter, and answered, "Very well, Andrew, I will come."

As she approached the study door it was opened and three female servants issued from it. "How painful it is, she thought, to be paid my salary just at the same time that they receive their wages; I have no doubt they know why I am summoned just now."

Dr. Deane was going over some accounts with an old lady who superintended his household: he looked up, pleasantly, and said, "Sit down, Miss Salter, I thought I should have been ready for you, but you see there are more last words—well, Mrs. Mills, it certainly does seem a great deal to pay for meat, at this time of the year, especially when there is plenty of grass."

"O, it's a shameful price, Doctor, quite shameful; I told Curtis, I was sure you would not go on with him," said the old lady, looking quite irate.

"What an interest Mrs. Mills takes in her stupid housekeeping," thought Miss Salter, sitting down and falling quite naturally into the attitude of "the Governess," "really one would have thought it was a matter of life and death to save the Doctor sixpence."

Dr. Deane went on with the accounts, and presently said, "Well, Mrs. Mills, it is as you say, and we had better change *our butcher*."

"*That is exactly* what I expected you to say, Doctor,"

proceeded Mrs. Mills; "I said to Curtis, only yesterday, 'You are your own enemy, Curtis; you raise the price of meat till you either lose your customers, or induce them to make up with poultry and fish.' 'Well, Ma'am,' said he, 'I hope you will not lose me a good customer by complaining of my prices to the Doctor.' 'Indeed,' said I, 'I shall think it my duty to mention it, I should consider myself unfaithful to my trust if I did not.'"

Thereupon followed a discussion as to what butcher should be employed; it lasted five minutes, and while they pass, and while Miss Salter still sits in the attitude of "the Governess," we will look about us and describe what we see.

We see that the room is a small one, and that its floor is covered with a faded green carpet, which is all the worse for the chemical experiments made by its owner; there are many books, but they are all locked up in glass cases. In glass cases, also, are displayed numerous skeletons of small animals, mice, moles, birds, and cats, and in trays protected by glass, lie metallic treasures and specimens of ore from the gold fields. Altogether the room has a cold, shut-up, and glassy effect, not at all home-like, and very much the reverse of comfortable.

But the Doctor himself, whom we also see, looks as if he could make any room comfortable; he is a fine man with a keen black eye that seems to be always on the look out for symptoms, a thick black eyebrow, and a thick head of iron-grey hair; he looks about fifty years of age, has regular features, a delightfully cordial smile, but an abrupt manner, and what the poor call a very out-spoken way with him.

As his old friend, Mrs. Mills, left the room, Dr. Deane turned suddenly to Miss Salter, who straightway changed her position.

"Miss Salter," said he, "you have not looked quite the thing lately. What is it? headache?"

"O, no, Sir," said the Governess, blushing.

"O, no, Sir! why, one would think it was a shame to have the headache. By-the-bye, I don't wish the children to drink any more of that beer, Andrew tells me it is quite sour, the thunder, no doubt. Did you drink any of it at dinner to-day?"

"Yes, a little; but it is not particularly sour; and I am quite well, Sir, indeed," said Miss Salter, blushing more than ever, and perfectly shocked at the notion that, if she did not look "quite the thing," it was in consequence of drinking sour beer.

"Then you really feel perfectly well?" asked Dr. Dean.

"Perfectly well, I assure you, Sir."

"Humph," said the Doctor. "Well, Miss Salter, you and I generally have a little conversation on quarter-day; and if you have anything to mention, or to complain of, now is the time. My wish is, as far as I can, to meet your reasonable expectations. Do you find that Johnnie is growing too much of a Turk for you? I know the rogue is always in mischief."

"No; he is pretty good generally, I think, when he is in the schoolroom; and the little girls are very orderly."

"And your father and all your family are well, I know: I saw them yesterday. Your father seemed in capital spirits—said the crops were finer than he had known them for years.—Well, Miss Salter, have you anything to remark upon?"

Miss Salter considered, and then answered, thoughtfully, "No, Sir; there really is nothing particular to mention that I know of."

"Nothing that you wish altered? Then, I suppose you wish to retain your situation?"

"If you are satisfied, Dr. Deane."

"I certainly do not wish that we should part. I have found you a conscientious, good girl, and fully clever enough for my dear little dunderheads. You neither neglect them nor overwork them. And besides, having known you ever since you were born, and all your family having been patients of mine so many years, I naturally feel that you are likely to be more comfortable with me than a perfect stranger would be, and also that the highest testimonials would not enable me to trust a stranger as I do you."

An expression of great pleasure came over the face of Miss Ann Salter. "Thank you, Sir," she said; "I am satisfied, and much obliged to you for—for—"

"For my good opinion, eh?" said the physician, with a smile. "Well, but now I am going to scold."

Miss Salter looked up rather alarmed, and blushed, with a sort of conscious look, which told plainly that she suspected what was going to be said.

"The fact is," proceeded Dr. Deane, "that I should be very glad if you would try to look as you say you feel. You have told me that the children behave reasonably well, and that you are in good health, and quite comfortable. What I wish is, that you should appear so. When first you came to us, and, indeed, till quite lately, you were as ready for any sort of expedition or amusement as the children themselves—*such a hand at a nutting!*—in such spirits at hop-picking *time!* Now you walk about with your head hanging down

and have the air of appearing to think that it is quite derogatory to smile, and—Well, well, I did not mean to make you uncomfortable; but I should be glad, Miss Salter, to see you cheerful again, and, in short—contented.”

“Contented, Sir!” exclaimed Miss Salter, in a tone of astonishment and vexation.

“Well, perhaps, I am wrong—I beg your pardon if I am—I will change the word, and say, I should be glad to see you less pensive—less depressed.”

“One cannot always prevent such feelings,” said Miss Salter, with downcast eyes. “Depression is the result of circumstances.”

“You are wrong, Miss Salter.”

“Sir?”

“I say, you are mistaken. Depression of spirits, when it is real, and when people cannot help it, comes, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, from dyspepsia, or from a disordered liver—in short, from bodily causes.”

“Surely, Sir, that is looking at it with a physician’s eyes!” exclaimed Miss Salter, looking not a little vexed.

“And that is how one must look at it who knows anything about it. When people are in perfectly sound health, they may feel acute sorrow, deep anxiety, the keenest distress of mind, the most painful agitation—they may suffer from disappointment, from remorse, from a thousand other of ‘the ills that flesh is heir to,’ but not from that lumpish, spiritless feeling, that you and I are talking of by the name of depression, unless they are brooding over something in their lot that displeases them. In short, what I want to say, and what I want you to reflect upon is this, that as a physician I give it you as my candid opinion, that what we now understand each other to mean by depression is either disease or discontent.”

“I am sorry you should have thought me discontented,” observed Miss Salter, slowly, though without any appearance of ill-temper; “but, with such a theory, Sir, I do not see how you could have thought otherwise.”

“I talk to you with more freedom,” was the reply, “than I could do if I merely stood in the position of an employer. I also have the superintendence of your health. Not that it has ever caused me much anxiety: you were always a cheerful, healthy, little romping child, full of life and activity. You came to me, and I think I may say that your natural characteristics have not been unduly restrained—indeed, your excellent spirits and love of out-of-door life, have been to me one of your chief recommendations. Well, I was highly pleased with you, and I believed you were just as well

pleased with us, till all on a sudden I happened to say to you one day, at the early dinner—(I remember it was the very day after Fanny came to stay with me)—‘Will you take some more beef, Miss Salter?’ and you turned your face slowly to me, and said, ‘No, thank you, Sir,’ with such a pensive voice, and with such an air of patient meekness, that I declare I felt for the moment as if I must be a jailer who deprived you of your liberty, or a host that abridged you of your food. Now I have done; and I am sure you will endeavour to alter your manner in this particular. Here is your cheque: take it with the pleasant reflection that you have earned it well, and that I think so.”

Now Miss Salter had an excellent temper, and considerable self-control. Probably she felt annoyed at this plain-speaking; but if she did, she did not show it, but took her cheque, and perhaps would have said something to the effect that she would give the subject her best attention, if at that moment a knock had not been heard outside the door, which was followed by the entrance of a pretty girl, tall, slender, and yellow-haired. She was elegantly attired in a glossy dress of light-shining silk, a graceful mantle, and a white bonnet, and as she entered she exclaimed:

“Uncle, the pony-chaise is coming round. Are you ready?”

“Yes, my dear,” said Dr. Deane. “But stop, this is pay-day, Fanny, and I will give you your allowance.”

“Oh, thank you, Uncle!” exclaimed Fanny, shaking back her long curls. “I am sure I shall be very thankful for it, I am so poor—am I not, Annie? Do you know, uncle, I was obliged to borrow a sovereign of Miss Salter, because you insisted on not giving me my money till quarter-day.”

“Fanny, Fanny, you are a very extravagant child. Why, even when people earn their money, I never pay them beforehand. And you, you little useless, idle thing, you that are only a consumer, and not a producer, you actually want to coax me to pay you money that you never earned before the time when I agreed to pay it; and because I will not, you little drone, you go and borrow of the industrious bee. I wonder you trusted her, Miss Salter! There—count your money, child, and tell me whether it is right.”

“No, Uncle; one sovereign too much.”

“Then pay your debt with it, like an honest young woman. And now, remember that I never mean to do this again—I am ‘principled against it,’ as the Americans say.” So saying, Dr. Deane bustled out of the room, leaving the two girls together.

"Here is your sovereign, dear," said Fanny to Miss Salter. "Was it not lucky that I chanced to mention having borrowed it? I had not the least notion that uncle would give it me."

"Nor I," remarked Miss Salter; "the Doctor considers it quite wrong, you know, to exceed one's income. Really, Fanny, I think you should be more careful."

"So I will, dear," said Fanny, stooping to kiss her.—Fanny was tall but exceedingly slender, and though very graceful, had not the agreeable air of health presented by the Governess. "I thought I had been careful till I found my money was all gone," she observed.

"No wonder, if you have three new bonnets in one summer."

"Why, you would not have me wear a dingy bonnet, would you?"

"No, but I would not have you wear a delicate, gauzy thing like this, in the dusty road, during a drive. A straw bonnet would look as well and more appropriate to-day. Stoop a little, will you, it is not quite straight." Fanny stooped. Miss Salter adjusted the bonnet to her mind, shook out the folds of her gown, and altered the set of the mantle.

"Have you not been talking some time with my uncle?" asked Fanny. "I thought when I came in, you looked uncomfortable."

"I only looked as I felt then," said Miss Salter, sighing.

"O, well, I must say if my uncle is not pleased that Johnnie is so noisy, that I think it is more his fault than yours; for really, Annie, I am sure he pets him more than he does the little girls. However," said Fanny, reflecting that this was no business of hers, "my uncle is very kind to all the children, and to me, too."

"It was not about Johnnie that he spoke," said Miss Salter, blushing again at the recollection of the lecture she had received; "he thinks—he intimated that I was—I don't know that I can tell you now; I will some other time."

As she spoke an expression of the gentlest pity came over the fair face that was looking down into hers, and its owner said with a sigh and in a tone of sympathy, "Dear Annie."

"Of course I must expect this kind of thing in my painful position," said Miss Salter.

"Yes," said Fanny with more sincerity than wisdom or knowledge of what *she was talking about*, "but it is a great comfort to know that all the trials of the christian shall 'work together

for good.' I am afraid, dear, that you have felt your position more than usual lately. I noticed this morning that you looked particularly depressed." At the mention of this word Miss Salter sighed; but as a loud, cheerful voice was heard in the hall, calling, 'Fanny, Fanny, come, child, I am ready,' Fanny hastily ran out, and Miss Salter retired to her room, where she put on her hat and went into the garden.

"Uncle," said Fanny when they had driven about a quarter-of-a-mile, "don't you think Miss Salter has looked rather depressed lately?" She said this partly from a little feeling of womanly curiosity, and partly because, in her kind heart, she had found a place for the Governess.

"Depressed?" said Dr. Deane; "yes, my dear, I have been talking to her about it this morning."

"Have you, Uncle?" replied Fanny. She longed to ask another question, but did not dare.

"O Fanny, Fanny, mind I never see you pursing up your mouth, and looking as if you were trying hard not to laugh when anything droll is said in your presence. And then if you really cannot help laughing, never let me see you turning away your face to hide it, and heaving up a sigh to show that you are determined not to be amused."

"Does Miss Salter do so?" asked Fanny, with her natural simplicity, "Yes, I think I have noticed it; but, however, one naturally makes allowance for her, and it is no wonder she feels pensive. Obligated to descend from her position in society, separated from her family, poor girl, obliged to work for her living, always seeing those about her who are in superior circumstances."

"Why, is not Lucy, the dairymaid, separated from her family and obliged to work for her living, and to see those about her who are in superior circumstances? and does she look depressed?"

"O, no; but she was most likely always brought up to know that she was to go to service."

"Does that circumstance make service agreeable to her?"

"Yes, I suppose so, Uncle."

"How do you know that Miss Salter had not the advantage of knowing that she was to be a Governess — have you inquired?"

"No, Uncle; I took it for granted, that she had not."

"And what else have you taken for granted, Fanny? Tell me; for I think I see a ray of light breaking through *obscurity*."

"*I don't know what you mean, Uncle.*"

"*Never mind that, give me your views, and tell me what*

you have been pleased to take for granted, respecting governesses in general."

"I have read a good many interesting stories," said Fanny, hesitating, "that had a Governess for their heroine; the last I read was particularly interesting, and it made me feel that, as a class, they deserved a great deal of consideration, and — I don't exactly know how to say what I mean, but when I came here I felt that I ought to be particularly polite and friendly to Miss Salter, and to feel a great deal of pity for her."

"Humph! now give me a sketch of the story."

"O, the heroine is a tall, dark-eyed, lovely creature, brought up in the greatest luxury, and accustomed to associate with refined people; her father loses all his property, and dies. The story opens with her taking leave of her bereaved mother; they are so poor that she is obliged to take her long journey in the depth of winter, on the top of a coach, and she reaches her first place at night. And the story goes on to say that the people are very vulgar, and treat her with the greatest insolence and harshness, particularly the master of the house, who dislikes her from the first."

"But she, no doubt, is a miracle of patience and discretion?"

"Yes, Uncle, she is very unhappy, but bears all with the sweetest meekness, though she often retires to her own room to weep and think over the happy past; and then it goes on to say that she saves one of the children's lives, and the house is just going to be robbed, but she overhears the thieves talking and disclosing their plans behind a hedge."

"A likely incident! well, go on."

"It ends not quite so naturally as it begins—she marries!—"

"Of course she does! The eldest son lives at home; he is a paragon of elegance and excellence, in spite of his vulgar bringing up. He is also particularly handsome—she marries him."

"Nothing of the sort, Uncle."

"Then she marries the curate—I know, she marries the curate! and immediately after his rich uncle comes from India, lives with them, dies, blessing them, and leaves them all his fortune."

"No, she doesn't, Uncle, she marries a young baronet, who is struck with the pensive sweetness of her face, as she takes the children out for a walk."

"Indeed!"

"*But the most interesting part of the story is her journal,*"

proceeded Fanny, "with the description of all her lonely feelings; really it is quite harrowing to read it—such beautiful resignation, and at the same time such melancholy."

"Pray, my dear, have you talked over this story, and specially this journal, with Miss Salter?"

"Yes, Uncle."

"O, Fanny, Fanny, you exceedingly silly little goose."

ORRIS.

LETTER TO A GODCHILD.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,—You are now approaching that period of life when you will have to take upon yourself the vows of your baptism. What an important era of your existence! How much, under God, depends upon the way in which you pass through it! As your godfather, I desire to afford you what help I can, in preparing you for this most interesting solemnity. I offer up for you the same fervent prayer now, as I did when kneeling before the font at which you were baptized, and admitted by that solemn rite into Christ's holy church, were made a visible member of Christ's mystical body "Receive her, O Lord, as thou hast promised by thy well-beloved Son, saying, 'Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' So give now unto us that ask; let us that seek, find; open the gate unto us that knock &c." In these earnest petitions your parents, and godparents, and the church of Christ pleaded for you when a helpless infant, that you might "enjoy the everlasting benediction of God's heavenly washing;" and not only be baptized with water, but with the Holy Spirit, and so be made "an inheritor of his everlasting kingdom."

But in order to give effect to these petitions, you *must, now that* you are of age, make them your own. *I earnestly trust that* you will do so, by God's grace

and renouncing all "other lords which have had dominion over you," will henceforth give your heart wholly to God.

Think, my dear godchild, what is contained in those words, "My son, my daughter, *give me thy heart.*" God, who is constantly bestowing his gifts upon us, here asks for something in return; not silver, gold, or costly offerings, but what is very worthless in itself, yet very precious in his sight, your own heart. Though it be a foolish heart, a sinful heart, a weak, worldly, deceitful heart, a heart laden with iniquity, a "desperately wicked heart," yet it is the only thing He will accept at your hands. Do not refuse it. He will take it and make it *new*, pure and precious; more precious than pearls and diamonds; when He has impressed his own image upon it, and filled it with heavenly treasure, the grace of his Holy Spirit, the gift of his love.

Do not delay, my dear girl, to make this offering to the Lord, do not hesitate about it. I know that there are many claimants for your affections, many rivals; but is there any other who is worthy of your heart? Is there any being in the world who can be thought of in comparison with the Lord? That gracious Being, the "Father of mercies," who created you, who sustains you, who, by his only Son, died to redeem you, who, by his Holy Spirit, seeks to quicken, enlighten, and sanctify you, He who has the sole right to you, says, "*Give me thy heart.*" He might have claimed it as a *debt*, but He stoops to receive it as a *gift*. Oh! if you knew how good He is; that He is *love* itself; that He *has* loved, *is* loving, and *will* love you for ever. If you "knew and believed the love which He has to you," you could not but love Him in return, you would lose not a moment to run and throw yourself into his arms, and give him your *heart*.

Only consider, my dear young friend, to what else

can you give your heart, if you refuse it to him? Would you give it to Satan? Horrid bondage! to be led captive by him at his will in the road that leads to hell! Will you give it to the world; to riches, pleasures, and honours? Can they satisfy you or make you happy? Or will you give your heart to *self*, to the lusts of the flesh? Surely you cannot mean that! What a base, sordid wretch is a selfish creature who lives for self-gratification, self-admiration, self-indulgence, the slave of appetite, vanity, and vice! Look at the victims of sensuality, and see what self-indulgence leads to. Oh, no, my dear godchild, I know you would never, never willingly consent to descend into the brute, to forget your immortal destiny, and grovel in the mire of selfishness! Then hear the voice of God your Father which calls you. Rise to meet him. Open your heart to him and say, "Lord, I am thine!"

But do you ask, "How can I give my heart to God?" I answer, ask him to take it. If you feel yourself in need of his grace, sinful and undone; if you know that you cannot please him of yourself; if you believe that He is a holy Being, who cannot love sin; but also a merciful Being, who is willing to pardon the sinner; you will pray to him to give you his Holy Spirit, to pour his love into your heart, to reconcile it to himself, and redeem it from the effects of the fall. If you feel, as I trust you do, that it is sinful and unworthy of God; that it is corrupt and cannot love God; that it is deceitful and will not cleave to God, you will all the more earnestly cry to him for his promised grace, through Jesus Christ, who has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." If you really desire to give yourself up to God, He will assuredly help you. He who gave his Son to die for you, will give his Spirit to live in you. He will help you to pray, to believe, to love, to walk in God's *ways and keep his commandments*, and thus you will

prove, even before you know it, that you have given your heart to God.

I am, your affectionate Godfather,

R. W.

CONVENTIONAL POLITENESS.

POLITENESS or courtesy, which we might have classed among trifling and needless things, derives dignity from having been enjoined as a duty in Holy Scripture.

"Be courteous," is as much a command, as "Be ye renewed in the spirit of your mind," or "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

True courtesy always springs from kindly feeling, and a desire to yield to all their due: but conventional courtesy sometimes arises from mere habit; it is often far from truthful; and the courtesy of different nations differs so much, that what is a compliment in one place is an insult in another.

We find in the Bible curious indications of the kind of courtesy which early prevailed in the east. Abraham going to meet the three strangers (Gen. xviii.), bowed himself towards them, entreated them to dine with him, and while they did so, stood and waited on them himself, though he had 300 servants born in his house, who might certainly have waited on him and his guests, if such had been the custom. Again, when he wished to purchase a cave to bury Sarah in, he bowed himself before the people of the land, and humbly called himself "a stranger and a sojourner" with them, while they in their turn complimented him on his greatness, "Hear us, my lord, thou art a mighty prince among us."

Conventional politeness seems to have had its birth in the east: Eastern nations are naturally polite; it is a part of their character, and needs no teaching; the poorest and lowest of the people in India, China, Persia, Arabia, will bow with as much grace, and pay a compliment with as much tact and elegance as the highest. Awkwardness and bashfulness, those uncomfortable feelings which temper the manners of the Western nations, are almost entirely unknown in the east; so, also, unfortunately, is that regard

for truth almost unknown, which in the west generally makes a *very* extravagant compliment unacceptable.

There is, however, one particular kind of courtesy which is the especial growth of the west.

Almost all the deference shown in the east, is paid by *man to man*, by the weaker to the stronger, by the lesser to the greater: but this courtesy of the west, is paid by *man to woman*, by the stronger to the weaker sex, to the lesser sex by its lord and master. This is a higher kind of courtesy than any that prevails out of Europe, and it is founded on a more cultivated state of feeling. The Teutonic race who originated it (and from whom the English spring,) are perhaps, notwithstanding, more deficient than any other people in natural grace, deference, and elegance in their intercourse with one another; we are speaking of course, of the common people, for the upper and educated classes, who have been carefully taught politeness, could not be fairly adduced as examples.

As an instance of what is meant, let us give a description of a transaction between a shoemaker and a fishmonger in England, and then change the scene to China.

The shoemaker has been mending the fishmonger's shoes; he brings them home and enters his neighbour's shop, with his cap on and whistling.

"Well," says the fishmonger, "what do you mean to charge for this job?"

"One and two pence," replies the shoemaker.

The fishmonger unlocks his till. "I call that a good deal of money," he observes as he counts it out.

"Couldn't say less," replies the shoemaker, taking it. "Thankee. They wanted more doing to 'em than I expected when I took them in hand.—I say, neighbour, how do you sell your red herrings?"

"Three for two pence," says the fishmonger, "and as good as ever swam."

"Well, I don't mind if I take my 'Missis' two penny-worth home, for her supper." So saying he hands back the twopence, chooses three herrings, and the transaction being now concluded, the fishmonger turns his back, and begins to open oysters; the shoemaker goes out whistling.

If some native of China could have heard and understood *this scene*, perhaps the absence of all polite observance between the men, would not have surprised him

more than the use of that pretty, but to him most strange word, by which the shoemaker indicates his wife—"My Missis." It hints at the courtesy of the West, and though in the country where it is commonly used, it is certainly true that some of the husbands beat and ill-use their wives, it is at least equally true that in a country where *all* the husbands are despots, it never could have come to be commonly used.

Now let the scene be transferred to China.

A tailor has brought home a new silk petticoat for the master of an eating-shop. The two Chinamen catch sight of each other at opposite ends of the shop, advance with gravity, stop three times, and each time make profound bows.

"What is your honourable business with me?" asks the master of the house.

"Your inconsiderable servant having received your commands, has done himself the appreciated pleasure to wait on you, in your splendid shop, with your new petticoat," replies the tailor.

The other man receiving it, answers, "In your handsome shop, work is done with a punctuality and elegance, that I, poor man, cannot fail to admire and envy at."

The two parties again bow to each other profoundly.

"How is your handsome and much-to-be-envied wife?" inquires the tailor.

"The homely woman is well, I thank you humbly," answers the Chinese husband, with the disparagement that politeness demands of him.

"And your industrious and estimable sons, the cinder gatherer and the vendor of roasted crab," proceeds the tailor, "your servant trusts they are well?"

"The insignificant young dogs are well," replies their father, "and are your servants ever. I hope your illustrious father is well; your servant saw him yesterday looking out at the door of his magnificent meat-pie shop, in the splendid lane, which he honours as his residence."

"The poor man, my father, is well, your servant thanks you." The price of the work having been previously agreed upon, the owner now produces it, and proffers it, with profound bows; but the tailor retreats, and in his turn bows, *making as if he could not think of taking it, and protesting that the honour of working for the illustrious*

master of the eating-shop is in itself sufficient reward. The master of the shop, however, pursues him to the door with fresh bows, and at length the tailor takes his money, and being careful not to turn his back on his customer, the two part, with gravity, and renewed compliments and prostrations. This little scene is not in the least exaggerated. "The rites," as the Chinese call their laws of politeness, demand that they should bestow all sorts of opprobrious epithets on themselves, their children, their pedigrees, while heaping compliments on those whom they are talking with, and bowing with the profoundest reverence. This kind of politeness is very far from that "courtesy" recommended in the Bible, and is consistent with the utmost heartlessness and selfishness. It is adduced here as a curious specimen of national manners; and while we congratulate ourselves that our manners as a nation are not so hypocritical nor so fulsome, we should not forget that courtesy among us is seldom of natural growth, and that as it has been included among the list of Christian virtues, it is our undoubted duty to foster and cultivate it.

THE truest courage is always mixed with circumspection; this being the quality which distinguishes the courage of the wise from the hardness of the rash and foolish.—*Jones of Nayland.*

To misrepresent the argument of an opponent, is virtually to admit that what he has really said is not open to refutation.—*Whately.*

LET us not so much solicit God for any temporal advantage, as for a heart that may fit us for it, and that He would be the Chooser as well as the Giver of our portion in this world; for He is alone able to suit and sanctify our condition to us, and us to our condition.—*South.*

It is particularly worth observation, that the more we magnify, by the assistance of glasses, the works of nature, the more regular and beautiful they appear; while it is quite different in respect to those of art: for when they are examined through a microscope, we are astonished to find them so coarse, so rough and uneven, although they have been done with all imaginable care by the best workmen. Thus God *has impressed*, even on the smallest atom, an image of His *infinity*.—*Sturm.*

CHAPTERS ON MEMORY.

It has been not unfrequently remarked, that in proportion as the other intellectual faculties are cultivated the memory declines. "In the earlier stages of society," we hear it said, "vast numbers of songs, ballads, and even heroic poems, were handed down, and recorded in the memories of the people, and in no other manner; whilst now these same poems, if they were not preserved in written books, would perish altogether." This is true; but that the cultivation of the other faculties CAUSES the memory to decline is probably not true. The fact, which has been too commonly observed to be disputed, would be more fairly stated thus: In the earlier stages of society, memory being the only intellectual faculty which was carefully cultivated and much exercised, flourished, and was both enduring and accurate; but in the present day, while the other faculties are much exercised and cared for, memory is almost wholly neglected, and it declines accordingly.

While we are yet children we use our memories; we learn languages, committing hundreds and thousands of arbitrary sounds to its keeping; we learn poems and prose pieces by heart; but as soon as we are pleased to consider that our education is finished we cease to exercise memory; we scarcely ever learn anything by rote for the purpose of strengthening it; we very often neglect even to retain by reflecting on them, and using them, those stores which, during our education, were laid up in it, and consequently it becomes weakened and inaccurate.

I propose to make a few remarks on the cultivation of the memory.

Memory is of two kinds: that which retains the sound, and that which retains the sense. If two people read a book, one will perhaps be able to repeat certain brilliant or interesting sentences in it, word for word, without having retained any recollection of the arguments, arrangement, or general scope of the treatise; the other may not remember one line exactly as it was worded, but may remember the chain of argument and the writer's drift perfectly. This second kind of memory is the more intellectual of the two; its possessor proves, by repeating the arguments, that he has understood what he remembers. But he who repeats by rote may or may not understand what he says; for he shares his faculty with parrots, who retain the sound, while the sense is unknown to them.

I would ask you to consider which of these two kinds of

memory is yours. If the first, it is a highly valuable natural gift, and has this advantage, that what you have learned by rote you can make use of, and even learn the meaning of afterwards. Poetry, which you learned years ago, you can appreciate better as you grow more intelligent, and understand better what poetry is; dates, which you have learned as isolated facts, will increase in usefulness as you continue to fill up by reading the bare outline of history which you possessed when you first committed them to memory. They are, and always will be, valuable landmarks to divide portion from portion, and to keep all in order. You will find that, though you must not neglect to exercise and cultivate your memory, your chief care should be to make a good use of the stores laid up in it.

If, on reflection, you find your memory to be of the second kind, I would advise you to use every means to improve it, satisfied that what you can remember accurately your observant and imaginative mind can make use of, and find pleasure in. You now find a difficulty in learning a few verses of poetry or a page of prose *in such a manner*, that you can be quite sure you shall be able to repeat it at the end of a twelvemonth. And when you talk with your friends, you often feel unwilling to advance a fact or state an opinion, because you cannot quote with certainty your authority for the former, or be sure in what book it was that the latter was advanced.

But perhaps you feel, or fancy, that by nature you have neither of these kinds of memory in any perfection; you may even be in the habit of saying that you cannot learn this or that, for you really have no memory for it. Now, it is certainly true that this power differs greatly in degree in different persons; but it is a comforting fact that no other is so easily cultivated.

To illustrate this assertion, I will mention a circumstance which I know to be perfectly true.

Some years ago, a lecturer on memory went to a small country town, and entering the national school, asked the master whether he had any particularly stupid boys under his care. The master pointed out, in reply, a dull-looking little fellow, about seven years old.

"What is the child's particular defect?" asked the lecturer.

"Why, sir," said the master, "he has no memory at all. *I really can teach him hardly anything.*"

"*Indeed. Well, it is just twelve o'clock; so, while you dismiss the boys, just march that little fellow up to me, will you?*"

So the little boy came up to the form where the lecturer was sitting, and was asked, "What is your name, my boy?"

"Tom Smith, sir."

"Well, my boy, and what did you have for dinner yesterday?"

"A flour-dumpling, sir," was the ready answer, "and some potatoes, and a sup of milk with them. Mother went up to Mr. Green's, and they gave her the milk."

"What did you have for dinner the day before yesterday?"

"A bit o' bacon and a lot o' carrots; because father had been thinning the carrot-bed."

"Well, can you remember what you had for dinner the day before that?"

"Yes, sir; that was Sunday."

"So it was."

"We had a rice-pudding, sir, and a drop of treacle to it, out of the shop."

"Good boy. How many boys are there in this school?"

"Ninety-six, sir."

"Tell me the head boy's name, and the names of all the other boys in his class."

This having been done, the lecturer said, "Tell me the names of all the boys in the next form;" and so he went on, till ninety-five names had been mentioned.

"There is one more," he observed.

"Yes, sir," said the little urchin; "that's me, sir. I'm at the bottom of the first class."

"Indeed," said the lecturer. "Well, Mr. C——," turning to the master, who was now looking on, "I see nothing the matter with this boy's memory. He seems to me to remember a good many things quite correctly; and, if you would let me teach him for a week, I think I could make him remember a good many more."

It was arranged that this boy should come to the lecturer every day for a week. At the end of that time he was called on to the platform by his new master, and there, before an audience, he repeated with alacrity the whole of "Gray's Elegy," without a single mistake; and then the names and dates of accession of every king and queen of England since the Norman Conquest. "Now," said the master, "say them backwards." The boy was equally perfect, and the audience were next allowed to question him themselves.

After this little scene, some more children were produced from the same school, and were made to repeat the same poem backwards. *It was evidently no trouble to them to do so—they had learned it simply by rote; and they afterwards*

went through an outline of the Linnæan system of botany, the little boy, Tom Smith, answering his share of the questions.

After this digression, I propose to lay before you—

1st. Some of those plans which in this case, and most others, have been found so successful as HELPS to the memory.

2nd. Some of those plans which tend to the IMPROVEMENT of the faculty itself.

Perhaps the method of Fienagle is the most useful and simple that has hitherto been laid before the public. It is of principal value for facilitating the recollection of facts and dates. He adopted the plan of making letters represent figures. He took the alphabet, and first cast aside all the vowels, together with the letters *j* and *y*, which were to be considered as such. He then divided the consonants among the numerals thus:—

t, he made to stand for I, because it is made with one stroke.

n stood for II, being made of two strokes.

m stood for III, for the same reason. So far there is nothing arbitrary in the choice: these three letters seem naturally wedded to the first three figures.

r stood for IV, that letter concluding the word four.

l stood for V, because the Roman capital L stood for five tens, and therefore this letter belongs more naturally to five than to any other number.

There were now fourteen letters to divide between five numbers, and it was done arbitrarily.

d stood for VI.

He then took the guttural letters *c*, *g*, *k*, and *q*, and made them stand for VII.

b, *h*, and *v*, stood for VIII, they happen to be the consonants in the word BEHAVE, by which they may be easily connected in the mind and remembered; but as *w* and *r*, are used indiscriminately by vast numbers of persons in these realms, *w* was included, thus, *b*, *h*, *v*, and *w*, stood for eight: *f* and *p* have this peculiarity, that in *writing* they are carried both above and below the line; they stood for IX.

The three remaining letters have a hissing or buzzing sound. They stood for a nought; *s*, *x*, and *z*, stood for 0. When these rules have been perfectly learned, they are to be used thus. If the date is of four figures, take four words which *begin with the letters that stand for those figures, and make them into a sentence by means of words that begin with vowels, or simply with the four words if you can; always remembering that, if possible, the word should have some*

relation to the sense of what is to be remembered, and also that, however many words you use that begin with vowels, they count for nothing in the date.

Thus, Troy was taken 1184 years before Christ — the words “Troy taken, Helen recovered,” express the date in words, and also relate the fact in such a way, that fact and date must always go together in the mind; the words, “Then the heroes returned,” would express the date equally well, but from what particular expedition they returned at that date might soon be forgotten.

In common with most young people at this time, you probably take an interest in architecture, and would like to remember the dates of those periods, when particular styles prevailed, together with the time when certain ancient castles, bridges, cathedrals, or palaces, were built. I select this particular subject as one by means of which you can quickly discover how easy it is to learn and remember lists of dates by the use of little sentences, that are as quickly made as tenaciously retained. You have, perhaps, been reading in Willis’s History of the English Cathedrals, how Remigius built Lincoln cathedral, and how he died the day before it was consecrated. The ancient account is full and interesting; the date is 1075. As *L* stands for 5, you, of course, take care to embody the word Lincoln in your sentence, and with the other four letters you make some such sentence as this: “The splendid cathedral of Lincoln.”

Lincoln castle having been built at the same time (which you cannot fail to remember, if you have read the old description of these works, and of the characters of those who built them), you have thus the dates of two interesting monuments. Salisbury cathedral is also a building of great interest, not only from its beauty and celebrity, but because it was all built in the space of forty years, and is all in the same style of architecture, an advantage which but few of the English cathedrals share with it. The style is early English, or pointed; the first stone was laid in the year 1220, these figures will form this sentence—“The Noble Name of Salisbury.” There is a very circumstantial and curious account in the old chronicles, of how the bishop who built the cathedral, removed from his former city in consequence of the “malapert” behaviour of the dwellers there, and set in hand the new one on the open plain. The town of Salisbury is, therefore, no older than the cathedral, and sprang up round it, thus differing from many which were chosen as sites for cathedrals, because they were already important places.

As it is always easiest to learn from examples, I will give a few more dates.

Canterbury cathedral, the first founded in this country, lays claim to a date as early as 604 ; it has been burnt, plundered, sacked, flooded, and rebuilt, so that probably not a stone remains of the first erection, though some claim a venerable antiquity for the crypt.

The murder of Becket, and his burial within its walls, together with the subsequent pilgrimage of deluded multitudes, to make offerings at his shrine, and worship his bones ; make this sentence appropriate for the date, "Doth shrine relics."

"This dome Christopher left us," gives the date of the building of St. Paul's Cathedral.

These sentences I take from a list which contains the dates of many other interesting buildings ; I refrain from copying more, because the student will find that a sentence which he makes for himself, he will remember far better than any which are ready made for him.

I will now take a different subject, that of history, and show, for the benefit of those who love rhymes and remember them easily, how they can make Fienagle's plan still more pleasant to them, by adding a rhyme to each sentence.

Let us suppose that the student has been reading that most interesting and philosophical work, "Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," and wishes to remember the date of each battle.

He may notice first, that four of these battles took place before the Christian era.

These are the battle of Marathon, B.C. 490 ; the defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, B.C. 413 ; the battle of Arbela, B.C. 331 ; and the battle of the Metaurus, B.C. 207.

After the spirit-stirring description of the bravery displayed by the Athenians at Marathon, we read that the Persians rushed down to their ships in order to retreat ; but even to the water's edge they were pursued, and seven of their galleys were taken and burnt.

At the second battle, however, in our list, the Athenians were defeated, and it is concerning this battle that Arnold says :—"The Romans knew not, and could not know, how deeply the greatness of their own posterity, and the fate of the whole western world were involved in the destruction of the fleet of Athens, in the harbour of Syracuse. Had that great expedition proved victorious, the energies of Greece during the next eventful century would have found their field in the west no less than in the east ; Greece and not *Rome might have conquered Carthage ; Greek instead of Latin might have been at this day the principal elements of*

the language of Spain, of France, and of Italy; and the laws of Athens rather than of Rome might have been the foundation of the law of the civilized world."

The third battle is that of Arbela. "The city which furnished its name to the decisive battle which gave Asia to Alexander."

It was before the battle of the Metaurus, and when he saw that it must be fought and lost, that Hannibal uttered the memorable sentence, "Rome will now be the mistress of the world."

These four dates are embodied in the four following couplets. Of course, the reader must bear in mind, that the second line is only intended to make the first more easily remembered, and has nothing to do with the date.

Retire, unwelcome Persian sails,
Athens at Marathon prevails,
Repulsing those Athenian men.
Fair Syracuse was conqueror then.
March, Macedonian! Asia through,
Since Arbela submits to you.
Ah, never such catastrophe
As then great Rome did threaten thee.

This piece of doggerel is really not easy to forget, *supposing* that the learner is already acquainted with the main facts that it relates to.

I will not give the eleven remaining dates, but leave my readers to make them into couplets for themselves; for, as I before said, the sentence made by another is not so easily remembered as one of the student's own arrangement.

PEOPLE never tell more lies than in their prayers.—*Adams.*

WITH what reluctance should we submit to sleep, if this present period of our existence was thoroughly happy. As it is not, it is a mercy that we are under the necessity of sleeping out so considerable a part of it; and this very necessity is also a proof and conviction, that we neither are, nor intended to be, perfectly happy in this present life. Whenever the happiness of man is complete, God, the author of it, will not suffer it to admit of any interruption: "They rest not day nor night, crying, Holy, holy, holy," &c. Rev. iv. 8.
—*Adams.*

DIVISION.

1.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
 Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom,
 We two among them wading together,
 Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
 Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
 Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
 Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favour,
 Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
 'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
 Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
 And short dry grass underfoot is brown ;
 But one little streak at a distance lieth,
 Green like a ribbon, to prank the down.

2.

Over the grass we stepp'd unto it,
 And God he knoweth how blithe we were—
 Was ne'er a voice to bid us eschew it :
 Hey ! the green ribbon that show'd so fair.

Hey ! the green ribbon ; we kneel'd beside it,
 We parted the grasses dewy and sheen ;
 Drop over drop, there filter'd and slided,
 A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle ; sweetly it sung to us ;
 Light was our talk, as of fairy bells—
Fairy wedding-bells faintly rung to us,
Deep down in their rayless parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peer'd over,
We lapp'd the grass on that youngling spring,
Swept back its rushes, smooth'd its clover,
And said, "Let us follow it westering."

3.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rooks fly,
Forward, backward, lo! their black shadows
Float on the blossoming tapestry.

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth,
Like hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;
And, lo! the sun, like a lover, darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! We sing in the glorious weather,
Till One steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together,
On either brink, we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever;
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the path of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over;" I may not follow.
I cry, "Return;" but he cannot come.
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow,
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

4.

A breathing sigh—a sigh for answer—
A little talking of outward things,
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider.

“Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell.”

“I may not cross”—and the voice beside her,
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path. Ah! no returning;

No second crossing that ripple's flow.

“Come to me now, for the West is burning,
Come ere it darkens.” Ah no! ah no!

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching,

The beck grows wider, and swift, and deep—

Passionate words as of one beseeching—

The loud beck drowns them; we walk and weep.

5.

A yellow moon in splendour drooping,

A tired queen with her state oppress'd,

Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,

Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness,

Her earth will drop her some dewy tears,

The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,

And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places,

On either marge of the moonlit flood,

With the moon's own sadness in our faces,

Whence joy is banish'd blossom and bud.

6.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,

A little piping of leaf-hid birds,

A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,

A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where kids are tether'd,

Round valleys, like nests all ferny-lined,

Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feather'd,

Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide,
A flashing edge for the milkwhite river—
The beck a river, with still sleek tide.

Broad, and white, and polish'd as silver,
On she goes under fruit-laden trees :
Sunk in leafage, cooeth the culver,
And plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river,
Up comes the lily and dries her bell ;
But two are walking apart for ever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

7.

A braver swell, a swifter aliding,
The river hasteth, her banks recede,
Winglike sails on her bosom gliding,
Bear down the lily, and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing,
Shouts of mariners winnow the air,
And level sands for marge endowing
The tiny green ribbon that show'd so fair.

While, O my heart ! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks reach wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far off side.

Further, further ; I see it, know it—
My eyes brim over, it melts away—
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
As I walk desolate day by day.

8.

And yet, I know, past all doubting, truly,
A knowledge greater than grief can dim,
I know as he loved he will love me duly,
Aye better, e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
 The awful river so dread to see,
 I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
 Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

BY THE AUTHOR OF
 "A RHYMING CHRONICLE."

WE can take reproof patiently from a book, but not from tongue. The book hurts not our pride, the living reprover does; and we cannot bear to have our faults seen by others. *Adams.*

It is wonderful to consider how naturally we all lean to law for salvation, without observing that we are as naturally averse to the practice of it as inclined to lean to it, and that is impossible to answer its demands.—*Adams.*

It is now generally acknowledged that relief afforded want, as mere want, tends to increase that want; while relief afforded to the sick, the infirm, and the disabled plainly no tendency to multiply its own objects. Now it is remarkable that the Lord Jesus employed his miraculous power in healing the sick continually, but in feeding hungry only twice; while the power of multiplying fish which He then manifested, as well as His directing the disciples to take care and gather up the fragments that remain that nothing might be lost, serves to mark that the abstain from any like procedure on other occasions was deliberate design. In this, besides other objects, our Lord had probably in view to afford us some instruction from his example as the mode of our charity. Certain it is, that the *reasons* this distinction are now, and ever must be, the same as that time.—*Whately.*

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

ORIGINAL TALES.*—No wonder that these true stories children have won the heart of so many young readers and demand such numerous editions in quick succession. It quite concurs with the *Athenæum*, that it is a book to make a child's heart leap within him, for the little graphic sketches are hit off with such life-like skill and perfect ease, that the child once commencing must make an end of the attraction.

* Ward and Co. 27, Paternoster-row.

volume. The good lady who wrote these tales has indeed rendered a great service to every mother and teacher of young children.

YOUNG HUMPHREY'S TALES AND SKETCHES. **YOUNG HUMPHREY'S KEEPSAKE.***—Excellent New Year's gifts, replete with all that a young holiday-maker can desire to fill up spare moments in the winter vacation.

HISTOIRES POUR LES ENFANS.†—These tales are written by a French Protestant lady, of high family, for the children of Mons. Guizot, her relative. Precisely the study for young people wishing to *enjoy* the study of a foreign language.

COTTAGE HOMES.—Jarrold and Sons.

MY FIRST PLACE.—Jarrold and Sons.

LIVING TREES BY LIVING WATERS.—Book Society, 19, Paternoster-row.

SUPPORT UNDER SUFFERING.—Wertheim and Macintosh.

ECOLESIASTES.—Wertheim and Macintosh.

JESUS ONLY.—Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.—Book Society, 19, Paternoster-row.

SAVING TRUTHS.—J. F. Shaw, Southampton-row.

SOLACE IN SICKNESS AND SORROW.—J. F. Shaw, Southampton-row.

HOURS OF SUN AND SHADE.—Groombridge, Paternoster-row.

TENDRILS IN VERSE.—Palmer, Paternoster-row.

I WAS sitting quietly in my sky-parlour at Twickenham, one very cold morning in the middle of December, when the Editor of the YOUTH'S MAGAZINE was introduced. "How are you?" said I rising. "A happy Christmas to you." "The same to you," replied the Editor; "what a fine view there is from this casement!"

"Yes," I replied, "the river looks well from this elevation, and we have a splendid sight of the sunsets. Look at those barges lying moored; they have a comfortless appearance truly, with their decks all white with hoar frost. We call this garret the sky-parlour; a suitable study is it not, for a poor author; especially for one who courts the muses?"

"Yes!" said the Editor, at the same time heaving a sigh. Upon this I naturally asked, "What is the matter?"

"The matter!" repeated the Editor; "matter enough I

* J. F. Shaw, 38, Paternoster-row.

† Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

am sorry to say ! You remember those young people who assist me in the reviewing department of the Magazine ? You remember Augustus, surely ? That young man whose opinions on all literary subjects were so clearly defined and wonderfully mature for his age ; he was little more than sixteen, but his language and his sentiments did equal honour to his head and heart ? ”

“ I remember the lad well enough,” I replied ; “ I hope no harm has come to him ? ”

“ No ! ” said the Editor ; “ but he is gone to Australia : he has got an excellent situation, and sailed the day before yesterday from Liverpool, in one of the ‘ Black Ball ’ line of packets. ”

“ I condole with you, my friend,” said I ; “ but I trust the sprightly Emmeline will continue to help you ? ”

“ Emmeline is gone to spend the winter with an aunt at Bath,” said the Editor.

Upon this, thinking I began to understand what all this was likely to end in, I looked hard at the Editor, and the Editor looked hard at me. “ And the old lady,” said I, “ Mrs. M. ; she has not deserted you also, has she ? ”

“ Yes, she has, indeed,” said the Editor ; “ she wrote me word that she has gone to spend some time at a town not far from Birmingham, Warwick, I think it was, or Leamington, or it might be Coventry. ”

There was a large brown-paper parcel under the Editor’s arm. “ What is there in that parcel ? ” said I. “ Put it down and let me open it. ” So it was laid on the table, and I found it contained a good many books.

“ I really have not the heart to review these books,” said the Editor, “ now that my friends have deserted me ; and I thought, perhaps, you would kindly do it for me ; it will be an advantage to the Magazine to have an article from a man of your standing, and you write so much that you can easily do me this favour, with very little trouble to yourself. ”

“ Two compliments in one breath would go a long way with many authors,” said I ; “ but they will not induce me to review for your Magazine, unless I may do it in my own way. I do not like in my praise to ‘ overstep the modesty of nature,’ and there are a few words used by most reviewers, that I, being a crusty old fellow and not easily enchanted, cannot write with sincerity. ”

“ What words are those ? ” asked the Editor.

“ One of them,” I replied, “ is ‘ thrilling. ’ ”

“ I will excuse your omitting it,” said the Editor, “ though *it is a neat and handy word, which expresses a great deal.* ”

"Thank you," said I; "and there are some more conventional words and phrases that I must never be expected to use. This one for instance, 'We earnestly recommend this most excellent work; no family ought to be without it.' And this, 'We defy any one to lay down these fascinating volumes unfinished.' And this, 'The poems before us are a cluster of gems, each brighter than its precursor: Miss Blank is fully entitled to take her place among England's sweetest poetesses.' And this, 'We heartily congratulate the gifted author of these spirit-stirring tales,'" &c., &c.

"You may deprive yourself of all these useful sentences, if you please," replied the Editor; "you may even drop the Editorial 'we' if you can do without it. You can say 'I, John Samuel Wilcox, am of this and that opinion,' if it suits you."

"So I will," I replied, "provided you promise me that if you have any letters from your readers, saying, 'We do not like John Samuel Wilcox, and we wish you would see if you cannot induce Augustus to come back again,' you duly let me know."

"I promise," said the Editor, and immediately after went away.

I then arranged the pamphlets, tracts, and books, and found that three were volumes of poetry, and that the remainder were all books of a religious tendency. I set aside the poetry, and reading hard got through all the prose on the evening of the third day, just as the clock struck seven. When I had finished I shut the last book, and said to myself, "Now, John Samuel Wilcox, mind you do justice to these several writers. You need not have been at so much pains, John Samuel, to let the Editor know that you would not give praise where praise was not due; it is due here, therefore give it with a discriminating spirit. It is true," I continued, setting up the books in a little pile before me, "that there is nothing thrilling here; but for good sense, sound religious teaching, clearness of style, and general adaptation to the purposes for which they were designed, these unpretending volumes would not easily be surpassed."

To begin then with the little treatises of least pretension; here are two sensible tracts, "Cottage Homes," and "My First Place," the former is a sober and attractive narrative setting forth the value of cleanliness, and containing some useful hints to cottage-mothers, on the management of their children. The second is a simple story of a young girl in her first service. There is nothing brilliant or startling

about either, perhaps they are on this account more likely to be level to the capacity of cottagers.

Next here is a little treatise, "Living Trees by Living Waters," by the Rev. E. Mellor. It would be a sermon if it were suited with a text; its aim is to explain and apply those similes of Scripture which compare the righteous to trees *planted* and *growing* beside streams of water, and being so planted bringeth forth fruit in due season. It is written with particular earnestness, and with considerable clearness of style and imagery.

"Support under Suffering," by the Rev. Thomas Furlong, claims notice next. It is a series of letters addressed to a young relative of the writer. A few pages at the commencement of this little volume give a slight sketch of the character of her for whom these letters were indited, and there are also some extracts from a diary written by her previous to her last illness. Diaries are seldom satisfactory; but this one is so simple and truthful, and so discreetly and sparingly used by the biographer, that it adds to the interest of the letters, which are very well calculated to instruct and to comfort.

"Ecclesiastes. Lessons for the Christian's Daily Walk," by G. W. Mylne, is a series of practical expositions from the book taken for its title; it is a very interesting little book, and well suited for daily reading.

Of the same class, and not at all unlike it, is a little book entitled "Jesus only," by Oswald Jackson. It contains a great deal of Scripture doctrine and exhortation in a small space, and is written with fervour and simplicity.

Still rising in the scale of size and importance, I will next mention a very good series of conversations, called "Success in Business; or, Bible Principles Illustrated." The style is somewhat homely, and the book, though suited for all degrees, addresses itself primarily to the lower grades of the middle classes. We have vast numbers of books written for the poor, and more still for the upper classes, and for the upper portions of the middle class. There are multitudes of narratives with beggars, day labourers, seamstresses and poor mechanics, with their wives and daughters, for their heroes and heroines. There are more still where physicians, clergymen, bankers, lawyers, squires, and noblemen (in unnatural abundance), play their parts with their wives and daughters; but how few are there where the hero or principal character is a respectable shopkeeper, or grocer in comfortable circumstances, or a draper with a good business, or where the heroine is a tradesman's wife, doing good in her

sphere, and neither above it nor ashamed of it. The shop, which ought to be honoured and brought into notice as the maintenance of millions in this country, is absurdly despised by many who keep it, and unpardonably disparaged and ridiculed by many in the classes above it. One reason no doubt why the trades do not figure enough in our literature is, that writers of books chiefly belong to the upper portions of the middle classes, and have generally access to the lower grades of society, and frequently to the higher; but very seldom to this large unrepresented class; and that they are very commonly quite ignorant of life among educated, scientific, and intelligent tradesmen, is amusingly shown in nine cases out of ten, when one is introduced into a fiction; next to the Frenchman's picture of John Bull, the novel writer's picture of a shopkeeper stands eminent in absurdity. He is in generality immensely rich and supremely vulgar, and is brought into the tale that some foolish young officer, who is in debt, may marry his daughter, or that he may add to the zest of the story, by making himself ridiculous among his superiors in social standing. But the thousands of shopkeepers who are not very rich, but speak good English, who read, and think, who live in comfort, and in what to a king four centuries back would have appeared the extreme of refinement; whose daughters marry intelligent and enterprising men, also shopkeepers, and whose sons all follow this truly national employment, are nearly excluded from the literature of the day; every book, therefore, however small and unpretending, which draws its hero from these classes, gives him a most high and honourable character, and seems to find nothing undesirable in honourable employment, is deserving of more notice than it might otherwise merit, as a deviation from an unhealthy fashion.

This is the case with the little book in question; its principal character is a wholesale dealer in the city of London: the conversations held between him and his children are interesting and original. They are in fact conversations on what we often call "common honesty;" but they go to prove that real honesty in the spirit, as well as in the letter, is by no means a common thing.

The last book on the list is by Dr. Cumming, and is entitled "Saving Truths." It is a series of dissertations on some of the most important doctrines of our faith, and as its short preface describes the writer's aim in few words, I will transcribe it here. "*There are in the human body organs that are vital, and others that are not. The loss of an arm is injury; a wound in the heart or brain is death. There are*

about a building parts that are fundamental and necessary to its standing; there are others that are ornamental, but not essential to its usefulness or its existence. It is so with respect to Christianity; some truths are indispensable to its well-being, and others supplemental to its beauty. The truths that are illustrated in this series are those which are regarded by all true Christians as Vital, Saving, Essential, the denial of which is not injury but ruin, the acceptance of which, through the Holy Spirit, is life, and peace, and eternal rest."

Dr. Cumming's principles are so well known, that there is no need to dilate upon them in this place. It may be noticed, however, that this book, which concerns itself wholly with the vitals of Christianity, seems to possess a purer and somewhat severer style, than that occasionally employed by its writer. There is here little ornament and no redundancy of illustration, and this circumstance, which may have arisen naturally out of the importance of the subject, helps to give weight to the reasoning and solidity to a style always elegant, though not always so forcible, as in the present instance.

And now having finished the prose works, I took up the three volumes of verse left me by the Editor.

I found "Solace in Sickness and Sorrow" (how fond our writers are of alliteration!), I found it, I say, to be a very good and full compilation of hymns for the sick room, and having admired the taste and judgment with which they were selected, I forthwith sent it to a sick friend, and preparing myself for a treat, took up the two volumes of poetry.

I am very fond of poetry, and having published a volume myself (which met with no kind of encouragement from the public), I believe I may say that I feel an interest in, and a sympathy for, my fellow rhymesters.

"Hours of Sun and Shade," by Percy Vernon Gordon de Montgomery. I took it up, and as people often turn over the leaves of a book before setting steadily to work to read it, I found myself fluttering its final pages before I had read one single poem. There I found a number of extracts from letters and critical notices in praise of the poetry. "You shall read them, John Samuel," said I to myself; "they may help you to a due appreciation of the poet."

I read and was surprised. No poet living or dead was ever more highly eulogized. "You carry your reader *through the fields* of space, and regale the sight in your *course*; your fancy is bold, your conception magnificent, and your language beautiful," says a certain Dr. Harvington.

But the Rev. J. West signs his name to a much more fervent eulogy; he says, "The Divine poem, 'the Immortal,' is hallowed with heavenly light, an inspiration of the soul to glorify the Most High, to commune with its Father and its God. It breathes a language beautiful, exalted, and sublime. I have just left the bedside of a young lady who died repeating its beautiful verses. I would say to the author, 'Go on and prosper; God has seen fit to endow you with wonderful talents, continue to use them for the advancement of his glory.'"

The "Kensington Gazette" also remarks concerning him, "Articles from the accomplished pen of Mr. Gordon de Montgomery give pleasure to our lady readers, and to gentlemen of delicate feelings and refined taste." Think of that, John Samuel! the "Kensington Gazette" never did you the honour to say as much concerning *your* poems.

Looking through the book I found translations from the Welsh, the Swedish, and several other languages. "Consider yourself floored," said I to myself, "for you know nothing about Welsh or Swedish either, therefore pass to the original poems, for those, perhaps, you can appreciate."

So I opened the book at random, and read as follows:—

"It is the hour, but still his barque
Floats not upon the stream;
The sun hath set, the sky grows dark,
The day fades like a dream.

"Oh! hasten to your Laura's bower
Ere night hath spread around
Its solemn shade o'er tree and flower,
And hush'd each gentle sound.

"The moonlight quivers on the stream,
The stars illumine the sky,
The roses sleep in Cynthia's beam,
Headless of zephyr's sigh," &c.

Surely thought I, this cannot be a fair specimen of what has been so highly praised. I turned to another page, and began to read, "Beautiful roses."

"Beautiful roses! sweet summer roses!
Upon you the moonlight in slumber reposes,
Illuming your tears till they glisten like gems
That gracefully glitter in grand diadems;
While Zephyrus wooingly breathes a soft sigh,
And the light-shedding stars, the flowers of the sky,
Beam on each bud that in splendour uncloses—
Beautiful roses! sweet summer roses!"

Again I said, "This cannot be a fair specimen: I will go on." I did go on reading, and though I found nothing worse than these specimens, it was not easy to find something better. I found little that was absurd in my search, excepting, perhaps, in a poem called, "A Thanksgiving and a Prayer," where the writer says:—

"My whole soul longs, prays, pants, and burns to claim sweet
poesy."

And continues:—

"Almighty God, I thank thee for the spark I now possess,
But humbly I implore, my mind still further bless;
Kindle the spark into a flame, an aye-increasing flame,
That I may raise a worthier song to Thy Eternal Name.

"Oh, cause the world to listen to the music of my lyre!
Oh, let its every melody be warm with heav'nly fire!"

I next read the author's preface, in which he says of himself, "I am as yet but tuning my harp: the quivering chords are but vibrating with a feeble prelude, yet I hope, hereafter, to boldly sweep my lyre, till its tones swell into noble, lofty strains;" and I said, addressing the author in imagination, "If you have made a mistake, and supposed these thoughts to be the rarest of God's gifts, which may prove to be in reality common as daisies, that may be gathered on any plat of grass, these friends of yours only are to blame, and not you: they have done all the mischief." I will not criticise further; but choose some of your best lines with which to conclude this notice:—

"On Fancy's wings ascending through the air,
I heav'n-ward take my far ideal flight,
Soaring in rapture from a world of care
To a fair home with love and glory bright;
I gaze upon the fading earth below—
How beautiful each less'ning part appears:
Its mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,
Majestic trees strong with their many years;
Its trackless wilds, dark woods, and rivers deep;
Its homes, whose habitants are wrapt in midnight sleep;

"The boundless sea, whose ever-restless breast
Heaves with earth's varied wealth, and bears it o'er
Its moon illumined waves, with beauty blest,
That gently flow to kiss the sleeping shore.

Amazed, enraptured at the thrilling sight,
 I soar away from still decreasing earth,
 With swifter speed to the grand starry height,
 Thinking of Him who call'd these scenes to birth,
 Stupendous Mind, whose power can ne'er be told,
 That could create all this I tremblingly behold!"

I have now to attempt some notice of the last volume on my list, "*Tendrils in Verse*." This book is almost exclusively religious in its choice of subjects, and it deals fearlessly with the most awful mysteries of the Christian religion. It is almost impossible to give the slightest commendation to these poems, well intentioned as they evidently are; for, besides, being chargeable in some instances with intruding into things which are not revealed, they do this in a manner so displeasing to good taste, as to give rise to very ludicrous ideas.

In a set of verses called "*The First Hour in Heaven*," the writer imagines himself presented by the second person in the Trinity to the Eternal Father, and goes on to say:—

"The *presentation* pass'd, my Saviour turn'd
 To one, a seraph taller than the rest,
 And bade him show heaven's wonders and explain.
 Pleased with his errand, Michael led my soul
 Round the celestial city," &c. &c.

There is something painfully ludicrous in the notion of introductions in heaven, and an archangel being employed, to show the author of "*Tendrils in Verse*" about the Celestial City. His arrival, as he intimates, was an event of some importance, for as he drew near, he says:—

"Before me now
 Stood the pearl portals of my Paradise
 Unfolding: for the sentinels, told of my coming,
 Had been long prepared, and had oft-times gazed
 To mark my approach."

This style of writing, if called by no harder name, may certainly be denominated a mistake.

The next verses I shall mention cannot be blamed for irreverence, though, considered as poetry, they could scarcely stand lower.

"On the *Departure to Glory* of the Rev." (there is no need to give the good man's initials), is the heading of the

poem, and it describes how on his burial the congregation lamented for him, and—

“ Well I remember, ‘ thus a grey hair’d saint
To one as silvery,’ that delightful day,
When first *assembled* in the sanctuary,
Our Joseph, in the strength of manhood then,
Loud publish’d to a listening multitude
That gospel, which unchanging and unchanged,
He faithfully maintain’d through all his course.

* * * * *

* * * * * Oh ! he was bless’d

Above the *common run* of ministers,
With larger gifts, and yet more large success ;
And Camberwell shall never cease to know
A prophet of the Lord within her dwelt.”

These examples might easily be multiplied ; but, perhaps, enough has been done to show what manner of strains are these ; and I would merely remark in conclusion, that however many feet a poet may feel privileged to let his verses run upon, he should endeavour to make one line in some degree match its fellow line ; even the centipede has not an unlimited or *fancy* number of feet, and he always wears the same number on each side.

THE attention which a beneficent Providence has shown to the wellbeing of its creatures is beautifully illustrative of the following fact. When a bird *sits* on its perch at roost, the action of doing so, from the peculiar formation of the muscles of the legs and thighs, draws the claws of the feet together, so that they hold tightly to the perch as long as the bird is in a sitting posture. But for this circumstance, the comfort and security of the bird would be endangered by every gale of wind while it reposed.—*Jesse's Gleanings*.



SPECTRE BAT.

A CHAPTER ON BATS.

EVERY one knows a Bat when he sees it, but few stop to think of all that is interesting in its structure, or to ask these merry little companions of their summer-evening walks, what relatives they have in other climes; yet such an inquiry would well repay the trouble, so we will sit down together by the fireside and discuss the qualities and history of these our absent friends. We may be quite sure that there are none abroad now to hear us, since they quietly dream away all the cold weather, perhaps amongst the bells in the church-tower, indifferent to all the varied tales the bells have told, and not even roused by the merry peal of a wedding from their winter slumbers; or, perhaps they have been hiding in some old tree or lonely cavern, with no other music than the wind and rain: whatever haunt they have chosen, they are now sleeping, hung up by their *hind legs*, with their wings folded closely round

them, earning the epithet of "drowsy flittermice," given them by one of the old dramatists. Peace and quiet be with them, and may no dreams, except memories of balmy summer evenings, and aldermanic feastings on well-fattened moths, disturb their slumbers!

Did you ever see a Bat near enough to examine the place on which its wings are formed? The long bones that the skin is stretched upon, are in reality the fingers. The expanded membrane extends over these to the hind legs, and from thence even to the tail. The wing is thus spread on the hand like the covering of an umbrella on its rays, and can in a similar manner be folded up when at rest. In the bird the expanded surface necessary for flight is formed by the stiff feathers, and the bones are only sufficiently developed to give a fixed place for their insertion—but a Bat has no feathers, hence this beautiful adaptation of its skin to the same purpose, though on a different plan. This membranous expansion has also another use, besides that of flight: it possesses the sense of touch in an eminent degree, far more so than our fingers; for by its aid the Bat can even tell the proximity of any object, and thus it flies in the dark fearlessly along, chasing its insect prey amongst the tangled boughs of the trees—for all our English Bats live upon moths and night-flying insects. "All our English Bats!" I can fancy some of my readers exclaiming; "is there more than one native kind?" There are at least fifteen species found in the island; many of them are however rare, and confined to the southern counties; the largest are more than a foot across, from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other though some are rather forbidding in their aspect, they are all harmless "merry wanderers of the night." But we are going on too quickly, and we must discuss our subject in order. Throughout the group of Bats there is a great tendency to development of folds of skin, probably in part for the same purpose of increasing the sense of touch which has been before noticed in the wings; and this is made use of in their classification: thus, though the first division of Bats is into the two groups of *Insectivorous* and *Frugivorous* the *Insectivorous* section is again classed into those which possess a fold of skin appended as an ornament to the nose and secondly, those without this peculiar mark of beauty.—*And as we might fancy some savage tribe would allow their chief to have a more handsomely carved nose-ring than his*

subjects, so the first in order are those Bats in whom the nose-bag is complicated and adorned with secondary folds. There are two English species in this first rank, known by the name of Horse-shoe Bats, because the nasal ornament bears some resemblance to a horse-shoe, a resemblance which no doubt in superstitious days would have gained them a place in the evil army of "witches, warlocks, and all lang-nebbit things." Their haunts too are suspicious. As they love dark and gloomy caverns, little is known of their habits: I have seen them at even-tide in summer searching for prey near the mouth of the cave in which they lived by day, but they seemed not to wander far from home. In the *Nyctorius*, an African family belonging to the same group, the development of skin answers a different purpose, for by the means of an aperture under the cheek the animal is able to distend itself with air, so as to make what was before a Bat into a kind of impromptu balloon; the use of this may be, perhaps, to lessen the specific gravity of the body, and thus increase its buoyancy. But we must pass from this group to those with a simple nose-bag only, and these are mainly inhabitants of the New World, as if they were there the representatives of the more elaborate noses of the Old. Amongst these is the Bat which forms the subject of the present sketch—the Spectre Bat; and amongst them are all the Vampyres, of which so many stories, half truth half fiction, have been told. Though they have never been known to cause the death of any being larger than a common fowl, yet they are of a leech-like character, and live on blood; their teeth, sharp and pointed, are admirably fitted for skin, and it is not wise to sleep with your great toes uncovered in climes which they inhabit; nor are they a bit less fond of attacking the shoulders of your horse. The *Desmodes Spectrum* is about the size of a magpie. Let us pass from these bloodthirsty beings, to a more simple and rural group, the group to which all the remaining English Bats belong. One of the finest native kinds is the Great Bat or Noctule; he is more than a foot in breadth, from the tip of one wing to that of the other, and must be a favourite with all naturalists as being associated with the name of Gilbert White of Selborne, who was amongst the first to describe it as found in Britain. To me it has other memories also connected with it, for it always brings to my mind one of the haunts of my earlier days, or rather nights—

a fertile meadow near a pleasant village in the south of Devon, quiet, shut in by trees, large umbrageous elms, except on the one side, where was plainly seen the tower of the village church. Here in the summer evenings these Bats were always to be seen, flying up and down, usually rather above the tops of the lofty trees, making me wonder, as an Entomologist, what insects they could get to eat at such a height in the air. This Bat is not scarce in marshy ground in the southern counties of England; and where one is met with there are usually plenty more, as it is more social than many of its congeners. But, to turn to the smaller and more frequent species which flit up and down every shady lane, flying along the hedge-tops, sentinel-like, backwards and forwards over the same path, fluttering by like some great moth, yet gracefully and swiftly enough, now flitting in and out amongst the branches of an overhanging tree, now sweeping down amongst the grass intent on finding a supper on that dainty looking moth which is hovering there. Two of these are common throughout England, the *Pipistrel* and the *Long-eared Bat*; these little flying mice abide in hollow trees or under the eaves of houses in the day, but are active enough at supper-time; when their meal is caught they cannot eat it as they fly, for they require always to remove the wings of the insect first, which they reject as uneatable. In order to pluck their game, they often retire to some settled spot, and thus their abode may be discovered by the wings of moths around it, just as the bones of passing pilgrims were found around the caves of giants in those days of old when such beings were to be met with. This is at least the case with a pretty dark-coloured Bat (*Daubenton's*), not rare in the south-west parts of England. An old summer-house, which was the daily abode of several of this species, used at one time to give me the earliest information of what moths were on the wing. In the spring the floor was strewn with remains of sober quakers; then later in the season the yellow underwings, and even of the large female oak-egg-moth, a prey not very much smaller in size than the Bat itself.

It is curious to see the mode in which Bats walk, using their hind feet much as other animals, but mainly dragging themselves onward by the claw affixed to their anterior extremity, and answering to our thumb. On a rough surface they are thus able to get along quickly enough, though it

must be confessed with rather a shuffling gait, but on a smooth ground they are helpless, and cannot rise. Their element is the air; the females even carry their young at the breast in their nocturnal rambles, and this does not seem to impede their progress in any great degree. Perhaps the *Pipistrel* is the very commonest of our native Bats, and it is certainly the most hardy. In the South sometimes in a mild winter it can scarcely be said to hibernate; it is often recorded in my notes as being active in December and even January, but this is in South Devon, where I have frequently seen the tortoiseshell butterfly on the wing upon Christmas-day. One sunny November, near London, a Bat, perhaps of this kind, used to come out, and fly up and down in my garden regularly for an hour or two at noon, hawking for the gnats which formed merry dances underneath the boughs of the apple-trees. This was certainly a curious departure from their usual manners and customs, as he did it voluntarily and of his own free-will; but a Bat if disturbed in the day time cannot always make up his mind to return at once to his rest again. The long-eared Bat, whose name well denotes its chief peculiarity, is nearly as frequent as the other, and, like it, distributed over the greater part of the island; it is nearly, though not quite as hardy; I have seen it in November.

With this must be ended this brief account of our English Bats. Closely allied to this section are the *Noctilios* of tropical countries, distinguished by the hind-foot being much more free than in the last; these must be here passed over, but a few words must be said upon the fruit-eating Bats, or *Pteropidæ*, as they are called by naturalists. The most remarkable of these is the Kalong of Java, five feet across the wings,—almost like a flying fox. How curious a long steady line of these immense creatures must seem, steadily directing their flight, one after another, to some richly laden fruit-tree! No wonder they soon lighten its burden—no wonder that they often commit considerable ravages; these are said to be eaten as dainties in the countries where they occur, and to taste like game; probably they would hardly suit our taste, and taking the mischief they do into account, we may rather rejoice that they are not inhabitants of English larders, either alive or dead.—Such are the various tribes of Bats, curious as showing how an All-wise and All-powerful Being can adapt the limbs of

a quadruped for flight, and further interesting because very much yet remains to be learnt of their habits and manners, and even probably of the number of species which inhabit our own island.

SEEKING AND FINDING.

CHAPTER II.

THE autumn sun was bright and hot upon the sand, and Matt was basking in it under the cottage wall, when his new friend appeared before him at noon the next day. Little Becca was seated beside him singing, and knitting a fisherman's coarse mitten; but the boy was not noticing her; as before, his face, with its strange look of awe, was fixed on the open sky. And it was not till Becca touched him that he withdrew his eyes; and seeing the lady, said, with outstretched hands, "Please give Matt a penny."

The penny was ready for him; but the moment he received it he handed it over to the little girl.

"Does he mean to give it to you, Becca?" asked the lady.

"Oh no, Ma'am," said the child, "he means me to go and buy apples with it; I always do when our folks give him money; he knows how many apples you can buy for a penny; and if I was to hide one, he would find it out directly."

But the boy was not at all willing that his messenger should wait to give all these explanations; and he now pulled her frock impatiently, saying—"Becca, go—Becca, get apples."

The little girl shook back her long hair from her eyes, and laying her knitting on the sand, ran to a neighbouring cottage, from which she shortly returned, bringing five small apples, which she gave to Matt; and he laid them on his knees, and after looking at them appeared satisfied, and began to eat.

"And now," said the lady, "I shall give you a penny also, Becca, because I like to see you so kind to your poor neighbour."

The happy child received the penny, and again ran away

to the shop, returning shortly with three apples in her hands.

"Why, what is the reason of this?" said the donor.

"It's a very dear apple year," said the little creature, "and they can't afford more than three."

"But they sent five apples to Matt."

The child then explained that Matt always expected to have five apples for a penny; that if apples were only three a penny he would cry, for he would know it was less than usual; but if they were seven a penny he would give back two; "so they always give him five all the year round," she continued, "and they say it makes very little difference. Matt knows all about money, ma'am—he knows a deal more than you think. Sometimes they let him have a pennyworth of apples at the shop when he has no penny; but then as soon as he gets a penny he always remembers and takes it; he knows he must pay. I taught him that, ma'am, and I taught him to say 'Please' and 'Thank you.'" She then shook him by the sleeve, and said, "Matt, good Matt, tell the lady what they do to folks that won't pay."

"Put 'em in prison," said Matt readily.

"What does he know about a prison, my child?" said the lady, amused at her eagerness. "You are only telling him to repeat words that he does not know the meaning of."

"Oh no, Ma'am," answered the child shrewdly, "there is a prison at —, and he sees that very oft; he knows about bad men being put in there."

The boy nodded assent very energetically; and began to show, by gestures and imperfect sentences, how he had seen two men led in there at a great door; and holding out his hands he explained that their hands were tied together; at the same time he expressed evident satisfaction in their punishment, saying, "Bad men—bad men—shut 'em up; they eat other folks' dinners."

"O yes," said the child, "his grandfather took him several times to see the prison, because he used to go into the cottages, when folks were at sea, and take things to eat that wasn't his; and when his grandfather was out a fishing, and they set his dinner by, Matt used to get it, whenever he had a chance; but he's a good boy now."

Matt had by this time finished his apples; and his friend had been watching him, to see how much strength

he possessed. His movements were weak and uncertain; and sometimes he dropped the apple, but he always picked it up again, though sometimes with difficulty; and she felt sure that with patience something might be taught him.

She would not attempt to begin her lesson till he had done eating; but as soon as this business was over, she brought out her straws, and began to plait them before him, holding one of his hands in hers, and making him crease the straw with his soft white fingers.

At first he was patient, and even amused, but he soon became weary; and the unusual movements for his fingers tired them: he pulled Becca by the pinafore, and patting her hand cried out—"Becca, learn; Becca, make haste and learn—Matt stop now."

"If Becca learns," said the lady, "then Becca shall have a penny; but if Matt learns, then Matt shall have the penny."

This argument, used frequently, induced the boy to go on a little longer, as much longer indeed as his instructress thought desirable; and though he never once turned the straw the right way, she was not discouraged, because his attention had evidently been excited, and she knew that the process of teaching would be tedious.

When the lesson was over she gave him the promised penny, and praised him, leaving him in very good humour, and importunate with her to come again.

Three more lessons were given, and no progress was made; the fourth almost discouraged her; it seemed that he dropped the straw from his listless fingers with no more understanding than at first of the places they were meant to occupy. It was a whole week before anything beyond a little more attention had been gained, but this once done Matt suddenly began to improve; and at his ninth lesson his plait became very tolerable.

His relations were now profuse in their thanks, and most urgent that these lessons should be continued: they even seemed to hope that he might one day be able to earn a little money by this simple art, and so relieve them of part of the burden of maintaining him.

But occupation to his mind was not the only good that the boy derived from these instructions—the unusual *exercise of his hands*, though at first it fatigued him, made *them sensibly warmer* and less torpid; and when he had

once mastered the lesson, he was constantly anxious to be practising it.

Some persons may, perhaps, think it a remarkable thing that a stranger, on whom the poor boy had no claim, should have devoted so much time to his benefit, especially when she might have found soil to cultivate that would have brought her in such a much more abundant harvest; but she was utterly without occupation, and had private ground for sorrow, which made her desire employment; and this boy's loneliness, and the absence of joy from his lot, drew her sympathies towards him; besides which, many around her were willing to do more attractive acts of kindness; but who would follow her in this path if she resigned it? In less than three weeks the boy could make an even and tolerably rapid plait, and would sit for four or five hours a day at this work, only requiring a little attention in joining the straw, and stopping him when he made mistakes.

The weather was extremely hot, which was very much in his favour; and all his relations agreed that it was several years since they had seen him so lively and so capable of exerting himself.

This was scarcely a greater pleasure to him than to his new benefactress; for she had begun to take a warm interest in the boy, and could already understand his signs and gestures, as well as his half-expressed wonders, doubts, and fears.

One day on entering the cottage, she found the old grandfather at home ill; he had been ill, he said, for three days, though not so bad but that he could get up and sit by the fire; close at his side sat poor Matt, and both, though the day was hot, appeared to enjoy the warmth. Matt could attend to but one thing at a time, and as his thoughts were now occupied with his grandfather, the plaits of straw were laid aside.

As soon as he saw her he greeted her with vehement delight, pointing to two chairs successively, and saying—"Lady sit here; parson sit there."

She inquired if Mr. Green was coming?

"Yes, Ma'am," said the old man. "I was taken very bad with a kind of fit, and my daughters were frightened, and went and told him; but Matt calls every gentleman he sees 'parson,' and, indeed, every man that is not dressed like a fisherman. He has but three names for all men. He

calls our men 'good men,' at least such as have nets, they let him lie and bask on them, which he likes; then them that have no nets he calls 'poor men,' and the rest of the world he calls 'parsons,' for our parson was the finest gentleman that ever he knew, and very good he has always been to him."

The old man's illness was of a very serious nature; and at his great age it was not likely that he would ever recover it, yet he talked of approaching death with all that strange apathy so common among the poor, especially aged poor: accordingly, the clergyman's remarks were of a nature to rouse him from this apathy: he wished to place the solemn realities of death and judgment before his eyes, and to assure him that his feeling so little afraid of dying was not in itself any proof that his soul was in a bad condition.

The boy, who at first had sat by his grandfather, was pleased by the warmth of the fire and the presence of the parson, kept up a humming sound, expressive of comfort and contentment, till Mr. Green took a Bible from his pocket and said, gravely—

"Matt must be quiet now, parson is going to read at God."

Upon hearing this, Matt's attention was aroused; when he looked up and saw Mr. Green's serious face, his own assumed a look of awe; for it is a well-known fact that feelings are communicated to those who are deficient in intellect with perfect ease, though ideas of a complex nature may be quite beyond their comprehension. He folded his hands and gazed fixedly at the "parson." The chapter he was reading was the eighteenth of Matthew, probably he chose it as being one of the lessons for the day, and if he had intended his reading for Matt's instruction he would have selected something that appeared easier to understand; but so it was, that when he came to the parable of the "King that would take account of his servants," Matt's attention and interest became so evident that he read slowly and very distinctly.

When he had finished, the boy's face, overawed and anxious, and with that look of painful perplexity so often seen in persons like himself, was turned to him with breathless earnestness, and he said, repeating the last words addressed to him—

"Matt, Matt, sit you still; parson is going to read about God."

"Goddard," said the clergyman, "this poor boy's eager attention ought to be a very affecting thing to you, and indeed, to us all. Is he to whom so little sense has been given desirous to know all he can, and to hear more than he can understand of his Maker? surely then we ought not to treat the subject with indifference, but rather with interest and reverence."

"Aye, aye, Sir," said the old sailor respectfully, but with no appearance of particular interest.

"Parson, read some more," said Matt.

"So I will, my boy," replied the clergyman; and partly commenting on the text, partly changing the words for others that he thought would be better understood, he began to relate the parable thus:

"A great king said—(and in speaking, he pointed upwards,)—a great king said, Bring my servants to me, and I will make them pay me all the pounds that they owe me. And they brought one servant that owed a thousand pence, —a great many, a great many, a great many,—and he had no pence to pay.

"And the king said, 'He shall be put in prison, and never come out any more till he has paid all this money.'"

He had got so far when he observed that tears were trickling down the boy's cheeks, and that his countenance showed great alarm. He stopped at once, and patted him on the head, saying to his grandfather that he had not intended to distress him.

"Parson did not go for to make Matt cry," said the old man; meaning, did not do it on purpose.

But Matt was not to be comforted, he refused to listen; and presently broke away from his friends and hobbled out on to the beach, where he threw himself down under the shelter of a fishing-boat, and continued to weep piteously; but whether he had been merely frightened by the solemn tone, whether his tears were shed from pity to the man who owed so much money, or whether, having been told that parson was going to read about God, he had more by impression than by reason set himself in the place of the debtor, it was quite beyond the power of any person to discover. But it was evident, as in former cases, that so much as he had understood had become perfectly real and true to

him; and whether what was costing him so many tears was a right or a false idea, it would not easily be eradicated.

Poor Matt! they were obliged to leave him; and as he refused to listen to his new friend when she spoke to him, all that could be done was to desire Becca to sit by him and try to divert him from his grief.

The wind was rising when his friend reached her lodging, and by nightfall it blew a gale. She looked out and saw the driving clouds sweep away from before the moon, leaving her alone in the bare heavens, till again they were hurried up from the sea and piled before her face, blotting out the bright path she had laid across the waters. The thundering noise of the waves, as they flung themselves down, hissing and foaming among the rocks, and the roaring of the wind, kept her waking, and trembling for the mariners who were out on that dangerous coast; and the thought of the poor afflicted boy was present to her mind; for she had been told that he was always restless in a storm, and that at night while the family sat by the light of their one candle, he would stand, with his eager face pressed against the little casement, muttering that God was angry.

In the morning, gusts of wind and rain detained her indoors, but towards afternoon, though the wind did not abate, the weather became clear over head, and she put on her bonnet and prepared to go out. Sea-sand in heaps lay against the houses in the village street,—it had been blown up during the night. The poor were busy collecting drift-wood from the shore, as well as the vast heaps of dulse, laver, and other weed which the tide had brought in. She passed on till the cliffs afforded her some shelter, and then crept into a cave and rested awhile, for she intended to go and see Matt that day, and discover, if possible, the cause of his trouble.

Though the wind was now beginning to abate, it was not easy to stand against it, and the noise in the cave was like the sharp incessant going off of guns. But she rose and determined to go on, being encouraged by the rapid subsiding of the wind, which seemed likely to go down in a deluge of rain: for black clouds were gathering over the troubled sea, which, excepting where a line of foam marked its breaking on the beach, was almost as black as themselves.

She pressed on; and shortly, as she had expected, she

saw the motionless figure of the boy; his white clothing fluttering in the wind, his face intent upon the gloomy sky.

She called to him several times as she drew near, but the noise of the wind and waves drowned her voice. It was not till she came close and touched him that he looked at her. His countenance was full of awe and fear.

"What is Matt doing?" she asked in a soothing voice.

"Matt was talking to God," said the boy.

"What did poor Matt say?" she inquired compassionately.

The boy joined his hands, and looking up with a piteous expression of submission and fear, said, "God, God—*Matt has no money to pay.*"

And then shaking his head, he told her, with a reality of fear most strange to her, that he was going to be put in prison. God was going to put Matt in prison. He was standing in the shelter of a fishing-vessel, which had been drawn up above high-water mark; and as she turned away from him, not knowing what to say, he again looked up and began his piteous prayer.

The lady stood awhile considering; it was evident that, whether from the parable, or the clergyman's words, or both together, acting on what previous knowledge he had, he must have derived some consciousness that punishment would follow his misdoings. He had long known right from wrong, and now he had begun to look upon God as a Judge. Now he knew "that he had nothing to pay." In other words, he knew, however dimly, that he could not make satisfaction for his misdoings. What did it matter that he had derived this dim and distorted knowledge in a figurative way? something now must be done to quiet and comfort him. She resolved to venture on keeping up the figure; and when the boy again muttered, "God, God, Matt has no money to pay," she turned towards him, and taking both his hands, said, in a clear, cheerful voice, "Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt."

The boy looked helplessly at her; and pointing upwards with a smile she repeated slowly, "God will not put Matt in prison NOW. Jesus Christ HAS paid for poor Matt." The child repeated these words after her; and as their meaning, helped by her *reassuring face*, gradually unfolded itself to *his mind*, an expression of wonder and contentment over-

spread his features. He sat down and wished again and again to hear these good tidings, and as he conned them over he gradually became calm and happy.

He sat so long silent in the shelter of the boat, that his kind friend thought it possible that now his fears were removed he might have forgotten their cause. But it was not so ; he arose at length, and walking a few paces, lifted up his arms and face to heaven, and cried out, in a loud clear voice, " Man that paid, man that paid, Matt says, Thank you, thank you !"

A strange sight this, and strange words to hear ! Many times the lady seemed to hear their echo during the silence that followed ; and the boy repeated them over again with the deepest reverence, before she could decide whether to attempt any further enlightening of his mind. That by means of some picture, or the remembrance of something taught him by his first benefactress, he had become aware that He whom he thus addressed was man, became evident from his words ; but the reverence and awe of his manner were such that she would not venture to undertake the hopeless task of instructing him in a mystery so far beyond his comprehension. It was sufficient, she thought, that he should pay to his Redeemer the reverence due to God, while in the act of addressing Him as man.

THE HOUSE IN THE DELL.

THE dawn of an August day,
A night-long traveller I.
Stopping my horse by a churchyard gate,
I lighting, check'd a sigh,
And said, " I will look at the old red house
Once more, for none are nigh."

The old red house in the dell,
Hard by the church doth stand,
But the voices of bells pass over it,
So deep doth sink the land ;
And its sheltering trees they sing to it,
The trees on either hand.

The churchyard path is short,
Like a deep cup the dell
Lieth beyond, brimfull of trees,
That up to its margin swell ;
And standing betwixt the grassy graves,
You may count their nest-eggs well.

The rook when she would light,
Betwixt the folk must fly,
As they stand and wait in their Sunday smocks,
While bells are clashing high ;
And her fledglings sit in the nest agape,
Winnow their wings and cry.

I came through churchyard grass,
And up to the chancel wall,
The sparrow twitter'd in ivy housed,
And I heard the starling's call ;
It only deepen'd the morning calm
That smiled upon them all.

I lean'd my cheek to the glass,
The glass with shields inwrought,
With purple banner with ruddy band,
With blush and amber fraught ;
The lily and crown of a race whose frown
Stern death hath set at nought.

The church was empty and still,
A simple place and old,
Sunbeams sifting through chancel lights
Had wrought for it grace untold ;
And a rainbow swam from arch to aisle,
Most beauteous to behold.

I look'd with a tender pain
That Adam might have known
If, covertly stealing by Paradise,
While the angel gazed at the throne,
He had seen *the garden that once he dress'd,*
And the bowers that were his own.

I turn'd to the steep dell side,
 (Steps in the rock lead down)
The morning rays on the rich tree tops
 Hung like a golden crown ;
But the shadow of sleep lay brooding deep
 Where tangled roots were brown.

I trod that rocky stair,
 Then gazing up might see
The crowded nests, and the gold that swam
 Athwart from tree to tree ;
But gazing through was the old red house,
 Her windows closed to me.

I stepp'd on garden walks,
 Was nought within awake,
Like trees in a picture, its walnuts stood,
 No leaf of them all did shake ;
But the rose when I brush'd too near her bough
 Dropp'd me a crimson flake.

Hard by some blossoming peas
 A rake lay out in the dew ;
A thrush broke forth from the roost-house night
 And a robin peck'd and flew ;
My beating heart made words of his cry,
 " Who spies at day-dawn, who ? "

I saw thee unawares,
 Old house, and this was best ;
Thou closedst thyself to my eyes and heart
 That ached with a thought suppress'd ;
But it was not well I should feel the pain,
 And thou feel not, but rest.

There sleep within thy walls,
 Who, if they me had seen,
Henceforth had dreamt bewildering dreams,
 The dawn and dusk between ;
And one that had waked betimes to search
 The spot where I had been.

I blush for thee, old house,
In thy delightful dell,
There's a secret known 'twixt me and thee,
And both will keep it well ;
But which keeps the sorrow and which the blame
It suits not me to tell.

"Go," thou didst wish, "get wreck'd,
On drifting spars go swing ;
Go a-diving for pearls, and rise no more,
Go ride the roc's black wing ;
Go twist thy hand in Medusa's hair,
And teaze her snakes to sting."

Thou couldst not banish, old house,
Yet for thy sake I went,
A curse and a blessing flew after me,
And both from thee were sent ;
And I wept at first for the banishing,
But now I am content.

God comfort them that mourn,
God pardon them that sin ;
The banish'd man by the loss he bears
A loftier gain doth win ;
And prays for the peace of the old red house,
And of them that dwell therein.

I left her hush'd and closed,
The old red house in the dell ;
I climb'd the rock by its rough-hewn steps,
And have nought beside to tell,
But that it pleased me to look once more,
And sigh her my farewell.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"A RHYMING CHRONICLE."

DR. DEANE'S GOVERNESS ;
OR, DEPENDENT AND INDEPENDENT.

CHAPTER II.

"I do not know why you should call me silly, uncle," said Fanny, looking very much disconcerted ; "I am sure I have always meant to be kind to Miss Salter."

"My dear, your kindness was commendable. What I complain of is your habit of taking things for granted, and acting as if things were proved, because you have no doubt concerning them. But I am going to this farm-house. Now be discreet, and do not say anything without reflection."

What can it matter what I say here, thought Fanny ; people living in such a place are not likely to be great observers of manners, or of cultivated language, I should think.

Fanny's face showed her thoughts so plainly, that Dr. Deane said in answer to it, "Fanny, my child, take my advice, and think before you speak here. The good woman of the house is no gentlewoman ; but I would not have you hurt her feelings for a good deal."

Fanny was surprised, but said nothing, though her uncle's warning made her look about her attentively. There was nothing, as she thought, to reward scrutiny. The farm-house, instead of being a delightful old-thatched building, with picturesque gables, and walls covered with vines, was an ugly red-brick house, square, neat, new, and undecorated by any graceful creepers. There was a barn in full view, and some turkeys were strutting about before it ; a stout, red-armed country girl was putting potatoes into a trough for their meal ; and there was a large duck-pond near the front-parlour window which was well stocked with poultry, whose white feathers were strewed thickly over the grass.

As the pony chaise stopped before the door of the square red house, a pleasant-looking woman stepped out and welcomed the doctor with, "You're quite a stranger, sir."

"And very glad to be so," replied Dr. Deane. "You can hardly see too little of the doctor, eh, my good friend ?"

The farmer's wife laughed good-humouredly at this little sally. She was short, plump, healthy looking, and had a *tone in her voice*, and a look in her eyes, that seemed familiar to Fanny, she hardly knew why.

"I am sure I am much obliged to the young lady for notice of my Annie," said Mrs. Salter.

Fanny's surprise, which caused the clear colour to flush over her face, was far too great to admit of her saying ; and it was fortunate for her that she was following Mrs. Salter into the parlour, and that the little bustle of chairs, and making her visitors comfortable, was keeping that worthy matron's attention till she had in some degree recovered herself. Then Mrs. Salter resumed the subject and said, "It must be very pleasant for my Annie to have such a nice young lady to speak to."

"Yes, they are great friends, indeed," replied the Doctor; "young people are generally companionable."

"I am sure, Sir," said Mrs. Salter, still keeping her ad-eyes upon Fanny, "young people can run up a bill in a day. And my Annie has plenty to talk about; especially when she gets a holiday, and comes over to see us, her tongue never stops, bless her!"

Fanny was still mute; Miss Salter's home and Miss Salter's mother was so different to anything she had imagined, that she could not find anything to say; but she had lately recovered her powers of observation to notice that there was a somewhat strong smell of tobacco in the

"Well, sir, and how is my dear girl? quite well, I hope,"

to come and sit on her knee, while silently listening with some shame and a great deal of surprise to the conversation which followed.

"I have sometimes wondered why you spared her to live away from home, as she is your only daughter," observed the Doctor.

"Why, you see, sir," replied the mother, "John and me, we married very young, and we were, I may say, badly off for a good many years, we had such a large family; farming, too, is not what farming used to be, so that altogether, what with bad seasons, and many mouths to feed, I assure you, though I don't wish to complain, that few people have known what it is to look hard at every penny before they parted with it more than we have. Well, at last, after my nine boys, Annie was born, and very fond we all were of her, natural enough we should be; but my boys were so rough, that they soon made a complete tomboy of her, that they did, bless her! and I was so taken up with my dairy, and the poultry, that try as I would, I could not find time to teach her. I managed to teach her to read, and her eldest brother would set her a sum now and then, but she almost ran wild; though she could milk a cow prettily enough when she was nine years old, and was mighty fond of picking fruit for market, and cramming turkeys. I was beginning to wonder how I could ever manage to get schooling for her, when my husband's mother came to live with us; she soon saw how things were going on, and one day she said to me, 'Anne, I know you have hard work to get on, paying all their own, and giving the boys their learning. And,' says she, 'the two hundred and fifty pounds that I have saved, John should have and welcome to lay out on his farm, only that I know better than to think he would take it of me while I am alive; and as for the boys, they will soon be a help to you, and able to earn their own living; but this little Annie,' says she, 'that is as bright as the day, it often lies like a weight on my mind, that if anything should happen to her father there is nothing for her but to go to service.' 'Mother,' said I, 'we must put our trust in God. John here has the best of health, and I am stout and active for my age, so I hope for the best; but I do not deny that I should like to see my Annie married before I die.' Well, she was a very short-spoken woman, and when I said that, 'Married,' said she, 'husbands that are worth having are not so easy to come at!' She did, indeed, sir. So says I, 'Grandmother, I am sure John and I would always wish to take your advice about the dear child, as is no more than our duty, so speak your mind.'

However, she never said a word; but next market-day, just as I was ready to start off for G. in the spring-cart, she came down, and says she, 'I am going with you.' I put her down at the Miss Jessops' school, and I took her up again when I had sold my poultry and butter; she never said a word, good or bad, till we got home and supper was over, then she said, 'John and Anne, I've been to the Miss Jessops, who I hear from our vicar keep the best school in the town, and I have made an agreement with them that, if you are willing, they shall have Annie for six years for my money; and then whatever happens she will be independent, and able to get her bread.' Of course, we were agreeable to let her go, and very thankful. Her grandmother had the pleasure of seeing her in your house, and of feeling that she was now independent before she died."

"Ah, I always thought your husband's mother was a sensible woman," observed Dr. Deane.

"Yes, sir, she really was. And the good education she gave Annie has been quite a rise in life for her, as I tell her. And though her grandmother did talk about husbands being hard to get,—my Annie—why, dear me, I know a young man that would—however, I'll say no more about that," continued Mrs. Salter, bridling.

The Doctor smiled, and Mrs. Salter having already remarked that she should say no more about it, continued in a reflective tone, and with an air of pretending to think lightly of the young man whom she had hinted at: "I must say for him that he has been very well brought up, and does credit to his bringing up, which is more. However, when he comes to me and says, 'Mrs. Salter, I know she'll never care for me—I don't believe she cares a straw for me'—'Keep up your spirits, William,' I always say, 'you are young yet, and so is she.'"

"Oh, it is young William Watkins, is it?" asked the Doctor suddenly, for he had a decided tinge of curiosity about him.

"No, sir," replied the hostess, thrown off her guard, "it is young William Dobson at the mill; he is in a capital way of business, and owns such a good house! he is a very fine strapping young fellow, too."

"Then you are quite in his interest, Mrs. Salter?"

"I leave it entirely to the child herself," replied the mother coolly; "but that cherry-orchard of his is quite a picture! I really don't know how many sieves of fruit he didn't send up from it this season, though his mother told me. They have a very snug little farm, you know, sir, as well as the mill, and everything prospers with them."

"He is a very fine young fellow, and I can only wish your daughter may reward him for his liking," said the Doctor.

"Well, sir, perhaps she may," replied the mother, laughing; "he was always coming here during her holidays, and sometimes, when she had been a little cool with him, I would go as far as to say, 'A'int you ashamed of yourself?' and then she would laugh and say, 'I don't want him to make a fuss about me, I can do very well without him, mother.'"

Fanny was listening with great interest and attention, and Mrs. Salter, catching her eye, continued, "But I beg your pardon, miss; when I begin talking about my Annie I don't know how to leave off."

"Don't apologize, Mrs. Salter," said the Doctor rising, "I am sure what you have said has interested my niece very much."

Fanny finding herself thus appealed to, roused herself and said a few civil things to this good mother about her daughter; but she felt so surprised, and so ashamed of herself for the false conclusions which she had so confidently arrived at, that she was very glad to find herself again in the pony carriage, safe away from the ugly farm-house, which she had still great difficulty in thinking of as Annie Salter's home.

"Well, Fanny," said the Doctor, after a long silence, "what do you think of Mrs. Salter's notions of a rise in life; and above all, what do you think of her definition of independence?"

"Of course she is wrong," said Fanny, "in saying that Annie is independent, because she earns her own living: that is the very thing that prevents her from being independent."

"Prove that, my dear child."

"Oh you know, uncle, that servants, and governesses, and people who live in gentlemen's houses, are always called their dependents—their paid dependents."

"Yes; it is the custom to call them so; it means that their staying in such houses depends on the owner's pleasure; but though the ambiguity of language enables us to use this word in two or three senses, we must not forget that we can often, with equal truth, call the same persons both Dependent and Independent. Which am I, Fanny?"

"Independent, of course, uncle."

"How can that be? I am dependent on my own exertions. I am not what is called an independent gentleman, *but a professional man, depending on my profession for my bread.*"

"But you are independent of any one *else*," said Fanny ; "you only depend on your *own* exertions. I mean, that you are your own master."

"To be sure. Then where is the difference between me and Miss Salter?"

"Oh, uncle! she is not her own mistress; she is under you, and she must work so as to please you for her money."

"So must I work in such a manner as to please others for my money; and Miss Salter is not dependent on *my* exertions, only on her own."

"I never heard of such a thing," exclaimed Fanny ; "surely she is your dependent."

"Call her so if you like, but she is quite independent of me. If I do not please her she has only to go and leave me; I cannot make her stay, any more than my patients can make me stay if I choose to go. We are both dependent and independent. Independent of other people's exertions, and dependent on our own."

"Then," said Fanny, "why do we use that word so falsely?"

"Because we have inherited it from the times when servants really were dependent on their masters. Serfs and retainers may not leave their masters at pleasure, they are dependent. There was no such thing as a governess in those days; but we have foolishly extended a word to them which is particularly ill-suited to express their condition; we speak as if they were dependent on *us*, whereas the peculiar difference between them and other young women is that they are dependent on themselves, or what, in all other cases, we call independent."

"I shall certainly tell all this to Miss Salter," said Fanny ; "she has often talked with regret about her trying position, and my happier lot."

"Who began first to talk in this way, Fanny?"

"Oh! I did, uncle; I made friends with her from the first, because I felt for her position; but, uncle, if she is independent, what am I?"

"Consult your own good sense, my dear; how do matters stand? your dear parents left no property behind them beyond what I spent in your education. I take you to live with me as my duty and my pleasure. I do not choose that you should earn your own bread, because I have plenty. You are, therefore, dependent upon me; and all young ladies living at home and doing nothing are in like case, unless they have *private fortunes*."

"Then," said Fanny, laughing, "I am glad I am in that

case. I cannot help feeling, though, that it is not pleasant for Annie to be a governess, in spite of what her mother said about its being a rise in life."

"You think it would be better, then, for her to go and live at home, doing the work of the house and the farm as her mother does—very hard work it has been for the good woman—far harder than most servants do for wages—and her only relaxation is to go in the springcart to market, and sell her butter and eggs; or to sit over the fire while her husband and his friends smoke their pipes, and talk of the turnip crops, or discuss the price of wool."

"Oh!" exclaimed Fanny, "fancy Annie driving the springcart to market; how ashamed she would be of jogging along in it! and then selling her butter and eggs herself at a stall, taking up the raw sausages, and exhibiting the plumpness of her ducks and geese, and then sitting with those prosy, coarse farmers under a cloud of tobacco-smoke! No; she is far better off as she is."

"So I think, and so her mother thinks; she is educated and refined, these are blessings, and it is another that she should be living with people equally well educated, equally refined. Such being the case, I do not see how you can talk of her as being in a painful position without absurdity; for if it is in itself painful to live among one's superiors, then every household in the land contains some members that are in painful positions; all the servants may feel how painful it is that they should have to dine in the kitchen, when Miss Salter dines in the parlour, they waiting upon her. Miss Salter may feel it painful to know that you have no reason to work for your living as she has. You, on the other hand, may feel it hard that you have nothing to call your own but what is given you by me, notwithstanding that you admit that is a pleasure to me to give it. I, in my turn, may feel how hard it is that I should have to be always looking after my patient, Sir John W., instead of having an hereditary estate like him, while all the world knows that he is fretting his life away because it is so painful to him that his cousin should have made good a title to the R. peerage against him, Sir John, and should be frequently driving past his door with the coronet on his carriage."

"Well, uncle," said Fanny, gently, "I suppose my mistake has been that I have taken for granted that every governess has come down in the world—the books, you know, almost always represent a governess as lovely and ill-used, *and living among people who are really her inferiors in birth and original position.* So when I first saw Miss Salter I re-

hat I would make a friend of her, be extremely polite and, in short, pity her position, and try to make it easier to her."

Now that you discover that she is not a fit object for what she is not ill-used, and that she is not of gentle hope you will be too just, too really considerate, and sorry for the mischief you may have done by your ill-judgment, to withdraw your companionship from Miss Salter. I hope, as she has never deceived you about herself, she merely accepted your mistaken compassion, and yielded to your spontaneous advances towards friendship, while you will leave off condoling, you will not leave off associating with her, and sitting with her as usual."

"no!" said Fanny; and added slowly, "Of course

she will be as friendly as before," proceeded the Doctor, "but the romance of the thing has flown away on the wings of Mrs. Salter's ducks and geese."

"yes," said Fanny; but she rather overcalculated her powers of self-control, for when the pony carriage drove to the Doctor's garden, Miss Salter came up to it, and asked Fanny to walk with her in the shrubbery. Fanny, though she assented, coloured and seemed uneasy, and when Miss Salter asked, "Where did you drive, dear?" she hung down her head like a culprit, and answered, blushing violently, "My uncle took me—at least—we went to see your mother." Miss Salter, though Fanny's flattering professions that she was a heroine in painful circumstances, that she had come down in the world, and ought to be treated with all consideration, had been too agreeable to be true, was notwithstanding too sensible not to feel that the assumption of pensiveness, and that peculiarly morose air so necessary to a heroine, she had made herself conspicuous in the Doctor's eyes, and now Fanny's excessive confusion and evident reluctance to say where she had been, were ridiculous in her own eyes, she walked in silence for some time; at length she said:—

"Deane told me this morning that mother was well." "yes!" replied Fanny, "we only went for a call; I thought your mother a very nice person indeed, and she seems very fond of you."

A sharp pang of shame darted through Anne Salter's mind as she saw the evident confusion of Fanny, and she felt it had been to her to find everything connected with her friend, the governess, so different to what she had imagined to herself.

She walked beside Fanny in deeply mortified silence. "If I had not suffered her to remain in her self-deception," she thought, "there would have been every likelihood that she would have come to be fond of me for my own sake; but now that she finds I am not what she expected, how can she continue to care for me?"

As for Fanny she had begun to walk with her friend, but had not a word to say; she felt herself under some strong constraint, which she could not throw off, and when they reached the end of the shrubbery and turned again, she involuntarily quickened her pace, remarking, "That she had not finished a letter, which ought shortly to be posted, and must go in to write it."

Annie Salter saw how it was; she only detained Fanny to say, "Did you call anywhere else this morning?" and when Fanny answered "No!" the colour rushed to her face, as she turned back to the shrubbery. "So then," she thought, "the Doctor must have taken Fanny out on purpose that she might see my family, and the way in which we live. I was sure he meant something more than he said, when he talked about my depression."

LETTERS TO EUPHEMIA.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,—I hope you received the last letter which I wrote to you, on the duty and happiness of giving your heart to God. I am anxious to know what you feel on that subject. I can imagine you sitting alone in your own chamber to read it over, and think I hear you saying to yourself, "I do wish very much that I could follow this advice. I should like to come to Jesus, and to give my heart to God; but I see it is no easy matter. Faith is required, and that is what I have not got, and cannot obtain by any efforts of my own. I have prayed to God to give me faith, but I do not seem to get any *nearer to it yet*. What must I do? Oh, I wish I *knew what it is to believe in Jesus!*"

, as regards its effects and influence on our

It gives *substance*, solidity, and reality to things revealed in God's word. To the unbelieving and worldly-minded, they are a mere *shadow*; to the child of God they are *felt* to be substantial. Faith brings God *near* to us, makes us feel His presence, and know that He *sees* us; and makes us "in his fear all the day long." Faith brings heaven within our reach, as it were; shows us our Lord Jesus sitting on his throne at the right hand of God, and ever making intercession for us. Faith gives a reality to all spiritual things—the promises of grace—the gospel of Jesus—the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart—and the kingdom of God in short, all that the Bible says, and that God has made us there, becomes clear to us when we believe; and as that believeth *hath the witness in himself*." (1 v. 10.)

we may look at faith, not as regards its *effects*, but it is in its own *nature*, *exercise*, and *objects*. The simplest view of faith is *assent* to the word of God. It was a very beautiful account of faith which the Christian gave when he said "God knows I

Jesus Christ. Everything that God says in his word is, in some sort, the object of faith—both the *promises* and threatenings of Scripture. But the principal object of faith, as saving, is the *Saviour*, as He says, “*Look unto me, and be saved.*” Christ is its *author*, its *object*, and *finisher*. To believe, in a word, then, is to *trust in Christ*. Faith is *trust*. There was a young and anxious inquirer after salvation, who spent a long time in fruitlessly seeking it here and there, till at length the way was made plain to her all at once, and she was surprised that she had never seen it before. And what was it she saw? I will give you her own words: “I saw that I had nothing to do but to *trust in Christ*.”

‘A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.’ ”

Faith is a very simple thing. It does not require deep, abstruse reasoning, or extensive reading; it is only *trusting* the Lord Jesus for salvation. When Mr. Cecil wished to teach his child what faith was, he bade her throw a necklace she was playing with behind the fire. She looked up in his face, saw he was in earnest, and complied at once. There was faith in exercise. She trusted her father’s *love*, and obeyed his *command*. So must you do. Your faith may not be *strong* enough to do this without a struggle; but if it be *real*, it will work by *love*. You may not feel love in the very act of obedience; but you will feel it in the *pleasure* which arises from obedience, and in the conscious glow of the “*spirit of adoption*, crying, Abba, Father.” Faith may be weak, and scarcely perceptible to sense, “like a grain of mustard-seed;” but if it is strong enough to *trust in Christ*, it will save you. As one says, “It may not be strong enough to take a standing on the summit of Calvary, gaze on the atoning Saviour, and exclaim, ‘He is *my Lord and my God* ;’ yet it may be strong enough to lie at the foot of his cross, and wait to be sprinkled

with his blood." If your faith is so weak that you cannot tell whether you have any or not, still try to put it forth to lay hold upon Christ. Like that poor father, to whom Jesus said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth,"—reply, "Lord, I believe, *help thou my unbelief.*" Give me pardon for it, and give me power against it. Help out, and supply what is wanting in me. Let thy "grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be made perfect in weakness." See how this poor man struggled with himself. He believes, and yet he doubts and distrusts his faith. He fears lest he should not believe,—lest his child should suffer through his fault. He prays to Christ to strengthen him, and that prayer proved that there was a real and a strong faith at the bottom.

So do you, my dear Euphemia. Bring your unbelieving heart to the Lord Jesus. Can you believe? Do you believe? Do you realize God's presence, power, and love in Christ? Can you trust Christ with your soul, your sins, your salvation? Will you venture all upon him? If so, your sins shall be pardoned, your weakness shall be strengthened, your wants supplied, your heart softened and renewed, and your soul, in spite of all difficulties shall be saved. Go on, then, trusting and trying till you can say, "I know in whom I have believed;" I have taken God at his word, I have trusted in Christ for the salvation of my soul, and I know that He will save me.

I remain,

Your affectionate Godfather,

R. W.

JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY, KEPT ON A VOYAGE TO THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

BY THE REV. J. F. O.

First Part.

June 9th, 1856.

MY DEAR —

WE have now been a week at sea, have had uninterrupted fine weather and almost constant fair winds: we make a steady progress of about seven miles an hour with all sail set.

You would watch us out of the anchorage till we were lost in sight and distance; were the voyage to be as pleasant as the portion already passed, I could not wish you anything better than to be with us.

We had two days of sea-sickness, and only two; the first I spent upon deck in vain efforts to keep up our spirits.— The second we passed in bed, but towards evening we recovered, and have never been ill since. The little children were scarcely troubled at all, and excepting for a little dismay, when the tea and the sugar mingle of their own accord, and the teacups promiscuously shift their sides, as one or the other end of the table gains the ascendant, they are comfortable and by no means melancholy.

Our party consists of the Rev. G. P. D., with his wife and five little girls, also two boys, orphans; Miss H. the governess to this little party, and a young lady passenger, who is going out to join her father. These with two gentlemen and myself complete the after-deck, or cabin passengers in the good ship *Hydaspes*.

June 10th.

The whole party are perfectly harmonious and apparently well pleased with each other; conversation is not very general, but a sort of quiet reserve suits best strangers thus thrown together. Since the first thirty-six hours not a symptom of illness has been manifested, appetites are at the sharpest, and a life perpetually *al fresco*, keen energy, sense and capacity of enjoyment, an orderly ship, large enough for every one in his place without infringement on *that of others*, ports open keeping us cool, an awning to screen us from the scorching heat, we pass the time “sub

umbra" and "*super ripas*," lying down by the flowing waters and in a perpetual shade.

The best notion of our life will be formed from a sketch of a day on board ;—our occupations commence with the light and continue till the sunset. At six A.M. the busy sound of running to and fro, and the dashing of water, tells us that our room is being prepared. Our myrmidons are washing decks. We rise and hasten forth to breathe the vaporous air and to inhale the breath of morning, which here, as on shore, seems fraught with additional freshening influence. On board ship to indulge in exercise is both grateful and necessary ; and as we walk we mentally prepare for the day's work. The pastor cons the chapter to be read and expounded, the instructor prepares his lessons, and the pupils their task.

All assemble to breakfast at half-past eight with sharp apprehensions and appetites. Each contributes a text self-selected to the common instruction. And the meal despatched, the tin receptacles for tea and coffee emptied, the new loaves, and fresh laid eggs, and new milk consumed, we go on deck to prayers and scripture exercises. The children with their instructress learning verses and reading, the others pursuing their own studies, Greek and Hebrew, and the various versions with which acquaintance will be needed in their Missionary labours.

At ten we have prayers, Captain T. always setting the example of attendance. The mates follow his good example, and many of the hands constantly present themselves. A chapter or a few verses are read and commented upon, and we close with extempore prayer.

After this I conduct a class in Spanish ; the two catechists, three of the children, and the two missionaries form the company.

We then study Hebrew till eight-bells announce that the sun has been caught by the vigilant eye of the Captain, and he proclaims it high noon. Then activity of other kinds succeeds : the men and all below the poop go to dinner, the children have a game at play, one blows a flute in a corner, another is chiselling with the tools in his new tool-box, one of our party is writing letters home, to be ready for the next ship, the rest take up nautical astronomy in the shape of the sextant which had just been laid down by the Captain and *mate*, who are busied with their own concerns.

One P. M., brings a call to dinner; a plentiful table supplied with fresh meat, killed on board, potatoes and preserved meat, fruit tarts and puddings; lime juice instead of wine, and a frame work of wood for the benefit of the crockery alone tell us that we are at sea.

After this we study again till four, when dismissal sounds and the swinging and playing at "touch" begins anew, the flute is taken out, and the concertina, the shrill fife and the buzzing harmonicon combine and succeed each other in the most agreeable confusion, a perfect Babel of harmonies.

At five, we have tea, with preserved fruits instead of, and in compensation for the plenitude of salt meats and substantial viands supplied for breakfast.

Till seven each takes his several way as inclination or duty calls. I then conduct evening worship much on the morning model, excepting that the New Testament forms the subject of illustration and instruction.

Twilight succeeds to day more rapidly and more early than in our own land, and the dominion of night is fairly established before eight o'clock.

These darkening hours are the most active of the day; the children having had little exercise are restless, and by no means ready for repose, and they redouble their efforts to make up for want of space. The boys below on the main deck perform gymnasia in the shrouds, or dance in the vicinity of the foremast. Presently the sextants come out again, and a lunar is taken for the longitude, the log is hove, and the rate ascertained, and thus we sit quietly listening to the language of seafaring life. "Haul aft the main sheet, lower your flying gib, down with your main topsail, stern sails lower on your halyards!" shouts the captain from the poop, where he stands, holding a little one in either hand. There is a voice far off, "Lower it is, sir." "Haul ye hoy, now haul ye again: ye haul, ye haul, ye hoy!" &c., sung out by the foreman of the watch, the rest pulling in time. "Belay!" cries the captain. "Belay it is, sir!" "Make fast your main sheet!" "Fast it is, sir!" and then all goes on as before, till the failing light compels the little roysterers to cease playing: they are sent down to their supper, and the elder members of the party are left to their own perambulations, and their *quiet thoughts*. At supper the distance passed in the day *and the latitudes traversed*, (generally two and a half

degrees in the twenty-four hours,) are the topics of converse and the news of the ship. Before eleven all is still, save the shrouds which rattle, and the sails that flap, and the water that rushes on, pushing forward the ship, and the trampling of the watch on deck, and the whistling of the look-out man on the forecastle-head.

Such is life at sea.

Monday, June 23rd.

We have entered that charmed circle which from our earliest years has combined in our imagination all grandeur and mystery. We are sailing in the tropics. We have overtaken the sun, and have him now from henceforth behind us, on the opposite side to that on which we have ever seen him; we look north for noon, and south at night; we have the flying-fish, the grampus and the shark for our only visitors; the resplendent heavens of the tropics, and new constellations, and an ocean more splendid than the sky for our entertainment—an ocean filled with fire, now spangling its surface in golden dust, now illuminating its depths with running flashes and floating flakes, numerous as morsels of snow in a winter storm, and bright enough to read the smallest print by with no other aid.

The first sight of this beautiful phenomena fairly overtook my previous knowledge. I had conceived of a sea, whose waves were sprinkled with bright particles, and whose every ripple showed sparks and scintillations of phosphorescent light; but to see (as I did two nights ago) flocks or shoals of floating moths and masses, from the size of a crown piece to that of a *hat*, distinctly floating and whirling, as the eddies trended in the wake of our vessel, was altogether unexpected. For hours I watched them, wondering whether they were material or gaseous, organic or amorphous, animate or inanimate, and I cannot now make up my mind. They did not mingle, nor separate; far as eye could trace the course we had traversed, a crowd of bright luminaries waited on our track, like denizens of the deep, waking up at sight of a stranger, and dancing for the pleasure of having seen him pass by; or like a swarm of fire-flies, in the forests of the tropic isles, lighting up the impenetrable shades, those, deep in mazes of the wood; but these sportively playing on the surface, and down into the depths of the sea. The

old sailors saw nothing to wonder at : it was very common, they said ; but we have only seen it once. In latitude 17° off the African coast, one would think a stream of newly smelted ore were flowing ever out of the Gulf of Guinea, or that the Niger or Gambia were pouring down their auriferous waters, to mingle with the currents, and swell the treasures of the deep.

We have little to vary our life, and I am running on in frolic descriptions, because there is really nothing to say respecting days that know no change, and end as they began. One is so like another that we forget to reckon, and come to the end of the week before the impression of Monday is worn off.

June 30th.

The last day of our first month. Since writing the last, we have had changes : from fair to foul, from a steady breeze all the way from England to wind a-head, from the unclouded sunshine of the first part of our voyage to pouring rain. This change is the only novelty, and has reduced us here, as at home, to talk constantly of weather. I am now surrounded by as black and changeable looking a sky, as the old country can boast of. These summer airs grow cool, and evening draws in too soon in a night of tempest ; but we are used to tempest after the last three days. On Thursday at noon we were sitting as usual under the awning, and rejoicing in a little alleviation of the tropical heat, the vertical sun being under a cloud. Our latitude was nearly that of Sierra Leone ; our place about midway between the shoulders of the two continents, 8° north of the equator. The captain came to the weather side, and looked out anxiously, then gave his orders in a sharp tone, to shorten sail. We hurried below to make all snug in the berth, which fine weather had induced us to lumber too much with moveables.

Meanwhile voices all over the ship broke up the stillness and running to and fro, and great heaving of the vessel, and sighs and whistling among the shrouds, told us that the plot was thickening. As soon as all was ship-shape below and my waterproofs were on, I hastened on deck ; then what change in half an hour ! rain falling in torrents, the ship laid over *and scudding* before the blast, sails yet unsecured flapping *heavily*, all hands as busy as sailors alone can be—" Now

give her a fillip and heave oh!" or if a main brace or heavy cordage were the point *d'appui*, a larger strain, "Haul the bowline, the bonny, bonny bowline; haul the bowline, the bowline, oh!"

However, the excitement was but short; though a squall decidedly, it was not a hurricane, and though followed by two days' bad weather (if anything God sends be bad) it has cleared at length, at least for half a day, and we can come on deck; but the worst is, that we have made no progress, scarcely fifty miles since Thursday, and it is now Monday afternoon. Our last day's work was four miles *backwards*, and we have the wind nearly a-head still. How different from the first part of our voyage, in which we made a hundred and fifty miles a-day, 1200 in one week! at this rate we shall get home again. But this weather, though not to be wished for, is to be expected for a season. We have run through the proper limits of the trade winds, and are in the zone of variables; and variable indeed we find them, only never fair for us! On Saturday we had a tropical rain in torrents. The sailors slipped their upper garments, and stood under the streams that came down, whenever a sail or a shielding formed a watershed, and seemed to enjoy the change from sun to shower as much as the ducks did, and the swine and the various animals, who, unacquainted with geography, no doubt wondered what sort of a summer they were to have before it was the hottest day.

July 7th.

The Southern Hemisphere. The line is crossed! To cut short the long story I was beginning (not so long, however, as the reality), after two more days of variable winds and unproductive voyaging, we got a clear sky and a brisk breeze, and though not a *fair* wind, yet a tolerable one. Away we started across the Atlantic: we were off the land of Africa, and very near Sierra Leone (long the only bright spot in the land of Ham), and now we are rapidly nearing South America and the mouth of the Amazon.

Our cook was on board the vessel which took Bishop Vidal a corpse up that vast river. He died not far from the spot where we were for some days beating about against baffling winds. We had now such cool weather, rain and wind, that we could scarcely realize at all the fact of our tropical position. I suffered from heat on Sunday,

but sleeping on deck restored me, and I have never needed to do it since. Thermometer at 80° in the cabin is the highest we have had, and this has been the general temperature, 78° both day and night for the last fortnight. We are going from the sun every day, and have passed through the rainy season of the narrow zone between the north tropic and the equator. Our approach to the *line* was very anxiously looked for. The children, I believe, thought there must be some sort of materiality in what is so often named, described, and marked in maps, and which plays so conspicuous a part in all geographical exercises. That Number 1 of the great circles of the globe should be a mere cipher, an 0, and just nothing at all, seems to them an absurdity too egregious to be believed; and even older and wiser heads than theirs have experienced a shock at first realizing its impalpable nature. The children, I suppose, cannot conceive that so much fuss can be made about an idea. And the captain has continually to brave such questions as "Where shall we see the line—where is it, captain?" To which the captain answers, "I'll wake you when the ship's keel goes over it." "Oh, then, we shall not see it—it will be dark." "No, you certainly will not see it; but you shall hear it," says the captain, who seems a little ashamed of asserting, contrary to such firm belief and expectation, that there will be, whether crossed by night or by day, nothing of this famous line to be seen. If he did make such a bold assertion, he might be thought to be joking; he therefore holds his peace as one who has private sources of information, but who might forfeit his character for wisdom and veracity if he published them to an incredulous world. The children did hear it, for through the night the rushing water keeps up a constant rustle, as we traverse the zone of ocean, which constitutes the line. We all heard it; for when informed that we were crossing it, we all raised our voices in praise, singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and down the breezes of night the words of Heber's hymn floated over the tropical waters:—

" Salvation ! O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has heard Messiah's name ;

“ Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole.”

n responded to our cheers, and then coming to the
 ang “ God save the Queen.” After which we all
 ie Evening Hymn, and so parted in mutual good

ordinary ceremonies used in crossing the line were
 ed with, out of deference to the ladies and children,
 cause our Missionary friends thought it better to
 rational celebration in an extra feast on the next
 an the usual rough welcome given to the new-comers
 e Southern Hemisphere.

though I enjoy its delightfulness, I cannot give you
 lefined ideas as to the peculiarities of this southern

Its weather is exquisite, and nothing can be more
 al than the aspects of its sea, and sky, and stars, and

There is a warmer sun, but not without a cooling
 that light fanning air, which, like the zephyrs of
 nmertide, bring health and freshness. No wonder
 ot help writing of such delightful weather, who am
 midst of its enjoyment; the long cool night suc-
 ; to a sultry day brings me such constant change of
 able sensations.

July 14th.

il in view. The prospect of sending letters makes
 umence early to-day. I must hasten to give all my
 es before attempting to continue this journal.

CHAPTERS ON MEMORY.

CHAPTER TWO.

UGHT my last chapter to a close with some lines embo-
 he dates of four great battles, and will remind my
 that having divided my Remarks on Memory into two
 am still writing on the first part, namely, on some of
 lans which are useful as helps to the Memory.
 res are remarkable helps to memory, as they call in
 he senses to its aid.

As an illustration of this fact, I will relate an anecdote of a little girl, whose governess set her a long list of German nouns to learn ; nouns feminine, masculine, and neuter.

I thought it a difficult lesson, but the child soon learnt it, and said it with a confidence and distinctness, that no changing the places of her nouns could shake. I was the more surprised at this because I had observed that between the time of setting and of saying the lesson, she had been drawing on a slate ; not writing out the lesson, but drawing, for of that I had taken particular notice.

I found an opportunity to look at the slate, and saw that she had drawn on it a most grotesque landscape, such a picture as any child of her age could have drawn ; its only peculiarity seemed to be that all the objects in it were ornamented with little hats and bonnets. There were houses, a windmill, a church, things with four legs, that might be meant for cats, or donkeys ; something that was evidently a river, because large fish swam in it, and a ridiculous ship was sailing in it ; there were ducks also, which almost rivalled the ship in size, and there were some nondescript things that I could assign no name to.

Along the side of the slate was the list of nouns, and I was so sure that the picture had something to do with the lesson that I called the little girl and asked her to explain it to me.

" Oh," she said, " that is how I learn my *gentleman* and *lady* nouns ; I make them all up into a picture and then I draw a hat for masculine, and a bonnet for feminine ; then when I am saying my lesson I think of my picture, and so I cannot help remembering them, " What might this be ? " I asked, pointing to a strange thing with a hat on, that hung up aloft."

" Oh, that is the moon," replied the child, " we call the moon, *she*, you know, but they call her, *he* ; so I have hung a cocked hat on one of her horns ; that is a cocked hat, you see."

" Then," I observed, as the sense of the thing dawned upon me, " no doubt this round O at the horizon is the sun ?"

" Yes, you see I have made a large bonnet for the sun, and tied it under her chin. And this is a hut, you can see a row of bonnets riding on the edge of the roof, as if it was a horse. The little dog is lying in the door with his hat on, and here are some fish swimming in the river with their hats on ; here are some cows—"

" Cows !" I remarked, " I thought they were cats !"

" Oh dear, no," was the somewhat indignant answer, " don't

you see their horns ? and these sheep, I have marked with an N ; sheep are almost always marked, you know. You can easily see that these are sheep."

"If you can see it," I replied, willing to soothe the feelings of the young artist, "it does not matter whether other people can : you can make your own pictures as you please ; no doubt this is a ship ?"

"Yes, this ship," she interrupted, "has no hat or bonnet on, because it is a neuter noun, but, for fear I should forget that, I have drawn a great N on the flag."

So she went through all the other nouns in her picture, saying, "that she seldom forgot her lessons when she had drawn them in this way on her slate."

"But this kind of picture will only teach you genders," I remarked.

"Oh, no," replied the little creature, "but for other things, I make *other inventions*."

Now every child or young person does not possess this inventive power, but when such a plan has once been suggested, every person of ordinary capacity can adopt something analogous to it, or to a certain extent can use this particular plan in learning a language. I suppose it would be difficult even for one who knows nothing of German, to forget, after reading this anecdote, that a ship in German is a neuter noun, and that the imaginary sexes of sun and moon are reversed.

Two aids for the memory were brought into play by this child,—she first connected all the words together in her mind by making them up into one picture, and she then adorned them in such a way as to show the gender of each. While she said her lesson she mentally looked at the picture, and even when it was destroyed it still existed in her brain. We must all have remarked how much a picture impresses itself on the memory. Those who are in the habit of seeing picture galleries, or annual exhibitions, will find, when they reflect upon them, that not only do they recollect a great many pictures, but also the places they held in the rooms, and the elevations at which they were hung. Perhaps few who saw the Royal Academy Exhibition this year, will remember less than forty pictures, and those forty as they are recalled will always be mentally seen in their proper places.

As I mention, "the Death of Chatterton,"—"the Scape-Goat,"—"Autumn Leaves,"—"the Abandoned,"—"Christmas Day in St. Peter's, at Rome,"—"Millais's Peace Concluded,"—"the Breakwater, at Plymouth," (and the list might be extended to a great length), you see mentally each

picture in its proper place and actual height ; and so long as you remember any one of them, this will always be the case ; you may be certain that you will never think " the Death of Chatterton " hung just under the roof, or that the " Break-water " and " the Abandoned," were both on the same side. I give this familiar example of a peculiarity in the faculty of memory (even among those in whom memory is least tenacious), because I wish my readers to turn from picture seeing to picture making ; and will describe what I mean by giving an instance of it.

Imagine yourself in the east room of the Royal Academy's Exhibition, that is, the room farthest from the entrance. Take down all the pictures. The walls being very dusty and dirty, you will now limewash them all over with care. If you do not know the room, take a large assembly room or town hall.

When you have reduced the east room to a uniform tint, make a progress through the other rooms ; take down the pictures and limewash the walls also, then return to the east room, take formal possession of it and begin to make it useful, for in future, if you are wise, you will pass a good deal of time in it.

The left hand wall, as you enter, will be a splendid place for a huge fresco picture ; it shall represent, if you please, a section of the Geological strata of the earth. You have often seen little coloured pictures in books, representing these strata ; our picture shall be on a grand scale, and in each layer shall be represented its proper organic remains.

You must not be in too great a hurry in painting this picture, for if you once do it wrong and have to alter it, the image in your mind will not be so clear.

Now imagine yourself surrounded with paint pots and paint brushes ; you are going to begin.

Commence at the floor with your primary rocks—granite, with beds of gneiss, mica slate, hornblende slate, and clay slate. You will not paint any organic remains in these primary rocks, and do not take for them more than one-sixth of the height of the room. Remember to make them look extremely hard and close in grain, as rocks should do that have been fused, and have cooled down from a "mass of incandescent elements." You must give to the granite (red and grey), to the slate, &c., their proper colours, and let the upper line undulate as it does in nature. These rocks are now frequently called the Azoic rocks.

Having finished the primary rocks, you now proceed, above them, to paint the transition strata. In these rocks, strata of slate and shell will appear, alternating with sand-

stone, limestone, and conglomerate ; in your thin layers of conglomerate, let a wavy appearance prevail, as of the violent action of water, in the other layers let there be organic remains. In the lowest, only sea-weed, and a few fishes and mollusca, trilobites, and a few star-fish. Bestow a great deal of pains on your upper layers of the transition series, as you will remember that they are what is called the carboniferous order, or great coal formation ; among them you must cause rich veins of iron ore to run. Hundreds of species of plants flourished at this period : you must paint their remains in the coal-beds,—ferns, gigantic equisetaceæ, enormous mosses, and the trunks of cone-bearing trees.

Throughout the transition series, the vegetable remains are rich and abundant, the animal remains less various.

Paint your beds of coal with one wash of Indian ink, and the remains within them with printer's ink.

Having finished your transition rocks, you will now add the secondary strata, to which you will give a somewhat reddish or gravelly hue, from its consisting of vast beds of sand and sandstone ; though this must be alternated with strata of blueish limestone, deposits of clay and yellowish marl, with now and then a layer of pebbles.

In the red sandstone is a great deal of muriate of soda (common salt), it is also porous, rain-water sinks through it, till it is stopped by one of the beds of clay, where it forms reservoirs of water, which, forcing their way out at the sides of hills, form rivers and springs. Here is a beautiful proof of design ; the water is filtered through the soft sandstone, stopped by the clay, and by the pressure from above, forced out to fertilize the earth.

In these secondary strata you will paint vast quantities of organic remains, consulting any books that are within your reach, and taking care to have a distinct image in your mind of each bone and skeleton you paint, and the place in the strata that it is to occupy, for on this depends the success of the scheme. Here among the remains you will paint the bones of the vast saurian lizards, which dragged their limber lengths through the steaming tropical swamps, or fluttered with dragon-like wings in the humid air. There will be the teeth and scales of fishes, the remains of crocodiles, and the heavy bones of the giant dinotherium, with its terrible tusks hanging from the lower jaw, and by which it tore its food along as with a harrow, or digging them into the sides of a river bank, hung half in and half out of the slimy water. There must also be fossil tortoises, bats, vampires ; and in the *lias* you will paint ammonites, shell-fish, &c. &c.

You will now proceed to the tertiary strata ; but having already occupied much space in the description of this picture, I will leave you to finish it for yourself, assuring you that if you paint it properly you will not forget it ; and when you are afterwards reading accounts of particular rocks, you will know whereabouts they lie in the earth's crust, and what remains of animals and vegetables exist in them ; for in mentally looking at your picture, you will naturally see the strata in their proper places, and can add to the objects represented as your knowledge of geology increases. You must not suppose that this picture is to be painted as quickly as I have now sketched it out for you ; on the contrary, you must consult all the books within your reach, and take the trouble to dwell in imagination on every shell that you adorn your strata with.

But perhaps you will say, " If I could make up my mind to consult all these books, and look into the matter in this way, I could remember the strata without this picture-making." Perhaps so ; but the making of such a picture is to many people a reason for looking into the books, it enables them to clear and arrange their knowledge, which is one of the great secrets of remembering, and it gives a kind of interest to the subject.

I merely describe this picture as a specimen of many that might be made. The plan is not more suited to geology than to history, botany, &c. ; and though I have chosen to call the strata, in their different series, by the old-fashioned names, I merely do so, because, for young beginners the more a science is simplified the easier are its first principles to remember.

Beginning with granite, the lowest rocks are generally called Hypozoic, no organic remains being yet discovered in them. Lying over these, all the rocks which contain organic remains of plants and animals, and which are below the new red sandstone, are called Palæozoic, or containing little life.

The Mesozoic, or secondary, contains more remains ; and the Cainozoic, or tertiary, is so called from its containing the newest organisms.

The plan of turning knowledge acquired into imaginary pictures, has had the advantage of a thorough trial. Its success is most wonderful ; for it assists the mind to define, divide, and arrange its stores ; and as want of memory is nothing more than the fading of the mental image, or a confusion in its *outline*,—that which gives it a place and a colour is only, in *other words*, that which gives it permanence and power.

FLAT ROOFS.

"As grass growing upon the housetops which withereth afore it be plucked up."—PSALM cxxix. 6.

ARCHITECTURE, particularly domestic architecture, appears to have undergone little alteration in the East. Just as the Bedouin still dwells under the black goat skin tent, which supplied Solomon with an image to describe the dark comeliness of his Egyptian bride, the Jew, the Syrian, the Egyptian, still preserve the flat roof of their forefathers. The two spies were brought up by Rahab (Joshua ii. 6) to the flat roof of her house, and concealed from their pursuers, by flax laid in order upon it to dry. When the Jews asked for a king, Samuel, their judge, "communed with Saul upon the top of the house." (2 Samuel ix. 25.) A staircase running up the side of the house (as still exists in some of the ruined temples of Egypt), explains the otherwise difficult passages in St. Matthew (xxiv. 17). "Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of the house." There was no occasion to enter the house itself to enjoy the cool air,* or the privacy of the elevated flat roof.

It has been a subject of wonder why so little has been discovered at Nineveh (Koyanyik and elsewhere), beyond the marble slabs, which lined the courts and apartments, laid bare by Dr. Layard's exertions. The roofs and supporting pillars were of wood, and the roofs were rendered additionally heavy, by earth piled on the top, so that, when exposed to the action of fire, the fall of such heavy bodies would be ruinous to the structures below.

In the houses of the modern Yezidi (in the neighbourhood of Nineveh), the roofs are flat pieces of timber, supported on rough wooden columns; on the timber is placed a sufficient quantity of earth to keep out the heavy rains, or the equally heavy heat of that tropical climate. Professor Robinson (in his recent travels in Palestine and the adjacent regions) says that "the flat roofs of the Nestorian Christians, near the ancient Sidon, are composed of massive beams, crossed by joints, crossed again by small poles laid closely together, and overlaid with earth or gravel rolled hard. This rolling is often repeated,

* *Barrow's Bible in Spain*, c. 40. "It is eight o'clock at night, and I am standing on the *sotés*, or flat roof of my house (at Seville) enjoying the cool breeze."

especially after rain, for these roofs are apt to leak. *Grass is often 'seen growing on them.*" Again: "It rained heavily during the night, and the water found its way through upon us. Quite early in the morning we heard our host at work rolling the roof. Goats also were *cropping the grass* growing on several roofs." Of course such crops as these would be precarious, and liable to premature scorching by the sun, "whereof the mower filleth not his hand, neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom." Hence we see the fate of the wicked appropriately resembled to the untimely decay of "the grass growing on the housetop."

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

A FRIEND of mine, who had a holiday,
To see a ruin'd abbey took his way,
He gazed,—cried out, "O venerable pile!"
As people, do you know; then down each aisle
He paced and moralized on change, decay,
And so on, till in act to turn away
He saw a labourer dining at his ease,
Half swallowing his knife, and quite his cheese.

This man must know the legend well, thought he,
Of the old place. I'll make him tell it me.
"My friend," he asked, "who built this ancient place?"
The labourer smoothed his brow, and stroked his face,
Then answered leisurely, "Who built un, Sir!
Why they do say that 'twas one Oliver,
Oliver Crummel, kind o' king he war,
And I don't doubt you've heard on him before."
"If Cromwell built the place," in doubtful tone,
My friend rejoined, "Who was't that pull'd it down?"
"One William Norman, Sir; he came from France,
And all about their heads he made it dance,
And took a powerful sight of wine away,
And furniture, and such like gear, they say."
My friend exclaimed, "Mistaken you must be!"
"I've work'd," replied the labourer sulkily,
"For five-and-forty year just here about,
And never from the parish took a groat,
*But brought eight children up, 'cept two that died,
And wife set fast with rheumatiz beside,
Till she can't hardly stand nor hardly go;
So I conceit as how I ought to know.*"

ah, how much might be comprised in the suzerainty of a gnat! how its early life in the water was what narrow and hair-breadth escapes it underwent, now nearly caught by a voracious water-beetle, now within the jaws of a monstrous stickleback or minnow, this life over, the dangers of its final change; arrowy it missed being drowned in what a few days before was its native element; and it might yet how merry it was to meet and dance in the evening, and how far superior a quadrille of gnats was to the dances of humankind. We are, however, to take a more sober theme, for there are wonders told in the plain and evident facts of our subject, not stepping on the borders of romance, or intruding into private affairs of these little fairies. And we would ask, what an insect is? This, though apparently a very question, is not so easy to answer, and, probably, many readers, if they attempted it, would only be able to give the very indefinite definition, that an insect is an insect.

If I say that a spider is not an insect, it might make the subject clearer, but it may lead us to give it a more limited meaning to the word than we should give. An insect has six legs, a spider has eight. An insect undergoes various changes during its life, a spider does not. An insect escapes from the egg as a spider. The insect has

will now consider one division of the first group, viz., butterflies and moths, or scaly winged insects, as they are termed, from their wings being provided with scales or feathers.

There is something cheerful in the very name of butterflies, they call to our mind such pictures of sunshine and of summer days, and of merry hours when we had scarcely more thought or care than the insects themselves; again, so many of them seem to us like old friends, for we have either seen them or know them well by report. Who, for instance, has not heard of the Purple Emperor, who holds his throne in the topmost summit of some forest oak, and very rarely descends to see what is going on below? who does not know by name the gorgeous blue and yellow "swallow-tail," with its curiously cut wings and its long tails, the northern representation of a tropical genus? It is, however, getting rare in England, and becoming more and more restricted in its limits—the fenny districts of Cambridgeshire are now its chief haunts; in France it is very common, and indeed earns a bad character on account of an inordinate liking for carrots, in which the caterpillar indulges too freely. We shall take humbler examples than these comparative rarities. All are familiar with the white butterflies of the garden—all know them as having in the larva state a love for cabbages; let us then trace their history, or rather the history of the most abundant of three very common species; for if any curious observer will capture them, he will find there are two small, and one large species, and of the two small kinds one is easily known by the ring on the under side of its wings being green; now it is the other one of the two lesser beings which is the most abundant, and whose story we shall therefore tell. He is a merry fellow, wandering actively up and down, over turnip fields or cabbage gardens; indeed he seems at home everywhere, for though cabbages and turnips are the favourite food of the caterpillar, yet few of the wild flowers allied to them come amiss. He makes his appearance twice in the year, firstly in April, secondly in July and August, we are, therefore, never without his company during the summer months, and one of the pleasantest signs of spring is our first white butterfly of the year; and there are few *who do not hail his appearance as we hail the swallow, or the welcome note of the cuckoo.* He flits along gaily

, his long sucker is deep in the sweets, and at the height of insect enjoyment; the under pair, seen from beneath, are yellow, the upper white, and at the tip with a greyish black, in the centre dark spot—had the insect been a female there would have been two; on his expanding his wings a little, the upper pair are seen to be also white above. He is in no way to be feared; do not harm him, but treat him gently, he does not deserve ill at your hands; do not join in the hue and cry raised against him—true it is, he is fond of eating cabbages, or turnip-tops, during his caterpillar stage, but he does very little damage to them, the real damage is by a very different depredator—let us examine for ourselves. Many of these cabbages are spoiled, not by him, but by a fact; and here on the leaf of one of them are many of sugar-loaf eggs, of a yellow colour, which the Mr. White doubtless has deposited there—the fact is admitted; and, finally, on the upper surface of the cabbages we may often, very often, find a caterpillar reared in “Lincoln green,” beautifully smooth, and with a soft pile, like velvet; on his back he wears small yellow buttons, and the same on his sides, on his lower surface the green becomes much lighter, almost a bluish tint; he is also larger near the head than at the tail, which is somewhat narrowed; this



the base of the leaves; here is the real spoliator, hiding in the darkness, and avoiding the light of day; he is a very smooth looking fellow, quite green—a very innocent looking being, yet he is the culprit; and here is another, much like him, but of a purplish brown above; this is only the last in disguise, he has changed his coat; this last will soon bury beneath the earth, and there fasten small fragments of it together, and so spin for himself a shroud, change into a pupa, and in the month of June next he will make his appearance as a plain, dark moth. To my mind, gentle reader, it seems that there are cabbages enough for all, and he is heartily welcome to his share, though it certainly would seem to me better behaviour on his part if he would content himself by eating up a few special plants entirely, instead of nibbling at the hearts of all of them; however this is the real culprit, do not therefore condemn our white friend for the damage which he has very little share in doing. We will now return to his story: having finished his life on the cabbages, he bethinks himself of changing to a chrysalis, and for this purpose he journeys to some neighbouring shrub or wall, and there climbing up, he fixes himself in some secure spot, by weaving a button of silk fastening him at the tail, and a band of silk passing round his waist; he soon changes into a greyish brown angular chrysalis, and in this state he will sleep through the snows of winter, and burst forth as a white butterfly in time to feast his eyes with the sight of the early crops of spring cabbages. We may, however, if we take the twig to which his chrysalis is fastened, and place it on the mantel-piece of a warm room, with a good fire, coax him out of his chrysalis by Christmas day. Having listened to his story, we will now bid him farewell; but before leaving the butterflies we will lightly touch on another acquaintance or two we have made “lang syne.” One of these is the Peacock Butterfly; he is so well named that his very name betrays him—bright-eyed and gorgeous in hue, all know him at once; we have many times watched him sunning himself on the flowers of the aster-beds, we have seen him feasting on the ripened peach against the garden wall; and in the early spring-time, when winter was scarcely over, we have welcomed him in the sheltered meadows, for *he has a long life as a butterfly*; emerging from the chrysalis in August or September, he enjoys the bright and sunny

the close of the year, but when the first sign of wind comes he betakes himself to some crevice or cavern, ere, closing up his bright wings, he sleeps until days shine come again. Fortunately for him, his wings on the reverse side are both dark black, so that his colour does not betray him, else the prying eye of many a bird might find him out in his retreat. In the caterpillar state he is a handsome fellow, black, and armed with branched spines; he feeds on the nettle, and where one is found, you may be sure of finding more. When full grown, he hangs himself up by the tail, head downwards, and passes into a chrysalis, brown, but beautifully studded with gold at the various angles of the body; he sleeps in this state only a few days. Closely allied to the Peacock is another common, but brilliant butterfly—the Tortoiseshell, red, with brown spots, and the Red Admiral, the latter being a brave old fellow, and lingering with us longer than any of our autumn butterflies, haunting the ivy until November is far advanced; he is well named, but the battle and the breeze are too strong for him, and it is very seldom that our gallant friend lives through the winter, and enjoys a green old age in the warmth and quiet of the spring.

We must notice one more, in the little blue butterfly of meadows; all know him, he is fond of company, and where we see one we generally see many more, flitting over meadow grass and settling on the dandelions; there is a saucy look even in the way they pitch upon the flowers, and when one is comfortably resting he has no idea of being disturbed with impunity, and if bee or butterfly attempts to invade his premises, he attacks them boldly. He is, as he is well named, of a pugnacious race, for when there is nothing else to fight, they often fight amongst themselves: they may often be seen soaring a few yards above the grass, and engaging in airy combat, flying against each other and beating at one another with their wings. His under side is grey, beautifully spotted with white and black, and he has also a row of red spots on this surface of the hind wings; the female is not entirely blue, but brownish with blue near the body, and with a row of small dark red spots near the margin of the wing. The hibernation condition of these “little blues” is curious; they hibernate through the winter on the leaves of the clover, looking

much like wood-lice, painted green, and with little angular black heads. About April, the caterpillar fastens himself by the waist and tail, as our friend the white butterfly. But the chrysalis is short, round, and thick, very different from the angular forms we have seen in the previous kinds.—With our little blue acquaintance of the meadows, we must say good bye to the butterflies, and turn to a few of the moths, the “merry wanderers of the night,” “lovers of silence and shade” instead of the golden sunlight, in which our late companions loved to revel.

First of these are the Hawk-moths, or sphinxes, among which foremost in our catalogue must come the “Death’s Head,” the terror of the superstitious and ignorant, but to the naturalist a scarce and fine species, the largest of our British moths. We shall, however, pass him by, and take a far more common insect, the Privet Hawk-moth, as an example of the group. It is in the caterpillar state that he is best known—a noble fellow of a bright green, striped with a diagonal line of lilac and white across each segment of the body, and a black and yellow horn at the tail; there is something lordly and dignified in the bearing of the Privet Sphinx; he sits on the branch with his head drawn up and proudly curved, an aristocrat amongst caterpillars; should any one touch him he gives a disdainful toss which says, “This is a liberty I do not allow!” quite as plainly as if it was spoken in words. Keep him carefully; he will bury himself quietly in September, and in the month of June next year he will appear in beauty, a large brown moth, with the under wings of a delicate pink barred with black; during the day time he will then sleep quietly, but at night he wanders forth to feast on the sweets hidden in the flowers. There is another in this section we ought not to pass without mention, the Humming-bird moth, a lover of the day-light, brown and yellow in colour, but beautiful from his mode of hovering, stationary, over some flower into which his long proboscis is inserted, then having tasted sufficiently on this, darting off with the speed of light to another blossom as yet unrifled. He is a frequent visitor to the flower garden, and what makes his visits the more pleasant is this, treat him quietly and do not frighten him, and he is almost sure to return again; about the same hour to-morrow *you may expect* to see him at the same spot; he is very *fond of the flowers* of the common red Valerian, and a large

plant of this will generally persuade him to make a call on you, if he lives in your neighbourhood.

We will now take a glance at the true moths,—they are, indeed, innumerable, so we must pass many by unheedingly to whose story we might listen for hours. The Cosmo, whose larva, in spite of the rank smell which has earned for it the English name of “Goat Moth,” was esteemed a delicacy amongst the Romans. Lyonnet has, however, given it a greater celebrity in modern times by his masterly investigation of its anatomy; he enumerates 4,401 muscles in this larva, comparatively small as it is. The home of this caterpillar is in the interior of the willow or the ash. He feeds on their wood, and bites galleries and chambers for himself with his powerful jaws. He cannot be called handsome; there is a lurid look in the dull purple pink, which is his prevailing colour, that prevents this; yet he looks strong and active,—in every way suited to his trade of a carpenter. After him comes many a strange and grotesque-looking larva, bumps jut out from their backs and sides, and you scarcely know which is the head and which the tail of many of them; we will take one for description, the Puss-moth caterpillar, because he is amongst the commonest, and therefore most likely to be met with; besides that, he is a classic beast, for old Izaak Walton has honoured him with a passing notice, and no wonder, for that prince of anglers was a keen observer of nature, and the hearth-rug on which our puss loves to sit is the leaf of the willow which fringes many a streamlet,—long the chosen haunt of trout or grayling. He is easily met with; when found, look at his face, his name you will acknowledge to be an appropriate one; there is the full front view of our domestic tiger on a very small scale, ears and all, for two little projections at the upper corners take their place exactly, you almost expect to hear a gentle mew coming from his mouth, or, rather, to hear him purr, for he looks happy even for a cat; with the face, however, the likeness ceases; for his body, broad at the head, gradually tapers to the other end, from which spring two long tails; in colour, again, he is green, with a saddle-shaped mark of lilac on the back. He is certainly handsome in spite of his oddity, and clever, too, for the cocoon he makes is wondrous; near the root of the willow or poplar on which he *has passed his caterpillar days*, he finds some small crevice

or inequality in the bark, into this he crawls, and then gnawing off minute particles from the bark around, he builds himself a home so exactly resembling the other parts of the trunk of the tree, that it requires a well-trained eye to find it. With the smaller species of the genus, or kittens, as they are termed, where the cocoon is not quite an inch long the task becomes hopeless. I have searched diligently, but in vain, over the trunk of a poplar-tree where a few weeks after, when the holes of exits had made them conspicuous, I have found cocoons in plenty.

Next, far removed from these, is the most famous of all insects, the silk-worm, originally a native of China, but now naturalized in the South of France, and well known in England, better even than our own proper species. We must not linger with him. There are other moths which, could they be kept as easily, and would they multiply as well, might produce as good silk as this bombyx of the mulberry; but he seems to possess every quality needed. Neither larva or moth ever show any wish to stray away from home, or to seek for freedom. There are other kinds of silk-worm moths, as the Tusseh, and the one which produces the Eria silk of India, which has lately been introduced into Malta; but a very long time must pass before he can hope to rival our original silk-weaver, whose establishment in Europe is coeval with the Crusades.

All the moth larvæ we have yet mentioned have been smooth. We must now examine some cousins of these, covered with a warm coat of fur or hair; and there is one well worth a passing notice, that can very easily be found. He dwells in all the London squares; but one of his chief haunts, and where he may always be seen in the summer months, is in Lincoln's-Inn gardens. To describe him is difficult, for his fur is many-coloured; but on each side near the head are two narrow tufts of long black hairs, and a similar tuft indicates his tail; there are a whole row of thick, light tufts down the back, and between these his body is ringed with black. He is about an inch in length, the long black hairs are worth looking at with a magnifying glass, for at the top they branch like feathers; this will enable you to recognise the larva of an insect common in our metropolis. The male is a sprightly and gay-looking moth, of an orange-brown colour, with a white spot in the upper wings, and with handsome feathered antennæ, very active, flitting about in the day-time, seeing all that is to be seen, whilst the female—good, quiet

per moths come from hairy caterpillars of this section,
like bears than tigers in this stage of their exist-

I must introduce you to another hairy friend of
the caterpillar of the Lackey moth; a splendid livery
man, his head is blue, his body striped longitudinally
red, blue, and white; there is something very domes-
tically pleasing in his habits. The eggs are laid in a circle
on a branch, and as soon as the young lackeys appear,
they commence weaving for themselves a comfortable
nest of silk, and thus they live in peace and quiet toge-
ther doing a little harm, it must be confessed; for of course
they eat the young leaf-buds of the apple more tender
than the older leaves, and accordingly they make foraging
excursions from their tents to the young twigs around.

Nearly full grown they leave the nest, and lead a
solitary life, of which they soon get weary, spin
a cocoon, and sleep until, in August, they appear as perfect

Another social caterpillar nearly allied to this, is
the small Eggar moth. The eggs are here wound in a
ring around a twig of hawthorn, and thickly protected
with down; the larvae spin a web around the branch, as
in the last case.

I must give a little time to one other species of
hairy larvae,—a noble fellow, greyish brown, with
darker of purplish black feeding on the hawthorn

on the back ; his appetite was not then as good as it now is, and the leaves of the rose or the elm were more easy to bite than the bramble ; however, he did not eat badly, for it was necessary to lay up a store of fat for winter use. The winter was rather a dreary time ; the leaves first got yellow and dry, not half as palatable as they had been, then they fell off the boughs, and it was difficult to find a meal at all, so he determined to sleep away the time, and accordingly found a snug corner in a thick part of the hedge, out of the way of wind and rain. The sleep must have been a long one, for it lasted till green leaves came again, and the sun shone bright and cheerfully ; he then got up, made a good meal, for he felt hungry, and after a few comfortable dinners on the young, juicy leaves, he grew so much, and felt so much stronger, that he threw off his baby clothes, and put on a dress more like his present garb, but it was lighter, and the bands had a bluer tint. He slept through the cold months, and now he thinks the weather oppressive and hot, and so he will build himself a snug house, about the size of a blackbird's egg, and looking somewhat like an egg made of brown paper ; here he will sleep for about six weeks, and then appear as a handsome reddish-brown moth, with bands of yellow, known as the Oak Eggar. The female is a brownish yellow, and much larger ; both are magnificent insects, and the caterpillar is well worth your seeking out and feeding, in order to see them. The male has a very rapid flight, often wheeling round in circles, and loving the daylight ; the female, on the contrary, prefers the twilight, and her flight is comparatively heavy and slow.

We have lingered long with this group of moths, we must now pass to the next, — more truly nocturnal in their habits. The caterpillar of one has been already described as the spoliator of the cabbage, and as time presses he must serve for all. Yet if you are in any locality where the woolly-leaved mulleins (*Verbascum thapsus*) grow, I should like you to pay them a visit. On their leaves you will find a most elegant larva, of a delicate white colour, spotted all over with blue, and yellow, and black, which will produce a brown and white moth in the ensuing March. These night moths keep bad hours, and, like those who ought to know better, carry on their revels till past midnight. The parallel may be pursued farther,

the best way to catch them is, to take some sugar, and then add a little water and a little rum, spread this feast on the trunks of trees near some wood, and they will come in troops to the banquet; they are then so intent on feasting, that there is no difficulty in capturing them, and they become the prey of the collector. So moths, as well as bees, are lured to destruction by a love of night revels, and of food and water.

We come to a quieter group, lovers of evening flights in summer twilight, up again early in the grey of the morning, but prudently staying at home in the dark night, and yielding to no temptation given by the traitor quacks of the entomologist. They are termed Geometers or Loopers, from the curious position which the caterpillars assume in walking; their bodies are long and thin. The first three segments have legs, and so have the last; the intermediate divisions of the body being without; the larva, therefore, fixes the first three pairs of legs, and in bending his body into a loop fixes his two pairs of middle legs close to them, then, freeing the front legs, stretches himself straightly out, plants them again, and so on alternately, drawing his body into loops at every movement. Living amongst the currant-trees in our gardens is a very abundant insect belonging to this group; as we are feasting on the later red currants, we may disturb a white-looking moth, which flutters drowsily and soon re-settles amongst the bushes; follow him carefully turn aside the leaves, so as to find him in his retreat: he is white, thickly sprinkled with large black spots, and one row of yellow marks also: his colouring has gained him the common name of "Magpie moth." When you touch him, he falls down as if dead, and lies motionless; if you have not hurt him, in a minute or two he will revive himself, when he thinks the danger is past. His caterpillar may be found any day in the spring months, on the holly or currant-leaves; it is like the moth, white with black spots, and a good example of a geometer; the caterpillar is pretty, black with yellow rings, and fastened to the twig of the currant by a few loops of silk only. The following, however, is a more marvellous illustration. What is this moving twig—can it be alive? One moment ago it was a small off-shoot from this branch of hawthorn, and now even the thorns upon it; but now it is actually

crawling. Yes, it is crawling; the branch which at first seemed stationary and straight as any other on the tree, is now drawing itself up into deliberate loops, and moving along the stem. It is only one of the many thousand proofs in nature that "God careth for his creatures;" this is a caterpillar of the common angled Thorn moth, and were we to keep him until his perfect state, we should see a beautifully marked moth, of a dull orange colour, and it would make its appearance in July; but, supposing we were to find this caterpillar in the autumn, it would then appear as a moth in March, for there are two broods in the year. If we were to contrast the two moths so obtained, another proof of wisdom would be shown us, for the March specimen would be larger, stronger, better able to bear the wintry weather, and his body would be more completely covered with down; he would be more warmly clad in every way. There are many caterpillars more like a stick even than this; indeed, to be effectual the resemblance must be good, or the piercing eye of the titmouse would soon detect it. There are worse enemies, however, than the birds—there is a bee-like insect, an ichneumon, who is ever on the watch; when she has found her prey she deposits her eggs in its sides, and from this time death is certain: the larva will live for a time, but those fearful eggs hatch and produce worms, which gnaw and feed on him, avoiding the vital parts. At length, however, he dies, worn out and exhausted; he has then, indeed, need of protection against such foes. In the next group we see this effected by a different plan: the instinct of the larva teaches it to roll up the leaf, so as to form a house for itself; the rose or the lilac will always give examples of leaves so bent down, and fastened delicately with stitches of silk. Open the tent and we find the larva, an active being running backwards and forwards with equal facility. Towards evening, when his enemies are asleep, he cautiously creeps from his hiding-place, and feeds without fear of danger. One of the most wonderful of this section is a caterpillar living under water. You look incredulous, but examine the leaves of the pond weed (*Potamogeton natans*) for yourself, you will find an oval shield cut out of the leaf, and sewn to another part, and there secure from airy foes dwells the larva of the common "China mark," so called from the markings of the perfect insect.

The smaller moths are so very various in their habits that a very meagre sketch must suffice for all; yet truth must speak a word or two in their favour. They are frequently grouped under the common term of Clothes moths, a most undeserved stigma on their character, for very few feed on our garments. That some do, must be admitted, but their number is very small: the greatest proportion are innocent feeders on the leaves of trees and shrubs. Some species are so small that a pin's head would cover them, yet their wings are decked with brilliantly metallic hues; others are of larger proportions. One group has horns far longer than the wings or body; every one may see the commonest of this genus in an oak wood in May; the male moths, especially towards evening, flutter about in little bands, like gnats, their wings of a bright coppery green, glittering in the light of the sunset. There is another merry fellow, who comes to cheer us in November; he is brown and with beautifully feathered antennæ, and seems one of the most restless of moths, fluttering hither and hither in the sunshine; the female is, however, staid and sober, her wings are not large enough to permit her to fly, and she rests quietly on the trunk of some oak, beyond which her rambles never extend. The only others we shall mention are the Plume moths, usually placed in classifications of insects lowest of all; their wings are formed by the veins being simply feathered and the interspaces not filled up; the white Plume is the loveliest, and, at the same time the commonest of them all. The caterpillars vary in their mode of life in these small insects as much as the perfect moth; many build moveable tents for themselves, which they drag after them, and into which they retire in case of danger; others live in the interior of leaves, and many of the fantastic blotches, and lines which mark the surface so prettily contain them within; in the rose, galleries of this kind, long, narrow, and winding, may always be found; they are done by a larva of very small size, and producing one of the smallest of known moths—his cocoon might be taken for the seed of a stock plant. But we must not linger over these any longer; enough has been written to show the endless variety of nature in this one section of her wonders, and to show that the God who created is still defending and protecting the *work of His hands*.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS.—T. and T. Clark, George-street, Edinburgh.

THE MINIATURE ATLAS.—Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

UNION SOL-FA SELECTION.—Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

DEW - DROPS FOR SPRING FLOWERS.—Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

JOSEPH THE JEW.—William Oliphant and Son. Hamilton, Adams and Co., London.

REAL HAPPINESS.—Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

A HOME BOOK FOR CHILDREN.—Ward and Co., Paternoster-row.

WHEN a reviewer casts aside the mysterious “we,” and stands before his readers in his own proper insignificance, as I, John Samuel Wilcox, have chosen to do, he naturally feels that he must exercise an unusual amount of caution, because he will always be liable to answer to the reviewed, for what he has thought it his duty to say of them.

Hitherto when, having taken on myself to animadvert, as I often have done, on the writings of my betters in the literary world, I have afterwards met the said betters in society, I have felt the comfort of that “we;” the faces of my betters have seemed to say, “We know that John Samuel reviews for the A or the B; but as we also know that he has several coadjutors (query, how did they find that out?)—as we know that he has several coadjutors, and as he seems to be a man of sense and discernment, quite capable of appreciating my ‘Twigs from the Tree of Taste,’ or my ‘Murmurs from a Broken Lute,’ I feel sure that it was one of the common herd of reviewers, and not John Samuel, who said in the A that my ‘Broken Lute’ was only a cracked fiddle, which was played on by a morbid muse.” This, I say, has hitherto been my desirable position. I have found shelter beneath the vague and all inclusive “we;” but now that I have deprived myself of it, I am liable at any time to be accosted in the street with, “Sir, I believe your name is Wilcox? And, Sir, in reviewing my poems last month, you have spoken with a degree of acrimony which can only be attributed to envy. Sir, the humble individual before you, on whom you have thought fit to utter your would-be *witticisms*, is not altogether without friends to take his part, *they will not see him crushed*; and the well-known poet, Mr. *Emilius Virgil Young*, who writes in that celebrated

periodical 'The Weekly Pop-gun,' has already awarded them praise, which will admit them into circles, that you cannot hope to enter."

Here remembering that my own volume of poems, neatly bound in blue, is not admitted into any circles at all (I wish it was), I shall walk on feeling very small; but as I said before, the peril I run by giving my name to these my lucubrations, will make me cautious, and I shall be careful to speak as well as I can of both poetry and prose, though "Wilcox's Poems" are never seen on any drawing-room table, and though "Wilcox's Five Years in the Crater of Cotopaxi" has never been even heard of by any of my readers.

But let me proceed.

The books sent this month to the Editor for review differ from those examined last month, in that only one is a religious work, though several are of a religious tendency.

To this book, "Gotthold's Emblems," I would draw attention first; it was written by Christian Scriver, Minister of Magdeburg, in 1671, and the present volume is translated from the twenty-eighth German edition, by the Rev. Robert Menzies, of Hoddam. When first published it enjoyed a popularity almost rivalling that of our own "Pilgrim's Progress;" but after a while, owing greatly to the changes undergone by the German language, it fell into comparative oblivion, excepting in particular districts, and among the humbler classes, by whom a copy of these "Emblems" was often handed down as a precious possession.

"Scriver's works," says the translator, "had entirely disappeared from the booksellers' shops, when some stray copies of them, almost entirely decayed, and secretly valued by their owners as the legacy of pious ancestors, but generally despised, ridiculed, and rejected, fell into the hands of some Christian and judicious men, who were not deterred from reading and examining them, either by the dust which time had accumulated on their boards, or yet by the partially antiquated language of the contents. They instantly felt that the Spirit of God and of genuine Christianity breathed out of the sallow pages, and began to vie with other and with a bygone age, in praising and applauding the author."

These "Emblems," which consist of nearly two hundred meditations, are more remarkable for the beautiful simplicity, tenderness, and childlike piety displayed in them, than for any marks of genius or great originality; but we find in them, as in all books without exception that have

taken strong hold of the mind of any people, a certain skillfulness in delineating human feeling, and a knowledge of the human heart, which accounts for the pleasure they have given, and makes them akin to many a production of far higher merit.

But this book, independently of the sweet piety which adorns its pages, is interesting as being an excellent example of the old German school, before its writers had begun to imitate the artificial style of the French, or had received a tinge from their shallowness and flippancy without being able to naturalize their elegance, or the point and piquancy with which they wrote, and before they had found it necessary to overload their language with the compound words, which were indispensable for expressing their philosophical theories, and for conveying their rationalistic views. Here we have simplicity, ease, and a childlike faith in the reader, which induces our friend, Christian Scriver, to treat us just as little children treat their parents, telling them everything that comes into their minds, not at all doubting that these fond parents will find this confidence interesting, and by their straightforwardness and artless freedom from affectation actually making it so. The simplicity of the old German writers is, indeed, almost always accompanied by a naïve kind of egotism, which must needs unbosom itself as much as possible to the dear reader, for whom it feels kindly, as for one in anticipation thus interested. We sometimes find them going out of their line to inform us how much they spend in their housekeeping, how they courted their wives, and even what are their favourite dishes. Our present author is silent on these points; but he tells us how he suffered from a dangerous sickness, how he was in company with some persons of high rank, and how he gave his advice on all occasions, and in all companies. We are pleased to receive these confidences, and do not consider them at all unbecoming, because they are suitable to the times and the schools of this pleasant old writer. But the nature of these "Emblems" will be best shown by an example:—

The writer calls himself "Gotthold."

THE CHILD AT PLAY.

"A little boy was running about in an apartment, amusing himself as children are accustomed to do. His money was potsherds, his house bits of wood, his horse a stick, and his child a doll. In the same apartment sat his father, at a *table occupied* with important matters of business, which he *noted and arranged* for the future benefit of his young com-

panion. The child frequently ran to him, asked many foolish questions, and begged one thing after another as necessary for his diversion.

"The father answered briefly, did not intermit his work, but all the time kept a watchful eye over the child, to save him from any serious fall or injury. *Gotthold* was a spectator of the scene, and thought within himself, 'How beautiful an illustration of the fatherly care of God! We, too, who are old children, course about in the world, and often play at games which are much more foolish than those of our little ones; we collect and scatter, build and demolish, plant and pluck up, ride and drive, eat and drink, sing and play, and fancy that we are performing great exploits, and worthy of God's special attention. Meanwhile, however, the Omnipotent is sitting by, and writing our days in His book. He orders and executes all that is to befall us, overruling it for our best interests in time and eternity; and yet His eye never ceases to watch over us, and the childish sports in which we are engaged, that we may meet with no deadly mischief.

"My God! such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high, and I cannot attain unto it; but I shall thank and praise Thee for it. O my Father! withhold not from me thy care and inspection, above all, when, perhaps, like this little one, I am playing the fool.'"

The next two books on the list, "The Miniature Atlas," and "Union Sol-fa Selections," are both published for educational purposes; the former is a useful little pocket companion, the latter consists of one hundred psalm tunes, translated into the "Tonic Sol-fa Notation." To the uninitiated this method appears nearly as difficult as the established system of notation, and has this disadvantage, that when learned, the pupil is not master of any music but that translated on purpose for him. The method has, notwithstanding, proved practically useful, and is extensively taught with success, the cheapness and portability of Sol-fa music making it very welcome in schools and congregations. One hundred tunes, each in four parts, would fill a large volume in the established notation; this little book is a very convenient pocket-size, and contains, besides the tunes, a lecture on the Tonic Sol-fa method.

"Dew-Drops for Spring Flowers," is a pretty, attractive little book, containing *some graceful hymns and poems for children, some of which express the thoughts and feelings*

of childhood very well, though others have the extremely common defect of representing things for these little people more from our own point of view than from theirs.

“Joseph the Jew,” an interesting tale, the scene of which is laid in Germany, claims more attention than most books of its class, as being founded on facts. It gives a painful description of the sufferings of the Jews in Prussia and Germany, at the time when the events it records took place, namely, before the year 1780, up to which date numerous unjust impositions were laid upon them. Their number at that time amounted to about sixteen thousand families; they had to pay a considerable sum at the election of every new head to the community, at every fire, and at each of their marriages. When a man married he was not only obliged to pay for the permission, but was compelled to furnish his house entirely with native manufactures; and with a refinement of injustice the government did not suffer the Jews to make their own selection of furniture, &c.; but usually foisted upon them what was unsaleable in their own large cloth and porcelain factories. Numbers of the poorer Jews were thus shut off from all hope of marriage, and few, even of the wealthier, could marry till late in life. In addition to these imposts the Jewish families were obliged to pay “protection money” in order to exempt themselves from purchasing a large quantity of cloth yearly from the native manufacturers; 10,000 thalers was drawn from them by this tax alone. The thaler is about three shillings of English money.

“Real Happiness; or, the Philanthropist,” stands next on the list, being the new number of the “Run and Read Library.” This series has contained works of such great interest, and in many cases of such established reputation, that its large sale is not at all to be wondered at. In sound principle this volume is not surpassed by any.

Last on the list stands “A Home Book for Children,” a most attractive looking volume, with the gay cover and gilding that children so much approve. It contains a number of little tales, fables, and poems, apparently, or it might be said evidently, not all by the same hand. Nothing can be better than some of these, where good boys, who behave and talk like real children, play their little parts; where the feelings and ambitions of little girls are portrayed with all the truth of nature; where disobedient young fieldfares meet with con-

dign punishment; and even elm-trees edify the young reader with their conversation. But after reading how little Miss and Master went to the Zoological Gardens and saw the monkeys; how the baby saw the snow coming down; and how naughty Tom cheated his schoolfellow, one comes upon a tale called "Honest Oakley," written with what intent do you think, my simple-minded reader? Why, to expose the cruelty of the law which prevents marriage with a deceased wife's sister! Honest Oakley, who is the ill-used hero of the tale, *naturally and properly* wishes to marry his late wife's sister, a perfect being, who will do her duty to his family, and whom in dying his late wife recommended to him as her successor; but the clergyman refusing to marry them Honest Oakley, after the fashion of working men, relieves his feelings in a copy of verses, wherein he inveighs against the crying wrong, which, "framed to bear with all its weight against the poor."

"Bars against Ellen innocent affection's humble door."

It may be doubted what the children will make of the last verse:—

"But woe betide the spectacle the wondering nations saw,
When England's bishops join to frame injustice by a law,
When England's judges sanction the oppression of the poor," &c.

After this little tale the book seems to recover its simple tone, and several pretty little stories follow till we find Master Henry Selway going to spend the day with his tutor Mr. Prentice, at Hampton Court. After they have admired the building, and after the docile pupil has listened to some rather new notions about Oliver Cromwell, they go into the garden, when the boy observes the way in which it is laid out, and reads in his guide-book how "the evergreens were not when first planted left to grow in their own wild and glorious freedom, but cut and clipped into peacocks, and every other strange device that the gardener could contrive to give them."

The following conversation ensues:—

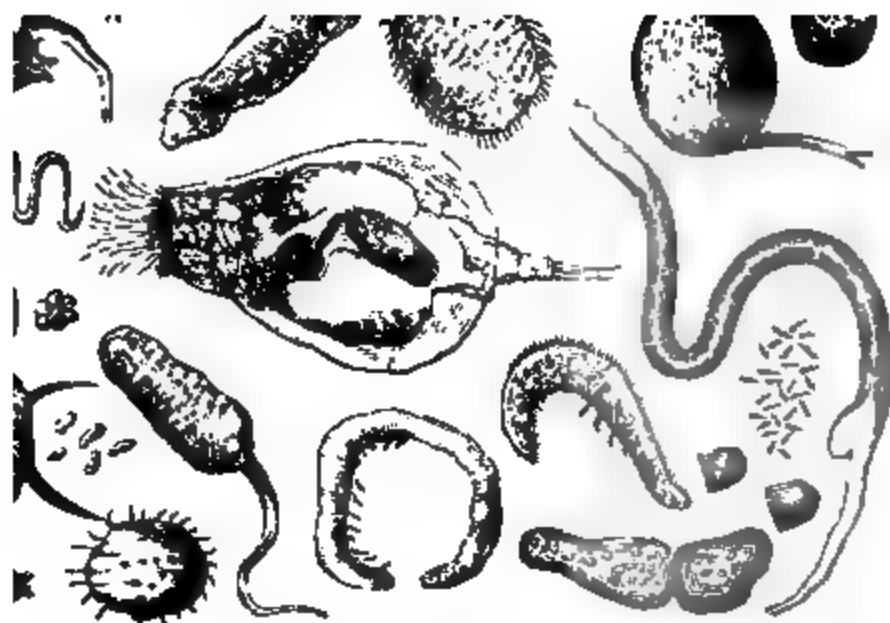
"Well, that must have looked very droll; but I should not have liked it at all," said the boy.

"No, indeed," returned Mr. Prentice; "Art can improve on Nature, not by violating but by observing her laws. I will tell you what Henry," he continued after a pause of a few seconds, and one of those meaning looks which always led the boy to expect something worth remembering—"I will tell you what: those clipped shrubs beside the graceful forms of nature might

almost remind one of some of the theological catechisms for children, set against the simple wonderful narratives of the gospels themselves." The boy caught the idea in an instant, "Oh, thank you, Sir, thank you," said he, "that will be another thing to think of at Hampton Court."

The boy, from his "catching at the idea," seems to have been well versed in theological catechisms, which is strange, considering that his tutor so much disapproved of them. However, it appears that Mr. Prentice smiled at Henry's answer, and that they then went to the Maze, "where they had more fun than you would have supposed possible in so grave a gentleman as Mr. Prentice."

It is a pleasure to know that they were amused ; perhaps some of their readers will be amused also ; but it is certainly to be regretted that in a book which contains so much that is calculated to delight children, there should be two or three pieces so utterly foreign, and even contrary to anything that ought to be brought before their minds.



ANIMALCULES.

BY AGRICOLA.

MALCULES! what are they? what is our defini-
'the term? A question more easy to ask than to
". So you and I, dear reader, will cut the Gor-

known *Volvox*. Who would not say it was alive? yet it is probably a plant. Well, *Volvox*, roll on; you have managed to roll yourself into notice, and to engage many a wise head in debate before now. This is over, however; you have been fairly tried, and sentenced to be degraded from the rank of an animal to that of a plant. You rolled about, pleaded your own cause with all the power of your peripatetic philosophy, and said that you were alive; but there were other witnesses more worthy of credit on the opposite side, and neither judge nor jury would believe you—you were condemned, and transported. Motion cannot now be regarded as a test of animal life. Where, then, are our witnesses? The best probably is found in the fact, that animals exhale carbonic acid, vegetables exhale oxygen. This is of course very difficult to be tried in these minute cases; and the presence of starch is perhaps the next best guide, starch being generally of vegetable origin: fortunately iodine gives here so delicate a test that starch can be found even in the minute *Volvox*. Iodine turns starch blue, as can easily be seen by any one who thinks it worth while to make the experiment for himself. This, though a great, is not satisfactory help, since many undoubted animal structures are now known to contain this vegetable product. It must be confessed, therefore, that naturalists are often obliged to resort to the loose proof of analogy; and it is the most honest plan to confess that animal and vegetable life meet in these minute cells; and at present it is not easy to say to which kingdom some belong, the boundary line being very difficult to draw, and almost in some places impossible.

Look at the motley group before us—how strange and varied are their forms! yet there is an order even in the seeming chaos of microscopic wonders. Amongst the plants most frequently seen are the *Desnudiæ*, plants of one cell, generally of a bright green colour, and with almost in every case a constriction in the

middle, so as at first sight to give the semblance of two cells instead of one. These are many of them common on the surface of ponds, and are in some cases most elegant in form. Amongst the most frequent are the *Closteria*, microscopic bows, or crescents of a brilliant green, and moving with a slow rotatory motion: more nearly allied to animals even than these are the *Diatomaceæ*, plants enveloped in a skeleton of flint, which is often beautifully sculptured, so that some of these so-called shells are amongst the most interesting of microscopic structures. Mysterious indeed does it seem to us that such forms should have been given to beings so beyond our usual vision; but a far more marvellous fact in the history of these little beings is the part they play in this world's history. Many a mountain range is composed entirely of their shells, shells not more than $\frac{1}{160}$ th of an inch in diameter. Surely here is a proof indeed that God's ways are mysterious, and altogether unlike those that man would have adopted. Earths containing these shells have nutriment yet stored up in the remains of organized material preserved with them, and have in times of scarcity been used as food: the Berg-mehl, or mountain meal of Sweden and Norway, gives a good example of this.

Leaving the border line, we pass to undoubted animals. Amongst the lowest is the *Amæba*, a grey jelly-like spot of no determinate shape, now round, now elongating part of its body into a long arm, now wrapping itself close around some portion of animal or vegetable matter on which it is to feed, the nutriment being absorbed through the walls of the single cell of which it is composed,—for there is no aperture of entrance or exit in its wall, such is this wonderfully simple being, in its very simplicity a beautiful exponent of the general principles of nutrition.

Next in the scale are the *Foraminifera*, of which one species is figured in the sketch appended to the

paper. They are like the *Amæba*, and like it capable of changing their form ; but they have the protection of a shell, often of most delicate structure. In this shell are holes through which their arms, so to speak, can be protruded—they are inhabitants of the sea, and are well worth the study of the microscopist.

The next group are more amusing, if not so beautiful. Take a drop of water from the leaf of any pond weed, and we can scarcely fail to find some species or other of the flask-shaped animalcules—they are very whales in miniature, such a commotion as they create, such a splashing and spluttering, the poor atom-like cells in the rest of the field are jostled on one side in a moment. Here is one, a fine fellow, the fringe of hairs or cilia on his sides in full play—he has darted across, scarcely giving us time to observe him properly ; others will soon come. Here is one with a swan-like neck, not a whale, but an *Icthyosaurus*—he has gone too ; we will therefore look for something more quiet and sedate.

On the stalk of this waterweed is a white film—it looks like a very delicate mildew : let it be placed under the glass, and one of the most curious of all animalcules will be seen, the *Vorticella*. This is a large colony of them ; bell-shaped heads, fringed with hairs in constant motion, and set upon long stalks, living stems that twine, and shrink at every passing current of the water, now darting to their full length, now, serpent-like, wreathing themselves into coils and folds ; then ever and anon some head, which wishes to see more of the world than its stalk allows it, bursts its shackles, and swims merrily and freely through the water. There are many species of these bell-shaped animalcules, which form as interesting a group as any of the tribes of atoms we have spoken of ; and these may be taken as the chief divisions of the earliest forms of animal life ; but it will be remembered that our definition of animalcules extended further, and more than

one *Rotifer* figures in the plate which illustrates this paper. Now, a *rotifer* is literally a wheel-bearer, and these derive their name from their power of protruding two round plates bearing *cilia*, by means of which a kind of whirlpool is created, all the lesser, being thus drawn into the vortex, are at once devoured. *Rotifers* are much more highly organized than the minute beings we have before seen; they possess a powerful masticatory apparatus and a distinct intestinal canal, also a jointed stem, by which they fix themselves to water plants, though they have the power of swimming as well as of progressing on fixed surfaces.

Other articulate beings, often looked upon as animalcules, are minute worms, the least organized of which consist only of a single cell. It is more than probable that many of these are but early stages of the phases of life in some higher being. Nor can we help including in our history those merry little creatures, the water fleas, and their allies; they are, in spite of their size (rarely larger than a pin's head), nearly allied to crabs; many of them are frequent in fresh-water ponds; and amongst these the reader can hardly fail to distinguish the Cyclops, with its single eye speck, and the two bags of eggs which it carries underneath the tail. But time warns us to stop; and we must end this little account of these microscopic wonders with the hope that it may induce our young friends to see for themselves.

SEEKING AND FINDING.

CHAPTER III.

MATT came back under the shelter of the boat, and lay down, and drew part of a sail over him, and fell into a sound sleep. Perhaps he had slept little during the past night; and now that his gloom and terror were melted away in the *sunshine of hope and peace*, he could no longer sit *waking under the cloudy sky*.

The lady sat by him, partly sheltered also by the boat. She looked out over the purple sea, still troubled, heaving, and bare, for not a boat rode at anchor near the dangerous rocky beach; not a vessel ventured near enough to be seen from its sandy reaches.

At length the clouds broke, it began to rain hard; and not without a great effort did she succeed in waking the boy. He opened his eyes at last with a smile. The pouring rain and the gloomy sky were nothing to him; the high but warm wind did not trouble him; his thoughts, whatever they may have been, could not be related to his benefactress; he was comforted, but he only showed it by his face and by his tranquil movements.

They reached the cottage. There was trouble and sorrow within; quite enough of both to account for the boy's having been left to wander out by himself on that stormy day. The poor old grandfather was worse; and Mary Goddard, the boy's aunt, came to the door, her eyes red, and her face disfigured with weeping. The lady could not stay then; but in less than a week she came and inquired after the old man.

"Ah, dear heart! it seems hard to lose poor father," exclaimed Mary, when her visitor was seated, and had asked a sympathising question as to the old man's health.

"Is he so very ill that there is no hope?" asked the lady.

"The doctor does not say," replied the daughter; "but when a man is past eighty, what can one expect? Would you like to see him, Ma'am?"

The visitor assented, and was taken up a ladder into a comfortable room in the roof.

The aged fisherman, with his rugged face and hard hands, lay helplessly on his clean bed; but his eyes were still bright, and his voice strong.

"Put a chair, Polly," he said to his daughter. "I take this kind, Ma'am. Here I am, you see, a disabled old hulk. I've made a many voyages in my time, when I was in the king's service." Here a fit of coughing forced him to stop.

When he had ceased to cough, the visitor said, "Yes, you have passed a busy life, my friend; and what a mercy it is *that God gives you a few days of quiet and leisure at the end of it, to think of the last voyage,—the entrance, we may hope, into an eternal haven!* Do you think of that last

ite, Captain Hickey; you've heard of him, Ma'am. discipline he maintained was wonderful! He was the captain in the service."

never heard of him," replied the visitor.

h!" said the old man, his thoughts appearing to r. "A man must be very bad when he hears guns as he lies abed, and knows for all that they sound in ra, they be no guns. Every night since I was taken the fog-signal guns as plain as I hear the clock strike, though it be so many years since they was fired. I never heard talk of Captain Hickey, Ma'am?"

ot that I remember."

e lost his ship in a sea-fog off Halifax. She was ug in for Halifax harbour, in uncommon thick er. Those Nova Scotia fogs are as thick as a wall—as feeling her way with the lead, and had look-out in the foreyard-arms and at the jib-boom end, ing into the fog, if so be a glimpse of land was to be Well, Ma'am, after breakfast the captain got uneasy, dered a fog-signal gun to be fired, hoping it would be red from the lighthouse on Cape Sambro; and I well iber one o' my comrades saying to me, 'Jem,' says he, strange the captain looked as he passed just now.'

never set eyes on him,' says I, 'till he was along-

lante was reckoned to be in, and as her guns, which she regularly fired, were always answered from the direction of the harbour's mouth, the captain determined to stand on, and enter the port by the guidance of the guns only. We kept blazing away, but the flash in the fog looked only like a little blotch of red coal; but, by the most fatal mistake that ever plagued poor fellows, the guns were not fired from Cape Sambro at all, but by His Majesty's ship, *Barrossa*; for she was lost in the fog likewise; and as often as the misfortunate *Atalante* fired, she answered, thinking, all the time, that she was answering and communicating with the lighthouse."

"But why did not the *Atalante* cast anchor?" asked the visitor; for she saw that the telling this tale of past days had brightened up the old man's faculties, and that he longed to dwell upon it.

"Cast anchor, Ma'am, when the fog was as likely as not to last a week, and when he knew the ground as well as his own garden? no; he could not do that; it was a risk for certain, but he had done it before, and he had despatches regarding the fleet, on board, so the ship's head was steered right up what we took for the mouth of the harbour.

"Oh, them guns! I can hear them now plainer than ever; and not two minutes after the *Atalante* fired her last, one of the look-out men sung out, 'Breakers a-head, hard a-starboard!' and before the helm could be put over, the ship struck with such violence, that the rudder and the false keel were drove off and floated up alongside: she then struck again, and fell over so much that the men could not stand. Captain Hickey passed quickly, and looked as cool as if her going to pieces was nothing out of the common way. The ship fell fast over on her beam ends, and in a few seconds broke right across. The boats with great difficulty were lowered, and we were packed into them like herrings in a barrel, every officer, man, and boy; and in less than ten minutes from the time that my mate spoke to me, the *Atalante* was all shivered to pieces, and the swell had sucked her in, guns, and stores, and all."

"That must have been an awful scene," observed the visitor; "it is a great mercy that you were preserved in *such a danger*."

"*That it was*; not a man was lost, though she filled and

heeled over almost afore we could cut the pinnace from the boom ; and we rowed off in the fog from under the rocks, and there was not so much as a mast, nor a beam, nor a bit of broken spar to be seen of her. So you see, Ma'am, people have warnings sometimes, like my mate that spoke to me."

"People certainly have sometimes a feeling of anxiety, that cannot be accounted for, when a great danger is approaching them ; but our lives are full of warnings of more certain meaning than that which your shipmate felt. This sickness that you are now suffering from is a warning for you to prepare for death."

"Aye, aye !" said the old man ; "that's what I take it for, Ma'am."

"Shall I read you a chapter in the Bible?" asked the visitor, "now I am here."

"I should take it very kindly if you would, Ma'am—very kind indeed ; for Mr. Green said he should not be able to come to-day, and my daughter has no time. I could spell a bit over myself, but that my eyes fail, and I feel strange and weak. There was a time when I could 'hand, reef, and steer' with the best of them. I was rated 'able seaman' in the *Atalante*, and for upwards of two years I was 'captain of the foretop.'"

The visitor sat down and read several chapters. The old man listened with pleasure ; his face, seamed and brown with long exposure to the weather, showed no pallor, but there was a look about his eyes that told of a great change—they were dim and sometimes wandering.

"I take this visit very kind of you," he repeated, when she had done ; "and I like what you read ; it does me good ;—and, Ma'am, I'm much obliged to you, and thank you kindly for being so good to my poor boy."

"How do you think he seems, Ma'am?" asked Mary Goddard, when they came down together.

"I think he is very much altered, Mary. He does not look to me as if he could live many days."

"Ah, dear heart!" said the daughter ; "I was afraid you would say so ; and though he be so old, it seems hard to lose him, for a cheerfuller and honester man never walked the world."

"He seems in a thankful frame of mind now, Mary, and was very attentive while I read to him."

"Oh, yes! he is always pleased with whatever I do for him, and says it is a great mercy he has time to think of his end. He is vastly pleased now when Mr. Green comes to talk with him, though at first he did not seem to care for it."

The visitor went away. The rain came down all that night, and all the next day. On the third day she went again to the old fisherman's cottage, and found the little chintz curtain drawn across the window in token of mourning. A neighbour came out of the next cottage, and told her that the old man had died that morning at daybreak, and that his daughter had walked over to a village some miles inland, to tell her brother and his wife.

"Was the old man sensible to the last?" asked the lady.

"He rambled a little yesterday, and said the guns from the lighthouse were going off. Once he said the *Atalante* was striking on the rocks stem on; but all night he was as sensible as you or me, Ma'am, and often seemed to be praying. Would you like to see Matt, Ma'am; he is in my house?"

"Yes; I wish to see him. What does he know about his great-grandfather?"

"Why, Ma'am, when his aunt woke him and dressed him this morning, she told him that he would not see his grandfather any more, for that God had sent for him."

"He was not frightened, I hope?"

"Oh no, Ma'am! pleased, wonderfully pleased, and said he wanted to go too. He is a very strange child."

"Very strange indeed; but, in some respects, I wish we were more like him."

When Matt saw his friend, it reminded him of the great news about his grandfather; and he told her that God had sent for him, adding, "Matt wants to go too."

"Matt shall go some day," she answered, soothingly.

"Matt wants to go now," replied the boy.

His friend took him out on to the sands, and sat down with him. She tried to explain that some day God would send for him; for she could only convey to him the notion of change of place, not of death. When Matt was once convinced that he should be sent for some day, he was very *urgent to know what day*. And when, after a great deal of trouble, she made him understand that she did not know

ye lady wonderful, why; and she was saying,
rose and followed him. He had found the woman
ouse when she entered, the mother of little Becca,
explaining to her that, God would send for poor
me day, perhaps it would be that day, and that Matt
ready.

woman no sooner understood what he meant than
down, threw her apron over her head, and began to
cry; but little Becca was willing to indulge the
boy; she, accordingly, fetched some water and some
and carefully washed his hands. But that done, he
ed as if expecting something more, till she asked him
wanted; then he answered, with a kind of solemn
ney, "Matt must have his new cap on; Matt wants
cap."

"Matt must not have his best cap on," answered the
except on Sundays to go to church in." But Matt en-
in his piteous way, and the tears rolled down his
till at last the lady begged that his new cap might
ed; and when it appeared he was contented, and
went out at the door, and looked up between the
oftly repeating that, God would send for Matt some
d Matt must be ready; Matt must be *always*

"poor aunt should have managed better," said Becca's

“Not if you felt that you were ready, and were always desiring to keep yourself ready.”

“But, why should one, Ma’am,” answered the woman thoughtlessly, “so long before the time?”

“Ah, Mrs. Letts, we cannot tell that it is long before the time. Are we not told, ‘Be ye also ready, for in such a time as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh?’”

“Yes, Ma’am; and Mr. Green preached a discourse on that very text last Sunday was a fortnight—a beautiful discourse it was; but I never thought that people had to get ready for death just as they get ready for paying their rent, or, as one may say, for the fishing season.”

“Why not? must we not die, all, as surely as we must pay our rent? and is not death more certain to come than the shoals of fish are to visit the coast in their season?”

“Yes, sure, Ma’am.”

“Then the only difference in our preparing should be, that death being more important than those other things which you mentioned, we should prepare for it much more earnestly, seriously, and constantly.”

“Yes, Ma’am; but what I mean is, that we should prepare for it at proper solemn times,—on Sundays, when we have time to think of these solemn things, and not be mixing it up with our work every day.”

“Mrs. Letts, if you had earned no money as yet to pay your rent, and knew it must be paid on a certain day, should you say to yourself, ‘This is a very serious matter, I must not think of it, now that I am busy with my work; I must wait till I have a quiet hour; for being such an important thing, it should only be thought of at particular times?’”

“Why, no, Ma’am. I could not help thinking of it; I should think of it early and late! Well, Ma’am, perhaps you are right: in short, I know you are; but it is not very easy for poor folks to think about religion and death, as much as those who have nothing to do but to please themselves. However, poor Matt has few enough things to think about; and if it pleases him to think of being fetched to a better world, why let him do it.”

“Oh, yes, let him do it,” replied Matt’s friend; “I believe he is ready whenever it may please the Almighty to *summon him*; and the time may not be so long that he will *become impatient*.”

“I’m sure a long life is not to be desired for him,”

observed the woman, "for he suffers a great deal in the cold weather." So saying she brought the boy into her cottage, and the lady took her leave.

The sun was shining pleasantly across the level sands as she walked homewards, and each cliff cast a clear shadow of its figure at her feet; the soft and shining waves broke gently on the shore; and the sky was peaceful, and empty of cloud, only a flock of white gulls were wheeling about in it, serving thus to increase its resemblance to its "twin deep," the blue sea, that was adorned not far from the horizon with a fleet of small fishing vessels, whose white sails were lovely in the sunshine.

The lady walked till she came to a large cave in the cliff, above half-a-mile from the poor old fisherman's cottage. Here she had sometimes sat with Matt, teaching him his plaiting; and here she now entered and sat down to rest after her long walk.

It was a strange place, more a cleft in the rock than an ordinary cave, for it narrowed up above to a mere crack, which crack was strangely and beautifully festooned with hanging ferns of the brightest green,—for they were constantly kept moistened by the drops of water that filtered through the stone.

The sun was now low enough to shine into the dark cavern, and make it warm and cheerful; and to show with clear distinctness the limpets that stuck to the rocks which here and there protruded from the soft sand which floored it; and the little pools of sea water that lay about in stony basins. These basins were rugged, and covered without with green weed, and within fringed with red and brown dulse and seaweed; and the tiny little fish were impatiently swimming about in them, and small crabs of the hermit tribe were dragging their bright shell-houses along the slippery margins.

She sat down beside one of these little rocky reservoirs, and enjoyed the sunshine and shelter, thinking meanwhile how she could further help and teach the poor child who had won so large a share of her sympathy. She decided that it was as well he should be out of the way of his relations on the day of the funeral, both for their sakes and his own; and she accordingly resolved to ascertain when it was to take place, *and bring him there to sit with her till it should be over.*

Accordingly she made her appearance at the cottage on the morning of the funeral, and took away the boy. She found him still "ready," still expectant and prepared, still occupied with the belief that God would fetch him, and that perhaps it might be "to-day."

She took him to the cave that he might not see the mournful cavalcade proceed from the cottage-door; and when he was tired of plaiting straw, and of looking at the little imprisoned fishes swimming about in the brown basins of rock, she opened her basket and gave him a nice dinner, such as she knew he would like.

Matt was very happy; and when he had done eating he sat basking in the entrance of the cavern, pleased with watching the numerous rock pigeons that flew past with their opalized wings and glossy necks, to peck at the seed-corn which his friend threw over to them.

He had made her wash his hands when he had finished his meal, and he had put on his cap, his *best cap*, and was sitting ready. In spite of all his amusement in watching the blue pigeons, he was still conscious of the expected summons; and when the last grain of corn had been carried up to the young birds in the nests, and all the sand was imprinted with the feet of the pretty parents, he withdrew his eyes from the place where they had fluttered and striven, and fixed them once more upon the open heavens. "Is Matt sorry that his grandfather is gone?" asked his friend.

Matt answered, "No;" and said he wanted to go too; and then in his imperfect way, partly in words and partly by signs, he inquired what kind of a place it was where God lived.

"It was never cold," she replied, "always warm and pleasant; Matt would never cry when he got there."

"Would nobody beat Matt there?" asked the child, wistfully. "Wouldn't Rob beat him?"

"No; when Matt went to God nobody should beat him any more."

A gleam of joy stole over the boy's face, as he sat pondering over these good tidings; then, with a sorrowful sigh, he said, "Poor Matt, Rob beats him." But at that moment *the soft sound of a tolling bell was heard in the cave, as he turned his head to listen.* It was the bell for his grandfather's funeral; and it was touching to see him amused

and pleased with it, unconscious what it portended. They stayed a long time in the cave; the boy being amused and diverted by the various things his friend found for him to look at, and by a grotto that she made for him with loose scallop shells; but in the midst of his pleasure he would often pause, that gleam of joy would return to his face, and he would exultingly repeat, that "Some day he should go to God, and nobody should beat him any more."

At last when the sound of the bell had long ceased, and the sun was shining full in at the mouth of the cavern, his friend took him home again, and finding the mourners already returned, left him with them, and took her leave, little thinking, as she walked across the cliffs to her residence, that in this life she was to behold him no more.

REMARKS ON LANGUAGE.

PHILOLOGY, or the definition of words, is generally held to be a dry and uninviting employment. But this is not, in reality, the case; at any rate, there will be some who are not deterred from its pursuit by the difficulties it presents: perhaps, those very difficulties enhance the pleasure of arriving at satisfactory conclusions and fresh researches in the primary signification of words. The very outset is fraught with dangers of error and presumption. The vessel bound on its voyage of discovery in the new world of language may run aground immediately on leaving the harbour, or meet with shipwreck even in sight of shore. As I remarked in my last paper, it has been said that as many languages as a man knows, so many times is he a complete and perfect man. This was a favourite saying of Sir Walter Scott; but the remark will hardly hold good, if the possessor of the different tongues has not studied closely the spirit and the sentiments of the people whose speech he has acquired. This will, of course, depend on the mental calibre of the linguist, and in very great measure on his own advance in polished education and knowledge of his mother tongue, previous to commencing fresh studies. The new man to be formed by the acquisition of the *fresh language* will be a dwarf or a giant, according to the *natural powers or tastes* of the learner of

the new speech. If the recruit to the original nation, whatever it may be, possesses powers of adopting the language as his own, that language will owe much to him who can recommend it, dressed in a new garb, to other nations. "He touched nothing that he did not adorn," was the high praise bestowed on a Roman orator of old (*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*). Deep, therefore, will be the obligations of foreign nations to those who, as adopted children, help to spread the fame, and extend the knowledge of the speech they have made their own; some whilst young, others with the greater labour bestowed by middle life. It does not follow, however, that the linguist should do more than speak, more or less accurately, the tongue to which he has devoted his attention. Many are *obliged* to speak different languages without any natural taste or disposition for such labours. Many persons bestow but little pains on what to them is a necessary evil. The French are not fond, as a nation, of cultivating any tongue but their own. It is a fact that many of the emigrants, driven to London by the vicissitudes of the French Revolution of 1789, could never speak above a few words of English, even after a residence of from fifteen to twenty years in the capital of England. Such an ignorance could not but have been voluntary and intentional; and it appears to be the policy of the French nation to check studiously the cultivation of any language but their own in any portion of their rapidly extending dominions. Even in the time of Mary Queen of Scots, the French attendants of that unfortunate princess are said to have attempted many changes of names of places, as if gifted with the right of imposition and alteration of appellations wherever chance might throw them; and who probably deemed it rather an honour than otherwise that Edinburgh should henceforth be known under the Gallic title of "Petit Leitt." * Be that as it may, every linguist is not necessarily a translator, or poet, or historian, or philosopher. Accordingly, the services he renders to the tongue he may have acquired, will vary in importance with

* The extraordinary rapidity with which this brilliant and energetic nation "organized" a new system in the suburbs of Constantinople, Smyrna, Kertch, and other places in the late war, and the *entire change* of the names of streets and buildings effected by them, *has often been a subject of admiring or envious comment from those who either dread or applaud their peculiar policy.*

his own powers of doing justice to his acquisition. It may be within the province of even ordinary minds to represent, with tolerable faithfulness, the author they undertake to translate. But translation will differ from translation, as man differs from man. The *Wallenstein* of Schiller has been translated in such a way by our own poet Coleridge, that the German original is almost eclipsed by the English copy. Some minds can pourtray with accuracy the skeleton of the form they would offer to notice; but to make the dry bones live, to clothe that outline with living flesh, is a task that can only be executed by spirits kindred with the original author. The very word "Derivation," on which this slight essay hinges, is itself a chapter. The word carries us back towards the sources of our language—the first rising of the "well of English undefiled;" we are led, as it were, to the small bubbling spring from which the cattle drink, overshadowed by tall elms, and fringed with luxuriant grass—a spring which may feed some mighty river, which, like our princely Thames, is to roll on and on to the sea, and to bear on its bosom the navies of nations. So, not inaptly, we may see in the first origin of words much that is humble, much, perhaps, that is mean; but the stream must indeed be a poor one that does not carry down grains of gold in its waters, and repay the pains of careful search.

It will be immediately apparent to the student of our language, that the first origin cannot be traced to a very pretentious source. The rough peasant, or boor of the mouths of the Elbe or Scheldt—the fiery illiterate Viking, who launched into the deep as into his native element with his dragon-ship, *Ellida*, to "burn, sink, and destroy" all that should meet him on hostile shores; such ancestors as these gave no high promise for the future variety, copiousness, and grandeur of our English speech. It is true that the historian Tacitus finds one thing worthy of remark in the manners and customs of the ancient Germans,—those who opposed the arms of triumphant Rome, and who hastened the end of the great Augustus, who died exclaiming, "Restore me my legions, Varus!"—legions lost in conflict with this rude but courageous race. The Germans were pre-eminently admirers of the weaker sex, in the best acceptation of this *somewhat hacknied phrase*. They respected their *characteristic qualities*, acted on their advice both on

private and public occasions, left them a far larger liberty than was accorded by the Greek or the Roman world ; and in their gentler Northern ideas laid the foundation of those notions of chivalry which so much affected our language in its writings and poems from the middle ages down to the present time. On the contrary, the keen and suspicious Athenian kept his wife secluded as jealously as if in the harem of the modern Turk. The greatest encomium that could be recorded of the sex, according to Pericles, once the leading man of Athens, was "that nothing should be heard of her abroad." The rough Roman, sprung from a hard-working, agricultural stock, was scarcely less churlish of his meed of praise to the partner of his toils. "*Domum mansit : lanam fecit,*"—"She stayed at home : she combed wool," is the brief and all-including epitaph of the virtues and merits of the most commendable Roman matron. It will, therefore, be vain to look in the literature of Greece or Rome for any full or continuous expressions of admiration of the sex, or confidence in its virtues. In this great point, there is a deficiency which cannot but strike any student, new to the habits and ways of thinking of the nations of the South. Whereas the earliest literature of the North, even the poem of Beowulf, and the lay of the Niebelungen Noth, shadows forth the brighter days of so-called chivalric feeling, which have given such a tone and colouring to all the thoughts and expressions of succeeding writers.

It is true that we have no reason to wish what are called "the days of chivalry" back again among us. No thoughtful person could desire the restoration of the semi-idolatry of the creed which bore for its symbol "God and my Lady." Perhaps much of this may be attributed to the worship of the Virgin Mary, as the mother of our Lord, common in all countries which hold the faith of the Latin or Greek church. This lamentable dogma, so deeply rooted there, may have prepared the way for a series of lesser adorations, of which the chosen lady of each knight was the all-important and concentrated object. But have the excesses passed away into which a fervid imagination, and a too little educated spirit, hurried our forefathers? A clearer knowledge of the duties and promises of the Message of Glad Tidings *has* been spread among us : and we have, as a nation, great *cause for thankfulness* that the merits and claims of the *fair sex* should be so much more fully understood and

acknowledged than in other lands. These nations may lay claim, probably, to equal or greater refinement and progress in the arts of life: but no skill, or taste, or ingenuity can atone for the absence of this salt of every-day life. Without it, the specious show of superior politeness, nay, even the display of greater outward observance, are valueless, when put to the proof. They are but the apples of the Dead Sea, which travellers speak of, tempting the hungry wayfarer by the rosy redness of their outside, but found on trial to be full of ashes and bitterness. It is the mirage of the desert, an unsubstantial mockery of the thirsty caravan. We have reason, therefore, to hope that a due regard and respect for woman is deeply implanted in those Northern nations from which we take our own origin. In North America, perhaps, that cradle of the new world, this regard and respect may be thought by some to be carried beyond the necessary limits. But the excess of the virtue displayed in our brothers beyond the Atlantic goes far to prove the truth of the assertion that we have made. The Anglo-Saxon race remains faithful to its ancient principles.

The term "Chivalry," or "horsemanship," deserves in itself a little attention. The possession of a horse, that noble animal, appears from all ages to have been an object of envy and competition, and to have marked out the possessors as beyond the vulgar herd. The Greek had his *Hippeus* or knight: the Roman rejoiced especially in the proud title of *Eques*, or horseman. Our German ancestry thought highly of the *Ritter* or rider. The term Marquis is merely the Celtic *Marchek*, or horseman; and the high-sounding title of Marshal in its primary signification was confined to the humble but needful labours of the shoeing Smith. *Chevalier* was equivalent with "gentleman" amongst the French. Their most chivalrous kings have aspired to no higher title, because no greater could be attained, than "the first gentleman of France." The most usual and most pleasing epithet that can salute the nice ear of the proud and punctilious Spaniard is *Caballero*. The word remains slightly altered in the ancient family of "Capel;" and the word itself derived, probably, from the Latin *Cabalus*, is received into the Welsh language, and as *Kephel* is still retained on the marshes of Wales, and the borders of Shropshire.

The fondness of our ancestors for calling themselves by

the names of animals is very observable. The Jews, even, have displayed this propensity in the name of Judah-Lib—"The Lion of Judah."* The eastern races have the same, as it should appear, inborn desire to equal the strength, or ferocity, or instinct of the animal kingdom. The warriors of Scinde have no more enviable affix to their name than "Singh," a Tiger. The hardest fighting Tartar regiment, a regiment in which the Emperors of China put their greatest confidence, have assumed, along with a distinctive uniform of red and yellow stripes, the redoubtable name of "Tigers." The Lion, "The Lord with the great Head," is respected highly by the Algerine Arab, if we are to give credence to the great Lion-killer, Jules Gérard. The wilder inhabitants of the Far West are content to assume the style of "Alligators and old Hosses," and this with a perfect seriousness of acceptation, owing to the admiration they feel for the animals whose names they voluntarily bear. Similarly, the light-hearted and volatile "Man of colour" will as soon call himself "a racoon," or his sable sister "an heifer," as speak of himself or her under their better known baptismally imposed names. But there is no wonder in this habit of associating man with the beast of the field, if we pause to consider a few of the names of our Saxon or Danish ancestors. The very race from which our gracious queen is descended, the well-known Guelph, may take its origin from the Teutonic, Wulf, Ulph, or Wolf. A noble family in Staffordshire (the Bagots), point to a Saxon "Wulfere," or "Companion of Wolves," as one of their most distinguished ancestors before the arrival of the Conqueror, who found him in possession of those forests that still are claimed by Wulfere's descendants. Ethelwulf, or "The Noble Wolf," is one of our Saxon kings. Orm, or Wurm, was the Danish word for a dragon, (existing still in the Orme's Head, a promontory of North Wales, in Ormsby, Ormskirk, and other places,) and he was no mean favourite among the Vikingr, or Kings of the Sea. The affix *hard*, or *bold*, from which the French derive their *hardi*, is found in connexion with many animals. Many of our

* "Judah is a lion's whelp," said the father of the twelve tribes on his bed of death, "he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up?" The Jewish word *lib*, we may observe, is the same as the Homeric *Lis*, more usually *leon*, the Latin *leo*, the Teutonic *lowe*, the Danish *løve*.

No worse were known to their pursuers, whether the mountains of the Harzwald, or in the deep of "merry" Sherwood, Charnwood, or Needwood, of their ancient glories, and scarcely recalling, by only scattered ancestral giants, the days once spent in greenwood—

"When shaws be green, and shradles be fayre."

At little alteration, Leopold is "*bold* as a Lion," or Dorcas, "the Gazelle," is a contrast to these sounding titles: the bright timid gaze of the antelope. The East has given a name no less attractive than impeded with the impress of lion or bear. The name "Eagle," is not uncommon as a proper name, German appellation of Adler, given to the king of may take its rise from Adel (in Saxon Ethel) "The Bear is the parent of many so-called Christians, not only as Björn, or Beornhard, but among man ancestors, as Fitz-Urse, "Son of a Bear;" and the Italians there is no nobler name than Orsini. The British chieftain, who held his court at Camelot, Merlin, derives his name of Arthur from "The Man," or "Man-bear;" and we may observe that the king Henry the VIIth strove to give England another by thus naming his eldest son; who, however,

Horsa, both implying "horse." The great Welsh bard himself, the fabulous Merlin, does not aim at so high an original, as the word signifies "a *little* horse, or *pony*;"—the Welsh word March, pronounced gutturally, and the Teutonic "Mare," being of cognate root.

We pass over Harold *Harefoot*, and such like titles derived from animals more or less estimated by man. At some future time we may consider the meaning of many of the proper names in use amongst us, and the way in which many words have become disguised by arbitrary orthography or mere ignorance.

E. R. P.

DR. DEANE'S GOVERNESS;

OR, DEPENDENT AND INDEPENDENT.

CHAPTER III.

THE eldest of Ann Salter's little pupils went to bed at half-past eight in the evening, at which time she was expected to make her appearance in the drawing-room, and she and Fanny generally sang or played duets together, till the hour for family prayer. On the evening after her conversation with Fanny in the garden she was unusually silent, and felt a constraint upon her which made her long for bedtime: depression had given way to a feeling of ingenuous shame; she wished she had not allowed Fanny to talk of her parentage, taking for granted that she was of gentle birth, without informing her of the truth, nor to speak of her position as a sad one, and of her case as one demanding sympathy, without setting her right. "How absurd I have been!" she thought; "how could I suppose that Fanny would never meet with my father or mother, and how wicked I am now to feel ashamed of them!" At last she was able to rise and take her candle. "You are early to-night, Miss Salter," said the Doctor. "It has struck ten, Sir," said Ann Salter, blushing, "and I was up very early this morning, I had some writing to do." What the writing had been which she left her chamber to accomplish she did not tell the Doctor, but when she reached her room she took out her journal and said to herself, "How could I be so silly as to write all this stuff just because Eveline D'Arcy in the novel wrote a journal, and because *Fanny seemed to think it so interesting!*" and as she turned over the leaves she added thoughtfully, "But after all, I am

not persecuted, and certainly I am not in any great affliction ; I wish I had not imitated Eveline D'Arcy's style of journalising. I wish I could behave naturally, and not be always wondering what other people will think of me. How foolish Fanny will think me now that she has read all this, and now that she has seen my dear mother ! Well, I shall not rise early to-morrow to write down to-day's experience ; I am not going to record how Dr. Deane said he thought I was discontented, and how Fanny was surprised to find my mother was not a gentlewoman. No ! I have had enough of journals for the present. I shall not write again in a hurry."

So saying she put away the luckless journal. " Fanny said I should soon tire of it," she thought. " Fanny declared that I should not write it long, and I *almost* made a vow that I would persevere ; however, I suppose when next she asks to see it, I shall have to confess that I am wrong and she is right. I *am* tired of it ; I will not write another word." Having formed this resolution she went to sleep. On the next morning before breakfast, observing Johnny hard at work with a slate and pencil, she asked him what he was doing, and the little urchin replied that he was writing his journal. Whereupon the Doctor, who was carving slices of ham for breakfast, looked very much amused, and said, " Quite right, my boy, you could not do better. Who taught you to write a journal, eh ? "

" Nobody taught me, Papa," said the boy ; " but Kitty says she sees Miss Salter writing her journal when she wakes in the morning ; but she says I can't write one, but I shall, for Kitty does, and so does Emily."

" Pass your plate for a piece of ham," said the Doctor, " and tell me what you put down in your journal ; is it like this, ' To-day I ate so much pudding that I fell asleep over my sum ; ' or, ' To-day I had a bad mark for throwing my ball through the window ? ' "

" I don't want to write that," said the little boy sullenly, " I only want to write about having holidays, and going out to fish for sticklebacks, and having shillings and sixpences given me."

" Oh very well, then, you had better write no journal at all. Miss Salter does not write down all the pleasant things, and leave out all the unpleasant, I am sure."

" Do you approve of journals, Sir ? " asked Miss Salter, not wishing to give a direct answer to the Doctor's appeal.

" Approve ? yes, Miss Salter, if the journal is one of events, and only *sparingly interspersed* with records of frames and feelings : *nothing is more likely to help us to correct our*

faults than a *true* description of how we have been overtaken by them. If I am in a passion to-day, and write down all about it when I am cool, it makes me feel ashamed of myself."

"But, Sir," interrupted Miss Salter, "one often hears it said that the journals of good people seem to be written on purpose for publication, and that the world may see how deeply they repented of their faults; surely when people write journals it must be with a view to their being seen."

"My young friend," was the reply, "if a man keep a *true* and impartial record of the events of his life and his behaviour under them, he cannot possibly wish it to be seen even after his death. His graver faults and his deep repentance after them he might be able to give to the world, but his little petty feelings of envy, malice, meanness, or peevishness he could not bear to expose to his nearest and dearest friend. The *deceitfulness* of his heart he must feel an anxious desire to conceal, though its wickedness, if he represented it vaguely and in general terms, he might not care to keep to himself."

"Well, I must say," observed Miss Salter, "that the faults of those good men whose lives I am fond of reading are always such as I should not mind confessing myself."

"Their faults as represented in their journals. Very true, for when people write their real autobiography they generally take the utmost care not to let it go out of their hands in their lifetime, and they either destroy it on their death-beds or leave injunctions that it shall not be opened after their decease."

Now Fanny having read Ann Salter's journal, would not for the world have looked at her while the discussion was going on, for she could not but remember that the said journal, over which, by-the-bye, she had shed many sympathetic tears, was not exactly a record of follies or of faults, it was rather a reverse picture of what Johnny had intended to set down in his, namely, an account of what Eveline D'Arcy would have called "trying circumstances," "slights," and "painful events connected with my unfortunate position." Ann Salter was not less uncomfortable than Fanny; but as she was liable to be swayed by every one's opinion, she now began to think she ought to continue her journal. Though if I do, she mentally added, I shall take care that no one ever sees it; in fact what would be the use of showing a journal written on the Doctor's plan? it would make people dislike one instead of feeling interested.

"I should think it must be very difficult, Sir, to write such a journal as you describe," she presently said, "because it *would be so terrible* to think that in spite of all one's care it *might be found and read.*"

and such being the case, you think the temptation would not be vague and general in one's confessions, and not truly."

"It might be done in a cypher," continued Miss Salter truthfully; "I think I know one that I could write it in."

The Doctor laughed; he had not expected that his plan of writing would so soon be put to the test; and he would not have continued the subject, but that the children, having now finished their breakfast, were carried by their punctual little governess to have their faces washed, and find their bibles ready for family prayers. The children recited their lessons very well that morning, and Miss Salter once relapsed into the attitude of "The Governess;"

and just dismissed them to have a game at play in the garden when she heard the Doctor's step; he was advancing towards her, and she observed that Johnny was teasing him by asking some childish question, for the Doctor answered angrily, "There go away, Papa cannot attend to you—go and play in the hop-garden, you and your sisters, and if you are good you may have a half-holiday." A half-holiday!

What did Miss Salter, what can that be for? "Where's Cousin Fanny?" she heard the Doctor say. "Here, Fanny, I want

"Cousin Fanny is gone out," said the children, who were now jumping round him for joy. "Tut, tut," cried the Doctor; "where is Miss Salter? not with her, I hope."

"Yes, Sir, I am here," said Ann Salter, rising and looking towards the window.

"Well, you are at home, Miss Salter," said the Doctor rather surprisedly; his hurry seemed to subside. "Well," he said, after looking at her for a moment in silence, "I will come in and talk to you."

"I hope I am not going to have another series of reasonings on my depression," thought Ann Salter; but she had not time for many reflections, the Doctor entered. "I have been out in the pony carriage," he observed, with gravity. "What is that to me, I wonder?" thought Miss Salter; "there is something odd about the Doctor's manner, I am sure."

"Indeed, Sir," she replied.

"Yes," he continued slowly and calmly, "I went to the hay-stack—your father had been stacking hay—I am not alarmed by him—but he has met with an accident. There, don't be so frightened, he is not in danger—sit down."

Miss Salter sat down again, for she had started up. She felt nervous and giddy, but the Doctor's next words enabled her to control herself. "And your mother wants you to come and help her to nurse him; you can be of great use."

"I want to know what the injury is," said the poor girl, shivering.

"What the injury is?—well, I can scarcely tell at present; he was stunned at first, but he soon came to himself, and his arm is broken, that is, I hope, the extent of the mischief."

On his first entrance, the Doctor had rung the bell; it was now answered by a female servant, who was ordered to bring down Miss Salter's bonnet and cloak, "and anything else she will want in a drive," added the Doctor. Confusion and anxiety kept Ann Salter silent a few moments; she felt that she would like to go over and help her mother, but her mind was in a whirl, and when she found that her walking apparel was produced in a great hurry, and that the gig was coming round, she burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, I am afraid I shall find my dear father very ill!"

"I hope not," replied the Doctor; "and one reason why I am in a hurry is, that I want to take some medicine over, and some other things that I require."

"And think what a comfort you will be to your mother, Miss!" observed the maid.

Again the notion that she could be of use enabled her to rally; and she got into the pony gig, continuing to shed tears, it is true, but perfectly mistress of herself, and able to listen to all the Doctor's directions and requirements.

"Now, Miss Salter," he said, when he had left her a few moments for reflection, "I am taking you over partly because your poor mother, sensible woman as she is, was so completely overpowered when she saw your father's state that I feel she is not fit to be with him, at least, for the present. The person who is with him should be calm, and not give way to any display of feeling, even if he should say affecting things. 'Ah, my poor dear,' he said to your mother when he came to himself, 'I am going to leave you!' He went on to say that he wished to see his children and give them his blessing: your poor mother went into hysterics, and I had to get the servant man to take her away, which I was sorry for, because I wanted help. Now, if your father should talk in that way to you, do you think you can answer calmly, 'Father, you must not talk, the doctor says quiet is necessary, and that if you can keep quiet you will most likely do well?'"

"I will try, Sir."

"Do so, and remember there is to be no kissing and weeping over him when you first enter. You are to walk in with *me*, sit down by him, just watch him, apply the lotions according to my directions, give him drink, and take no notice when he talks, excepting to tell him to keep quiet."

"Surely he will think me unfeeling."

"Never mind what he thinks, do your duty. I have to tell you what your duty is; do it even at the risk of being thought unfeeling by your sick father. His face is a good deal bruised and disfigured; but if I tell you that those bruises are not of the slightest consequence, I suppose you will not be shocked at seeing them."

"Oh no, Sir, my nerves are strong."

"Yes, I know they are; well, I am putting you into a very responsible position. I have told your poor mother she must not attempt to go near your father till to-morrow, for she cannot stand it, and he gets excited when he sees her. So now follow your own judgment and form your own conclusions, venture to be independent. If he is worse, send for me: if any of his friends come to see him, keep them out of his chamber: if he says he never can recover, tell him quietly that you believe he is mistaken; and if he wants to see his sons, say he shall see them to-morrow."

"Very well, Sir, I will."

"Ah, that tone sounds promising; I am pleased, and I believe I may trust you."

"But if I do all this, I am to have the comfort of hope? I am to believe myself that he will recover?"

"Humanly speaking, I see no reason why he should not get better, with the blessing of God—no reason, indeed, with proper attention to keep him calm and quiet; but every reason for anxiety, if his feelings are worked on, his mind distracted, and his nerves flurried. You will sit up with him to-night."

"Oh yes, Sir, I am not at all afraid, and I shall be so thankful to help mother. If she can rest she will be quite herself again to-morrow."

"To be sure, and I shall come early to see him, and you may depend on my telling you what I really think of him; as to the children, I shall let them have a holiday to-morrow, and you need not be uneasy about them. I dare say Fanny will hear them say their lessons."

"Oh thank you, Sir; you are very good."

"And mind your father does not see you looking depressed; that might discourage him," continued the Doctor, forgetting his late conversation with the governess, who, however, remembered it while she replied, "Oh no, Sir, I should not think of such a thing;" and immediately all her foolish little fancies, and airs, and discontents flashed back upon her recollection, as such things will on the minds of all of us when the pressure of circumstances has suddenly broken off the ordinary thread of our thoughts, and when we think of the

feelings and speeches of yesterday, as if they had occurred ten years ago, and could never by any possibility be entertained by us again. What did it matter now to Ann Salter that the servants knew she received a salary for her services—that she was in what she was pleased to consider “a dependent’s position,” and that the beloved parent to whom she was going wore a white coat instead of a black one, and was not what is called a gentleman?

But though Ann Salter felt comforted in the belief that her father’s life was not in danger, and that she was going to be of use to both her parents, she felt her heart beat fast, and her limbs shake as they drove up to the door of the farmhouse; and she thought she would have given anything in the world if she might have retired only for five minutes to pray for help from above, and for composure and skill to meet this emergency.

This she could not have; the Doctor ushered her at once into the kitchen, where sat her poor mother with her arms flung on the dresser and her face resting upon them. She sobbed and wept afresh at the sight of her daughter, and exclaimed, “Ah, poor thing, she does not know how bad her father is! Ann, my dear, your poor father was very near being killed this morning.”

“Yes, I know, dear mother,” said Ann, striving to speak calmly, and distressed to see her mother so helpless.

“She hardly looks as if she did know it, Doctor,” observed the poor woman, as if hurt at her daughter’s self-command.

“She is come to help you and to nurse her father,” replied the Doctor, addressing both mother and daughter, for he saw that the fortitude of the latter was ready to give way; “and she can be of no use if she is not calm. Come, Mrs. Salter, I have brought you a composing draught, and when your neighbour comes to help you in the house do you go to bed.”

“She is come; she is sitting by my poor husband,” sobbed the wife.

“Then I will send her down to you. Come with me, Miss Salter.”

Ann Salter only waited to give her mother one kiss, and then stole upstairs after the Doctor. The door of her father’s chamber was wide open; she saw him lying on his bed breathing hard. There were no curtains to the window, but a heavy shawl had been fastened before it to darken the room, and the brown curtains of the bed were let down. The window was open, as the slight movement of the shawl sufficiently proved; but the poor restless patient was so much in the shadow that at first his daughter could not distinguish his bruised features

and their troubled expression. A woman was sitting by the bedside, fanning him, for it was very hot. Dr. Deane took the fan from her and sent her down, putting Ann Salter in her place. He then gave her some directions, showed her the medicines, remarked that her father's head was not now very clear, and that if he did not notice her presence she need not draw his attention to it. He then shook hands with her and left her.

What her feelings were as she saw him gradually going down the stairs, and afterwards when she heard him drive away, it would be impossible to describe. She was now left virtually with the whole responsibility of the case on her own hands: it was not yet one o'clock, and she knew she should not see Dr. Deane again till the next morning; his prescriptions had been already made up, and she should not even have the comfort of seeing the apothecary's boy; yet when she had sat a quarter-of-an-hour by her father (who happily for himself and for her was now in a half doze) she felt equal to her task; she had found the opportunity for prayer that she had so ardently desired, and she knew that her proving equal to her task was of the utmost consequence; so for more than two hours she sat fanning her father, ready to show him a steady and almost cheerful face the moment he awoke. His rest was broken, he was feverish and evidently in pain; she sometimes thought he was more stupified than sleepy, and the weary hours dragged on till she knew by the sounds in the farm yard that it must be past four o'clock, before there was any change in the patient, or she had any person to relieve her from her watch.

At last the neighbour came up, and beckoned her out of the room, saying that the tea was ready. She ran down, and was very glad of some refreshment, for she had not dined. Two of her brothers were in the kitchen, and from them she learned that her mother was gone to bed and had fallen asleep; she stayed down but a very few minutes, and as she came up stairs she observed that her father's eyes were open, and that the neighbour was saying, "How do you feel yourself now, Mr. Salter?" "I feel very bad," was the reply, "and very thirsty—I could fancy a glass of ale!"

"I'll go and draw some," said the neighbour, "a glass of your own home-brewed can do you no harm."

Upon this Ann Salter was obliged to propose toast-and-water as a substitute, and the neighbour appearing inclined to argue the point, she was terrified to see how rapidly her father's face flushed, how excited he became, and how angrily he discussed the point.

Oh, do go, do go," she implored, "do leave him, and let me try to calm him !" But it was now too late ; he was thoroughly roused from his previous quietude, his pulse quickened, he complained of violent headache, and soon began to ramble in his speech. This was no time for tears or weak fears with his daughter ; she had been told what to do under any circumstances that were likely to arise, and the neighbour, now humble and distressed at the mistake she had made, was anxiously bent on giving what assistance she could.

Leeches were put on ; and in ceaseless exertion and anxiety the next few hours were passed ; the long summer twilight had settled into darkness, and the evening star was shining through the crevice between the shawl and the window frame, before peace and silence were restored in the sick chamber, or Ann Salter could sit down by her father's bed.

And yet the time had been so fully occupied, that though she was fatigued, she had not felt it to be long ; and when some supper was brought up to her and she was told that it was eleven o'clock, she could only think of the past morning and evening as of a dream. She stole to the top of the stairs, all the household were in bed, excepting the brother who had brought her supper. " You had better go and take a turn outside while I sit with father," said he ; " and there is a box come for you, from Dr. Deane's ; it came some time ago, and the man who brought it said, Miss Fanny Deane had sent it."

Ann Salter could not make up her mind to go and walk, even under her father's window ; but she went to see what Fanny had sent her, and found a kind little note, some articles of dress, and two or three interesting books, that Fanny thought she would be glad of ; moreover her journal.

She took out a shawl and a hood, for in spite of the heat she felt the want of warm clothing in her father's room ; and she took out her journal, and not wishing it to lie about she brought it up to her father's room and laid it on the table. Then she dismissed her brother ; and through the weary night sat patiently watching her father ; sometimes he dozed, sometimes he was wakeful and restless, but he always found her calm and steady, attentive and cheerful.

Towards morning, when the early dawn began to wake the birds, fatigue made her head droop, and her eye now and then fill with tears ; once she dozed a few moments and began to dream, but starting up she stole to the window, for *she heard a fluttering noise*: it was the leaves of her journal, *the summer air coming in had lifted the paper cover, and it lay open before her.* It had also displaced the folds of the

shawl, and one slanting sunbeam lay across the page; mechanically, Ann Salter's tired eyes rested on the illuminated sentence; it ran thus:—"August 3rd. The children were idle at their lessons to-day; and Johnnie was troublesome and mischievous. I do not like the new housemaid's manner; it is too familiar, and adds to the discomfort of my position. We know that trials are appointed for all, none are free from them, and we strive to be resigned under them; yet it must be allowed that some of the dispensations of divine Providence are more difficult to bear than others, and I do sometimes feel a wish, that some other than the peculiar trial of dependence, and the slights and annoyances it gives rise to, had been appointed for me. Any other dispensation, I often think, would be easier to bear, and I cannot but feel a wish that the nature of my trial might be changed; but let me not be unduly depressed, let me try to conduct myself with gentleness and resignation."

If the kitchen fire was alight, I would burn this, thought the weary little nurse.

"Annie, Annie," moaned the voice from the bed, "my mouth is so dry; give me some drink, child; I want some drink."

HINTS ON COMPOSITION.

Few persons are so well aware how common is the desire and the attempt to write, as the editors of periodicals.

To them numerous young people, and some who are not young, send their first attempts at composition. If these are not noticed they repeat the experiment; perhaps they write to the editor of their chosen periodical, requesting insertion for their pieces on the ground that their friends will be pleased to see them in print: they "think it right to state, that should their humble productions appear, several of their acquaintance will take the magazine;" and should the editor, contrary to his obvious interest, persist in neglecting them, they make an attempt in *some other direction*, where they plead extreme youth

as a reason why their faults of composition should be overlooked, and their papers admitted; or they speak of their strong desire to be useful, or their feeling that it would be wrong to neglect their talent for writing. Some, on the other hand, expect admission because for many years they have been attentive readers of the magazine to which they apply; and some ask it because they are poor, and would fain add to their income; but nearly all appear to forget that neither youth, nor want of money, nor a good motive in writing, nor any amount of patronage bestowed, should have weight, but that merit and suitability in the writing should alone decide the point.

But yet another class of young writers remains to be spoken of. It consists of those who send their compositions to an editor, expressing little expectation of seeing them in print, but a strong desire to have his opinion upon them. They are aware of deficiencies, and ask advice as to how they shall be remedied. They wish to become good writers, but want encouragement and superintendence; and they would be most willing to improve their taste, if they could be told in what direction cultivation was wanted.

Unfortunately, these always modest and often very clever correspondents can seldom meet with the attention they deserve; their request for advice and assistance cannot be attended to. In some cases they do without them surmount their difficulties, and take their place among useful writers; in others they become discouraged, leave off writing, and the cares and occupations of life make them almost forget that they ever felt an ambition to "see themselves in print."

To these correspondents I wish to offer a few remarks on the art of composition, and will make use of some of their papers now lying before me to illustrate the defects which should be avoided. More than *half* of the contributions sent to this Magazine are in

verse; the remainder are nearly all tales, seldom exceeding thirty pages in length. On examining them carefully, they are found to be the productions of two distinct orders of minds, the one half being written by persons who have considerable command of language, and but little power of thought or vividness of imagination; who can relate gracefully what they observe, but have very small powers of observation; and who consequently could write an infinite series of pages for this Magazine, if they could think of something to write about: and the other half being written by persons who have considerable power of mind, some freshness and originality of feeling, and a good deal of imagination, but only a very imperfect command of language, and who therefore fail in the attempt to do justice to their thoughts, or to dress their fancies in adequate words.

To the first-mentioned writers, the best advice that can be given is, that from this day forward they leave off writing altogether.

To the second, that they henceforth write as much as possible, and note all varieties of style in other writers; for only practice and observation can enable them to express their thoughts and feelings with facility.

As an excuse, however, for the advice given to the word-writers, it may be well to describe their productions more particularly before entering on the main subject of this paper. It will scarcely be disputed that no *manner* which can be adopted will atone for want of *matter*. "If you have nothing to say," observed an Irish lady, "it does not much signify how you say it." The great defect of the word-writers is that they have nothing to say; no message for their readers which they feel impelled to deliver, no thought which is urgent to be uttered. Consequently their poems are without aim, and produce no clear impression; their tales are without weight, and if they have

a good moral and are elegantly expressed, they still fall short of giving pleasure, because the characters are not drawn from nature, but from books (generally from second-rate books), and the incidents are not such as have been observed, but such as have been read of. In such tales we meet with little girls who act with the discretion of matrons; little boys who discourse among their schoolfellows in language that Dr. Johnson's was nothing to; washerwomen who, not being paid their wages at the proper time, moralise on the thoughtlessness of the upper classes, and having put their hungry children to bed, "compose their thoughts into the following lines;" young ladies who, though constantly weeping, never have red eyes; and ploughboys whose sentiments would do honour to the most refined of gentlemen.

That which is not painted from nature is almost sure to be out of nature. People like better to see things represented as they are, than as the word-writers think they ought to be. But those who do not study either external nature or human nature cannot give them this pleasure; they must borrow of their neighbours, because, as before remarked, they have really nothing to say.

And yet, no doubt, they will say that they feel a wish to write, and a certain pleasure in the indulgence of the wish: this is probable, and may be explained without difficulty. They go out and walk beside a moonlit sea, they hear the crisp sound of the little waves coming in leisurely and tossing up a few pebbles; or they look at some fine pictures, or they listen to some sweet music; their feelings are excited; they come in and read some poetry, and they have a vague desire to express their own *sensations* in verse. They find rhyming very easy, they mistake their feelings for ideas, they fly to express them, but remembering a *number* of ready-made phrases and common forms of *speech*, in which other persons have uttered their

poetic fervours, they string a good many of these together, and by means of much repetition contrive to write twenty or thirty verses, faultless in rhyme and measure, but to the last degree common-place and unreal. If to write in this fashion were *ever* the prelude to excellence, or if a true poet ever employed his "prentice hand" on verses whose *structure* was perfect, but whose *substance* was valueless, it would be unpardonable to dissuade the authors of such lines as are copied below from employing their leisure on similar productions; but there is absolutely no fault to be found with them; that is to say, no fault which criticism can hope to mend: false rhymes, bad grammar, involved sentences, imperfect rhythm, instances of doubtful taste or of unconscious imitation, may be pointed out with advantage in a poem which contains fine and touching thoughts; but here are no such blemishes, and all that is to be complained of is general triteness and utter want of interest.

"AUTUMN.

- "The joyous Summer now is past,
How swiftly has it flown away!
Before the chilling Autumn blast
Its varied beauties must decay.
- "How lovely all the flowerets were,
But now, alas! how few are seen;
The trees look desolate and bare,
So lately clothed in robes of green.
- "For Winter comes with rigid sway,
And bids the charms of Summer fly;
And mournfully they pass away,
They blossom but to fade and die.
- "Yet why should I these flowerets mourn,
The gentle Spring ere long will reign,
And her fair kingdom to adorn
Bid Flora's children smile again.
- "And thus if from the aching heart
The friends we fondly love are riven;
This thought can make despair depart,
That they shall bloom again in heaven."

This is the best specimen that has been received of this kind of writing—that is, the one that possesses most merit and completeness; it has also a subject, and therefore enjoys a proud pre-eminence among the poems of the word-writers. It is where they adorn their writings with tropes and images, that their deficiency is most observable: for if a figure is not clearly seen with the mental vision, but is imitated from what has been admired in some other composition, it is almost inevitably confused, and its several parts become incongruous.

The following lines, written on hearing a skylark after a stormy night, and sent to this periodical, are full of confused imagery; as is also the remainder of the poem, which consists of fourteen stanzas:—

“Morn hath scarce dipp’d in golden light her wing,
Yet hast thou risen from thy lowly nest,
To float with summer winds on thy far wandering,
And bathe ’mid rosy clouds thy gentle breast.

“Earth in her haste hath ta’en an off’ring meet
Of sweet bright flowers, in rich profusion blent,
Kneeling hath brought them unto Morning’s feet,
Yielding as incense up the grateful scent.”

Now as an oblate spheroid cannot kneel, its shape not admitting of that attitude, we are of course to suppose that Earth is represented under a figure, the figure of a woman; and the poem goes on to describe how, during the stormy night, Earth had wept and sobbed. Here, again, is some confusion: it was the stormy skies that wept; but the night angel, “with star-gemmed brow bent over the wearied and still weeping earth,” and spoke to her of the blissful stars—accordingly comforted by the Angel, Earth, that, is the woman,

“Lay dreaming
Like a weary child upon the dreary sod”—

and

“With trustful eyes e’en yet thro’ tear-drops gleaming,
Morn found her, childlike, looking up to God.”

But the earth being shown under the figure of a woman, must not be lying *upon* the earth; that would be to give her a double existence.

Here is an instance from another poem, of confusion in the figure—

“Pleasant to me it was, to tread the maze of thought
With trickling pen, whose steps, meandering oft,
Came always home at last,” &c.

It would be difficult to disentangle the “maze of thought” in these lines, yet the poem from which they are taken displays considerable command of language, and possesses a kind of wordy elegance.

It ought to be mentioned, that many hymns and devotional pieces, both in prose and verse, are chargeable with this fault of redundancy of language and paucity of thoughts; but they are not quoted here, for it is very undesirable to set serious sentiments in a ludicrous light; and it would be invidious to show how far better is the intention of the writers than their performance. Religion should always have our best hours, our best thoughts; and because a hymn is on a high and holy theme, that is no reason whatever for emancipating it from the ordinary rules of composition; it should have its distinct subject, its beginning, its middle, its end, like any other poem. It must not simply meander among pious sentiments, or discursively hint at Christian doctrines, so that whether we cease to read it at the fifth, the tenth, or the twentieth verse, it does not much matter; but should have its leading idea to be illustrated, its special doctrine to be taught, or its particular feeling to be described.

The best hymns are those which cannot easily be altered: when we find a hymn differently printed in almost every hymn-book—verses left out, or verses put in—it is a sign that, *as a composition*, it is not good.

The truly fine hymns cannot be curtailed or modified: there is but one version of Cowper's beautiful

lines, "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee;" or of his delightful hymn, "Oh for a closer walk with God!" No compiler would venture to alter Watts's fine Sacramental hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," or Wesley's sublime verses, "Come, O thou traveller unknown, Whom still I hold but cannot see;" or, Grant's sweet hymn on the Sympathy of Christ, "When gathering clouds around I view;" or, Madame Guyon's, "O thou, by long experience tried." Even Watts's little hymns for children, "How doth the little busy bee," and "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," retain their ground without the slightest alteration, though printed in every collection for children, and sung in almost every school; this is simply owing to their perfection of unity, and simplicity as compositions. Watts had something to say, and he knew how to say it. But leaving those who have nothing particular to say, let us now offer a few hints to those who have something to say, but scarcely know how to say it.

Your defect is a promising one. In the first place, because it prevents you from getting into a diffuse and careless style of writing: in the second place, because it obliges you to dwell upon your thoughts in committing them to writing; so that, if they really are not new or not worth anything, you weary of them, and perceive their triteness: and in the third place, because it can be remedied; and, being remedied, you will be better off than if you had never laboured under it.

Composition is an art, not an instinct. Those thoughts, sentiments, and images which you want to convey to others are yours by the gift of God,—an inheritance, not an acquisition; but the fashion and style in which you are to set them forth were not given to you with them. I do not mean to assert *that there are no persons to whom this art comes almost like a natural gift—far from it; but only that*

being by nature destitute of such an advantage, never be able to make a good use of your thoughts without mastering it. Your enjoyment and advantage of your fine ideas and striking imaginations will be for yourself alone, unless you are willing to acquire at some pains the power to diffuse them.

What should we aim at in writing? Certainly first to be understood; therefore the first thing to be cultivated is *clearness*, or perspicuity.

To be understood, we should like to carry our readers with us. We do not want to offend them, or oblige them to treat our tale with incredulity, or call it unnatural. If this is the case, we must not exaggerate,—we must not affect what we do not feel, describe what we know nothing about; in other words, having learned to write with *clearness*, we must next learn to write with *simplicity*. But these advantages being attained, we are not contented. We are understood, and we do not offend the taste of our readers; but we should like also to convince them: the third quality we should aim at is to write with *power*. A style at once clear, simple, and powerful must carry weight with it; and yet, with all these advantages, perhaps people will not read and be convinced. Can anything be added to make them read?

A truly fine style, in addition to its clearness, simplicity, and power, has *brilliancy*. Under these three heads all the minor beauties of style may be ranged. The last two depend chiefly on matter; the first two relate exclusively to *manner*. They are beauties and advantages which, as all may acquire, ought to be without.

That brilliancy of thought which enables great writers to delight, and that power of reason which makes it possible for them to convince, may never be imitated; but we certainly can abstain from affectation and absurd pretension, which would be to offend against *simplicity*; and we can assuredly arrange care-

fully and represent clearly thoughts which we already possess.

In future papers I will endeavour to give from our best writers some examples and illustrations of each of these beauties of style, and will attempt to show how a good style may best be acquired.

JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY, KEPT ON A VOYAGE TO THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

BY THE REV. J. F. O.

Second Part.

July 21st.

I AM surprised to find how little exciting are the events of a voyage, which is leading us through such diversified climates. We have our daily meetings for family prayer and praise; our attempts at learning the languages which will facilitate the future work; and we have the ocean and the heaven, both vast, grand and variable, but there is not much of incident connected with these.

We go into remotest regions, and the most deserted; and find just what we have been led to expect, and what the last voyager has most elaborately saved us the trouble of describing!

The cry of this morning, for instance, "A dolphin!" excited no surprise; and we just quickened our steps for fear the poor animal should have the trouble of dying in beautiful agony for nought, and without a spectator. The thing has so often been done and described, that I was quite glad to find that the innocent monster had slipped off the hook and regained his native element, with all the zest of a reprieved animal. Poor dolphins! they deserve not their frequent fate, unless it be for their merciless persecution of the flying-fish, whose evening flights are mostly stimulated by the dread of them; and not being very good judges of comparative sizes, they mistake the good ship "*Hydaspes*" for an overgrown dolphin, and fly on all sides from our harmless neighbourhood:—we often watch them; they abound in these tropical seas, and come skurrying out of the

as which we dash from our bow, in shoals. They look like water-wagtails, and just dip up and down over water with a similar flight. They fly against the wind top the waves nicely, just touching their summits; times they vibrate their wings rapidly, but generally flight is steady, like that of a great dragon-fly on the r; they are dark bodied, and transparent winged; one on deck which measured four inches in the wing, and from snout to tail; it was like a sprat in form; this a large one. We often find twenty or thirty at a time, they and the phosphorescent spangles seen at night, the chief attractions to our young companions. Porpoises and whales are not unfrequent, but the latter part of the voyage has furnished but little amusement.

It has been a windy passage, and if we had not experienced seven days that might absolutely have been called July, I should compare the weather to that of a very sultry July summer. We are bound to call it *winter* for the reason, for we have had the weather I mentioned from ten degrees north latitude to ten degrees south. We have been nearly a month traversing these tedious parallels, generally called the zone of "variables" and light shifting winds; we have found them somewhat untrue to the name, for winds though light, shifting, and capricious, seem almost variable, as regards their being adverse to us.

Several days we had perpetual squalls of wind and rain, shifting of sails and tacking; the wind blowing all round the compass in an hour. These squalls were not violent, and were rather agreeable when we came to understand them. The gathering cloud was always visible for a quarter of an hour before it came, its under surface low and dark; a dark shadow on the sea, and inky streaks across the sky; then a line of white water and toppling crests; gusts and mighty heavings; and down would come the

the warning we always ran below, put our waterproofing on, and came up to enjoy the thick of the *mélée*: as I have mentioned before, there are others besides ourselves who relish these changes, namely, the sailors and deckhands; the latter being turned loose, vociferously manifest their satisfaction, and go through the ceremonies of abstinence in the most approved style, though imagination must fully aid them to realize, as they seem to do, the luxu-

rious possession of a pool. The sailors stand under the drip of a sail, and make the most of the fresh water in their own way.

For the rest, we have had brisk breezes, but determinately adverse. We spent four days off Cape St. Roque, without any progress; but it was a consolation thus to get an early sight of South America, our destined sphere of labour.

Every spot in it has a charm for us, for it may be so; and we pray that it shall receive seed from our hands, and produce in due time a blessed harvest. We were glad to sight the very first possible point of the vast continent, and to be held in the attraction of its mighty waters; the current caused by the backwater of the Amazon holding us for days spell-bound.

July 28th.

The skies are now superlatively brilliant, all the constellations of both hemispheres are visible in the course of the night, and the whole heavens appears to revolve round our heads. I must go on deck to see the Magellan clouds, which I expect to find just rising; so good night.

29th.—We are getting rather tired of the unchanging aspect of things. We have now had fair winds for some days, and there is a promise of fine weather; one day is almost exactly like another, the very squalls and storms which used to interest us so much, are so precisely like one another, that we know as well as can be, whether we are above or below, when they are coming:—first, the steady motion of the vessel is disturbed by one or two violent lurches, then there is a rushing sound of water, then the Captain's voice is heard, "Stand by your topsail halyards!" then the ship heaves a little, now the patter of rain is heard on deck, and in seven minutes all is fair again. I am called the bad-weather man, because I generally contrive, whether by day or night, to get an inkling of the approach of a storm, and I go on deck in my waterproofs, and stand on the weather side enjoying the storm; when all is over I come below looking half drowned, but in reality only a little cooled; so they say, "Now, it is Mr. O.'s watch below; the storm is over."

The weather is now delightful; I have been sitting on deck all day in my white cap, and have felt no inconvenience from heat: as it is winter here, the squalls are instead of our northern hailstorms; and the night dews, instead of

frosts; but the wind from the cold quarter, the S.W., is so balmy, as to remind us what a furnace we should have had to pass through, if our voyage had been at a different season.

I often think of that sweet passage of Scripture given us to reflect upon by our friends at Plymouth:—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall flames kindle upon thee," Isaiah xliii. 2.

The sun sets at six, P.M.; half-an-hour after it is dark; *but such darkness!* a sky flushed with bright orange, in which purple clouds are floating; the horizon, a bank of most fantastic outline. Above, great masses, like mountains moored in air; rusty bases and snowy summits relieved against a sky of perfect azure; the whole is the perfection of tender and delicate tinting; no rubics, no carmines and amethysts, as with you, but natural tints of the softest shade, and blended hues, like rainbows, distinctly, yet not absolutely passing from deep orange and pale amber, into sapphire, and thence toning softly off to the blue vault.

The exquisiteness of this blue after sunset is something that is quite unknown to Europe. The Italian sky is not like it; nor the clear azure of the Alpine regions. An early winter day in Scotland, when the air is pure and still, and the clouds rest on the mountains in downy folds, is most like of anything I can recall. Then the night, when those blue fields sparkle with gems, and star after star comes out till all is powdered and fretted with golden fire, this too, you cannot picture to yourselves; no flickering intercepts their light—twinkling there is, but it is like the more ardent glow of steel at white heat, coming in flashes to the eyes; not the feeble intermitting ray that we see at home. I spend much time in looking at the stars, and have measured all those of the first and second magnitudes and hundreds of others; sometimes I try my results with those of the ship's officers, and find that their more perfect instruments give but a mile difference from my estimates.

August 4th.

What have I further to tell! but of the continued mercies that we enjoy; by the gracious and watchful providence of God, *we have hitherto been holpen.* Thus have the winds *been all from the cold quarter all through our passage of*

the hot latitudes, and so moderate as not to cause any danger to our ship: our progress has been somewhat delayed, as if to temper our bodies to the increased heat, and carry us gently and placidly through this trial. Once only, on a Sunday after preaching in the latitude of Sierra Leone, I was overpowered by the heat; but it lasted only an hour, when the night dew fell and cooled the air.

August 18th.

More than a week has elapsed without a word written home; the cause has been, continuous, or nearly continuous storm. After two days of heavy weather the petrels arrived in great numbers; most of them were above the size of a pigeon, and were beautifully mottled; on the water they had a lively gentle look, and generally skimmed the waves, dipping now and then like swallows. With them came a black bird, with sharp wings like a grouse; on the 9th the sea rose rapidly; on the 10th all sail was shortened; on the 12th there were very heavy lurches, all things rolling about; boxes breaking loose, plates, cups, chests, drawers, all crashing and thundering together, as if a general shipwreck were impending; the water dashing to and fro over the deck, the waves thumping against our good ship; the ropes whistling and the sails resounding—billows break against our bulwarks, and a momentary expectation of something worse seizes the mind. During the stormy weather the night is disturbed by unwonted sounds, and in the morning we find the wind blowing furiously and the sea covered with foam; and storm clouds, and storm sails, and storm birds, and storm lines; we cannot move without holding by ropes, but still no sense of danger is excited, the vessel sometimes heels over a good deal, but nothing goes overboard, though we often feel as if this must be the case. A nutshell would be swamped in a teacup, but an ark is safe in a universal deluge; and our good ship resembles the ark in many ways. It resembles it, I hope, in the special providences attending it, and in a pious purpose and a God-fearing freight.

Below all is confusion, but all are cheerful; and the children, laid together at the door of the mother's cabin on pillows and cloaks, are quite enjoying it—their working, *their singing*, their reading, goes on uninterruptedly, and *when meal-time comes they stretch their hands for a supply with an alacrity*, which shows that a storm is no bad

preparation for a dinner. The table is not so orderly as usual, nor the viands so various, nor the implements so manageable; but there is neither lack of provision nor of appetite, for this weather brings a current of fresh air through the cabins.

The first storm the children were taken on deck, and sat wrapped in heavy rugs, round their kind father, who amused them by telling them stories, and letting them enjoy the sight of the almost perpendicular deck; but in these subsequent gales there has been too much rain and spray for this.

Sept. 6th.

I am now writing at Stanley, where we landed on the 4th instant. It is a beautiful spring day. How I wish I could describe the scene before me!

The bay spreads out just like one of the Scotch lakes, viz. Loch Tay; but the mountains are at the head, not at the side. Both sides are very steep; on the south is the town of Stanley, with the church and governor's house, and the line of pensioners' houses. These give to Stanley its very peculiar aspect; it looks like old Moscow, as depicted in 1547. The first of the Falklands was very cheering and beautiful; its free ranges of hills, though bleak and snow-clad, had a fine and picturesque appearance. We are receiving every attention from all—from the governor to the least subject of these her Majesty's remote possessions. How abundant are the mercies of God! Oh, may we not abuse them; but live to His glory, and specially for the promotion of this great work—the advancement of the Lord Jesus Christ's kingdom on earth!

POLYCRATES' RING.

THE story of Polycrates, tyrant (or absolute king), of Samos, an island in the Archipelago, is preserved in Herodotus, commonly called "The Father of History." Polycrates was so successful in all his undertakings, and the whole tenor of his life, that his friend Amāsis, king of Egypt, who happened to be staying with him, advised him to offer some precious possession of his to propitiate the wrath of Nemesis, the goddess of Retribution. Polycrates

accordingly threw a most valuable ring into the sea, which however was discovered shortly afterwards in a fish's mouth by a fisherman, and brought to the tyrant by the captor. The belief in the Evil Eye, or retribution that possibly awaits all worldly prosperity of any kind, whether in wealth, or handsome children, horses, or the like, is very prevalent in the East; and it is thought singularly unlucky to *praise* any of a friend's possessions, for fear of losing them at the hand of a revengeful genius. How happy is it for a Christian, on the contrary, to believe heartily that God is Love, and that the Giver of all good gifts will not call us to an account for the *possession* of blessings or talents, provided we strive to our utmost to make the best use of them!

DER RING DES POLYCRATES. (SCHILLER.)

POLYCRATES' RING.

HE stood upon the turret high,
And with a proudly happy eye
Look'd forth on Samos, all his own.
"All this is mine, yea, everything!"
So spake he to old Egypt's king—
"Confess that I am blest alone."

"The gods on thee their mercies pour,
And mightier now than heretofore,
Thy kingly sceptre wields its might;
Yet do thy peace no foes molest?
I cannot count him fully blest
'Gainst whom his foemen watch the night."

But e'er the king his speech had ended,
Lo! by triumphant train attended,
A herald from Miletus hies.
"All hail, O king! bid incense breathe,
And thy victorious host enwreath
Their brows with bays, the conqueror's prize."

"Thy foe hath fallen beneath our spear—
To tell the tale, behold me here,
Sped by thy trusty Polydore."—
Then from a bowl, close veil'd in black,
While at the sight each king shrinks back,
He draws a head besmear'd with gore.

Starts Egypt's king aside with dread—
 "Trust not to fortune, 'tis my rede,"—
 With thoughtful brow he thus replied—
 "Bethink thee how on treacherous seas,
 Which mightiest fleets engulf with ease,
 Thine other host thy gallies ride."

But scarce these words returnèd he,
 When, hark ! loud cries of jubilee
 Ring through his wonder-stricken ears :
 With foemen's spoils all heavy-laden,
 To seek in peace their well-known haven,
 A bristling wood of masts appears.

The kingly guest transported stood :
 "Fortune is in a giving mood,
 Yet frail and fickle, king ! the while.
 Fell Sparta's sons, who ne'er knew fear,
 Fierce menacing, will soon be here ;
 They hold their course towards Samos' isle."

Scarcely his tongue these words can utter,
 Lo ! from the ships gay pennons flutter—
 A thousand tongues shout "Victory !
 No rumours now of foe and fight !
 Sunk i' the sea lies Sparta's might ;
 The war is over—shout for glee !"

Sore marvell'd then th' astounded guest ;
 "Certès, I must account thee blest ;
 But for thy fortunes still I fear—
 I fear lest Envy near thee wait—
 For unmix'd joy's too blest a fate
 To fall to any mortal's share.

"Dame Fortune, too, hath smiled on me,
 In all my wars by land or sea,
 The goddess hath been gracious yet ;
 My son—the apple of mine eye—
 Heaven's will be done ! I saw him die.
 E'en so I paid Success her debt.

"But wouldst thou fain escape from woe,
 To the unseen goddess' altar go,
 And crave a change from joy to rue :
 For never saw I happy ending,
 Where Nemesis, no whit befriending,
 So lavish doth her bounties strew.

“ And, now the gods are unaware,
List to an ancient comrade’s prayer ;
Go, call Ill-luck thyself to thee,
And what of all thy cherish’d treasure
Thine heart may prize in highest measure,
That take and throw it in the sea ! ”

Then trembling doth his friend begin—
“ Of all this island girdles in,
This Ring I deem my chiefest good ;
This, Nemesis, thine own shall be—
Nor grudge me my prosperity.”
He said, and hurl’d it in the flood.

But when the dawn first streak’d the sky,
A fisherman, with jocund eye,
And eager step, doth audience crave.
“ This fish, great sir, lay in my net—
The like to which ne’er saw I yet—
Accept it from thine humble slave.”

But scarce the cook had ope’d the prize,
When forward to his liege he flies,
And cries, with pallid looks of fear—
“ See here ! the ring you threw away,
Within the fish full safely lay ;
O king ! thy fortune hath no peer.”

Amāsis, then, his host address’d—
“ I can no more remain thy guest—
My friend thou canst no longer be—
The goddess now *must* work thee woe,
And lest I fall with thee, I go ; ”
And to his ships forth fareth he.

H. R. P.

CHAPTERS ON MEMORY.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING in my former chapters offered you some remarks on the best methods of aiding the memory, I now proceed to mention certain modes of treatment which aim at strengthening the faculty itself.

The best and most essential strengthener of memory is exercise. Every day, without exception, some few verses

the lines of poetry or sentences of prose should be by heart, and this should be done with perfect accuracy. Do not allow yourself in repeating your little task to substitute one word for another, though your own word expresses the meaning perfectly well, and if your self-lesson is only a few nouns, with their translated Italian names, do not leave off learning them till you can repeat them in their order, though that order may be arbitrary. On Saturday devote half an hour to looking over the little tasks of the week, and say them again. You may not accurately retain the words of your sentences: if this is the case, note whether the thought of which you learned each sentence is still remembered, and carefully learn all over again. You will soon notice that the better a sentence is composed, the more striking the thought it contains, the easier it is to learn and remember it. Such sentences, for instance, flowing from the works of Archbishop Whately, are easy to remember; they contain striking thoughts, expressed in simple and terse language, and they are well remembered.

For the *dying man*, the death bed is the best time for making his peace with God; simply because he has no time for any one else, it is the very worst."

Though a man may go beyond what is required of some, no one can go beyond his *own* duty. It is plain, that no human virtue can have merit in God's eyes, any natural claim to reward."

It has been said that in former times, and *for* those monasteries were commendable Institutions. But to say this, when contrasting the learning, peace, and order of the monasteries, with the ignorance and disorder and perpetual wars of 'the middle ages' forgets that it was the very system of which these were a part, which made the world so dark and unquiet, and then like a wreck which has reduced a fine building to a shattered mass, held together the fragments of that ruin."

It is not denial, but doubt, that is opposed to *credulity*. To believe is to believe. And there may be cases in which credulity may amount to the most extravagant incredulity. For instance, if any one should 'doubt whether there is any truth in the story of the *try as Egypt*,' he would be in fact believing the incredible proposition, that 'it is possible for many

thousands of persons unconnected with each other to have agreed, for successive ages, in bearing witness to the existence of a fictitious country, without being detected, contradicted, or suspected.' ”

On the other hand, there are numerous writers whose sentiments and thoughts are well worth laying up in the memory, but who use such a redundancy of words, such long periods, or so much parenthesis, that you will find it extremely difficult to learn their sentences, and it will not be well to task your powers by attempting to do so. This custom of exercising the memory, easy and simple as it is, will prevent the faculty from deteriorating ; and if you wish to increase its capabilities, tax them further. We must all have noticed how much the power to remember expands in matters connected with a man's business. The draper, if he sells as many as twelve or twenty articles to his customer, all being of different lengths and price, generally remembers each, as he sets it down in his bill, with its proper complement of yards and quarters of yards, and its price to a farthing. The dressmaker, taking perhaps twenty orders for dresses in the course of one morning, never makes up for one customer the silk sent her by another, and generally recollects their multifarious orders about flounces, sleeves, and hems, and attends to their requirements for particular fringes, ribbons, buttons, &c. What a vast number of little items keep place in her memory ! yet she started in life with one no better than yours.

A second essential towards the improvement of this faculty is the acquisition of habits of attention.

How commonly we hear it said, “ I cannot be attentive to what does not interest me ! ”

Perhaps two or three girls and their mother are sitting at work, while a brother reads to them ; one of the girls with a dreamy air sits looking into the fire, and listlessly taps the palm of her hand with the knitting needle. “ My dear,” the mother observes, “ you do not seem to be attending.” She answers as above, “ I cannot command my attention to what does not interest me.”

Now everything that conveys information of any kind, ought to be interesting to an intelligent mind. Why, then, is not this girl able to be attentive and to feel interested ? *or, what is more to the purpose, why are not you interested in every book that is worth reading ?*

If you examine this matter fairly, I think you will find that one great cause of your unexcited attention is ignorance. The less you know of history—natural history—the history of language—of mind—of man's inventions—his manufactures—his discoveries—the less you will care to know. But the more intimately you investigate one particular branch of one of these subjects, the more you will, without effort, find your attention won, and your interest excited; and this interest will gradually spread to other branches of the same subject. The way to gain, as it were, your own attention, is not to lay up skeletons and sketches of dry knowledge, nor to learn many things superficially, but thoroughly to master one.

"I cannot bear history," said an intelligent girl; "I never could, but I try to conceal the fact, because I feel ashamed of it."

"Is there any one history that you dislike less than others?" inquired the person to whom she had spoken.

"Yes, I think I feel a faint interest in the history of Athens—only Athens, mind—not that weary Greece; and I only care even for Athens while she is rising and prospering."

"Then I advise you to collect all the books you can on her history," said the friend; "compare them, and learn all you can about her struggles, her battles, civilization, geography, arts, customs, opinions, great characters, and then read books of travels describing her present state."

The young student did as she was bidden; her attention was won; the more she investigated, the more she was interested; and her interest spread from Athens to all the countries whom she had conquered, and through whose valour she ultimately succumbed.

It had been ignorance that had made her consider history uninteresting; her unexcited attention had never grasped the subject, or looked steadily into it; and you will find that ignorance is at the bottom of your own want of interest.

"They have sent us a whole book about zoophytes from the library," said a young lady; "horrid slimy things, I take no interest in them."

Shortly after she went to the sea-side; it was a rocky shore, and at low tide innumerable little pools were laid bare, which were fringed with delicate green, and purple, and red sea-weed, and floored with close white sand. She

went as others did upon the rocks, and peeping into the shallow pools, saw tiny hermit crabs crawling about in them, and little fishes darting about. Then on the long brown banners of the dulse she saw little white whelks walking and feeding, and she saw the sea anemones putting out their long green feelers tipped with pink, and bathing them in the stilly water; beautiful things they were, some of a deep red, with very long flower-like points edged with a vivid green line, some spotted with blue, and some shaking out slender filaments of the richest grey. She went again and again, and then in a boat further from the shore, she saw under the ledge of a rock that was barely uncovered at the lowest tide, those beautiful creations called the sea-carnation, spreading like quilled dahlias, rose coloured, or lilac striped with white, or glistening under water in the sunshine, like large flowers of the richest orange. She procured some of them, and kept them in sea-water with weed; some of the weed turned the water red, some killed the anemones; she got more; she tried them with all the sea-weeds of that coast; she walked for miles to procure some of a different kind, which the fishermen had recommended; she studied several books; she watched their habits, but at last they all died, just as she had discovered that they ought not to have had any weed at all. She came home, and saw the book she had despised lying about; she read it eagerly, and exclaimed, "Ah, if I had only thought of that interesting book before, I might have saved my *dear beautiful* sea anemones!"

"Horrid slimy things!" exclaimed her aunt, unconsciously repeating her former words; "I cannot but be glad they did not live to come here, my dear."

"Oh, aunt," said their late owner with great truth, "you only call them horrid because you have not been on the rocks as I have; you would be delighted with them if you knew anything about them." The aunt, upon this, remarked that on such a subject, "ignorance was bliss:" the niece became an intelligent naturalist.

Her attention had been arrested, and she discovered, as you will do, that all subjects which interest intelligent people are interesting to you, as soon as you begin really to *know* something about them, and what you begin to learn *with a real feeling* of curiosity and interest, you will have *no need to complain* that you cannot remember.

But I must pass on to a third strengthener of the memory, which is the placing a due dependence on it. This is very essential. As the eyes, if they see through spectacles needlessly strong, adapt themselves to the lens, and very soon cannot see with weaker, so the memory, if you give it the needless help of tablets, leans on them and dismisses the subject recorded on them so completely, that sometimes we even forget to look at our tablets till it is too late to be helped by them.

I would advise you not to weaken your habits of attention, and indulge idleness, by writing down all the little every-day matters that you want to recollect; and if you have been in the habit of doing so hitherto, you will find the advantage of leaving it off; for the knowledge that you have no record of what is to be remembered will keep your mind alert, and prevent you from falling into one of those fits of absence which formerly made tablets useful. You must not, if you wish to have a good memory, allow yourself in the custom of wandering from the matter in hand, building castles in the air as you walk to a shop for instance, and then taking out your list and checking off the articles as you buy them; for that quality which we truly and beautifully call *presence* of mind, is really as well as in name the reverse of this kind of absence and day-dreaming. Presence of mind, besides being ready for an emergency, takes note of passing scenes, is conscious of changes, observes objects of interest, collects information. But absence of mind notes nothing, it is recalled to actual life with a start and a stupid feeling of awkwardness, for it feels that in straying away, it had deserted its post. In short, absence of mind destroys attention, weakens memory, and strikes at the root of all improvement.

I will now bring forward the last strengthener of memory with which I shall burden yours. It may be characterized in one word as moderation.

One reason why we remember so little, is that we read so much. Hundreds and thousands of young people read at least three or four volumes every week, and half of those they read, not only without the slightest attention, or even wish to remember their contents, but with the full consciousness that they really are not worth a place in their memory. *This is not only a great waste of time, and a fatal bar to improvement, but it also deprives those who*

indulge in it of nearly all the pleasure they might have in the reading itself. They race through the books without perceiving half their beauties, or feeling any of their pathos.

Nothing can be more desultory than the modern mode of reading. You probably subscribe to a library, or to some large book club, which supplies you with magazines, and also with nearly all the new publications, religious and secular, besides which you borrow books of your friends, principally religious biography. None of these books remain long in the house—you read some, skim through others, and dip into the remainder; yet going into society you are asked if you have read such and such a book. You confess with a blush that you have not, wonder is expressed, you feel quite ashamed, and lose no time in getting the book. You find that it treats on a subject that you understand very little about and have never been grounded in, but though it is beyond your powers to profit by it, you make a point of reading the easy and illustrated chapters, and then you throw the book aside, knowing scarcely anything more about the science it treats upon than you did when you opened it.

All this is childish, and quite unworthy of any intelligent being. The two or three hours that you daily waste in careless, hurried, or desultory reading, would, if properly spent, make you well informed on every subject that it is desirable you should understand.

If you do not wish to clog your memory with useless and crude particulars, and confused unsatisfactory notions, you must learn to say, "I have not read such a book, and do not think of reading it. I know nothing of such a subject, and have no time to begin reading upon it at present." You must learn to let interesting books come into the house and go out again without being opened by you; you must decide to refrain from reading inferior books, and to study all that you do read as things to be understood and remembered. Moreover, you must not be continually changing your subject: when you have read one interesting book on the history of a given nation, the geography of a particular country, the biography of a certain great man, get other *books on the same nation, country, or individual*; see how *the second historian* differs from the first, and make up *your mind* which you agree with. Remark how the second

traveller throws light on the descriptions of the first. Consider which of the two biographers has written most fairly, and try to discover whether either was serving his own religious views, his own party politics, or his own family feelings in describing his hero's character. When you have done this, you will really have acquired information, and your knowledge being defined and correct as well as full, your memory will not fail to retain it.

"This is true," you may think, "but while I am reading two or three books in this way, a dozen may pass out of my reach, and I shall know absolutely nothing about them."

Certainly they will, but in your former way of reading, not only the dozen, but also the two or three properly read would have passed out of your reach, and you would never have known anything worth mentioning about one of them!

Finally, I would remind you, that the cultivation of all the faculties of our mind is a duty not to be neglected without sin. It is in fact, as may be truly said of all the duties of a christian, a religious duty. If our very eating and drinking, the mere satisfying of our animal appetites, is to be "all done to the glory of God," how much more should the cultivation of our higher faculties be to His glory, not only because obedience to His will demands their cultivation, but because they constitute one of the most important of those talents committed to our charge—a talent, moreover, on which mainly depends not only our own happiness as reasonable creatures, but our usefulness to others!

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE DESERT OF SINAI; Notes of a spring journey from Cairo to Beersheba (Dr. Bonar).—Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

THE BRIAR AND MYRTLE (Miss Tucker).—Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

THE LAWS OF HEALTH (Rev. J. W. Mailler).—Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: Groombridge and Son.

AMELIA MAXWELL.—Wertheim and Macintosh.

HOWE'S STORIES FOR SUNDAY SCHOLARS.—In packets.—Wertheim and Macintosh.

REWARD PICTURES, ILLUSTRATING THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. In Packets.—Wertheim and Macintosh.

THE HERALD OF PEACE.

It may be remarked concerning intelligent travellers in Palestine, and in the desert route of the Children of Israel, that, whether they have set out with the express hope and intention of throwing fresh light upon the Scriptural narrative; whether they have set out with the contrary hope of bringing it into discredit, and explaining its most striking miracles as the result of natural causes; or whether they have gone with no better motive than to explore an interesting region, and write an entertaining book; the effect in all cases is the same. The christian, the sceptic, and the mere tourist; the unitarian, the Roman catholic, the learned, and the unlearned; he that fain *would*, and he that fain would *not*,—coming home and writing his book, throws light upon the sacred narrative; assists by his descriptions to fix the scenes in the minds of Bible readers; explains to the simple some allusion to Eastern life; renders clear the reason for some Divine command; exhibits some aptness and beauty in illustration, not hitherto understood; or clears up some doubt, long struggled against, by descriptions which make all plain.

Let the traveller only describe what he sees; and whether he will or no, he becomes a witness for the Bible. Let him strive to set up some theory which dishonours the simplicity of the sacred historian, or does away with the miracles that the Christian delights to contemplate as evidence of the sovereign power of God; and it seems to be ordained that he shall tax the credulity of his readers far more, if they are to believe his explanation, than if they content themselves to believe what is written.

It need scarcely be said that Dr. Bonar belongs to the first-mentioned class of travellers; and that his narrative has its own peculiar uses and interests, though it adds little to our actual knowledge of the localities he visited, as regards their physical geography; and though it clears up no difficulties as concerns historical sites. He belongs to the order of christian travellers, whose privilege it is to point out many beautiful illustrations of Scripture which he observed in those barren regions; and to refute some of those unbelieving theories, which if duly faced and followed to their inevitable results, plead for miracles far more stupendous than any which actually took place.

Space does not allow of long quotations; but one illustration will serve as a sample of many others:—

“Heights above Beersheba, *Feb. 15.*—Our camels were *scattered* on the numerous slopes in search of food. On these *heights the hills* abounded with grass, and low shrubs between. *I noticed that the camels did not touch the lilies at all, but*

cropped what lay between : it reminded me of the words, 'He feedeth *among* the lilies' (Cant. ii. 10). We did not here see any flocks feeding, or any 'young harts' leaping ; but in other places we had frequent occasion to notice the sheep and lambs browsing on the like pastures, *among* but not *on* the lilies ; for while the lily furnishes no acceptable food for flocks and herds, it seems by the shade of its high broad leaves to retain the moisture, and so to nourish herbage wherever it grows. The place of lilies would thus be the place of the richest pasture ; as Solomon evidently indicates when, again using the figure, he speaks of 'the young roes which feed *among* the lilies' (Cant. iv. 5, and again vi. 3). They grew in almost incredible number and luxuriance, often when nothing else flourished ; corroborating the prophet's allusion, 'He shall grow *as the lily*' (Hosea xiv. 5). Their tapering leaf is richly green, and hence the 'heap of wheat set about with 'lilies' (Cant. vii. 2) would form by the contrast an object of no common beauty ; the pale yellow and the vivid green setting off each other, as the leaf of the primrose does its own yellow blossom. Close to these lilies grew several of the thorn shrubs of the desert ; but above them rose the lily, spreading out its fresh leaf of green, as a contrast to the dingy verdure of those prickly shrubs, 'As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters' (Cant. ii. 2). Whether this be the lily of the valley, I do not know. It grows on hill and valley all over the region. Nor is it of one species only as we could easily see, though only one species was in flower. That which was in flower the Arabs called *usweih*. It was larger than the others, and shot up its lilac hyacinth-looking flowers, from a tapering stalk sometimes two feet long."

His remarks on the theory of Lepsius, "who wonders how any one can believe Israel's manna to be anything else than the true desert honey," are well worthy of attention. On entering Wady-es-Sidreh he writes, "As it must have been somewhere in this neighbourhood that the manna was first given (Numb. xxxiii. 12 ; Exod. xiii. 1—4), it may be well to notice the theory which makes it a mere natural growth ; the produce of the tarfa-tree.

"It is impossible that it could be, for such reasons as the following : (1.) The tarfa exudes only small quantities of what we call manna. The Arabs could not exist upon it for a week ; a whole Wady full of tarfas would not exude enough to support half-a-dozen travellers. Will those who adopt this theory put it to the test by going to Wady Ghurandel *without provisions, and trusting to the tarfa for food* ? They will *get water there, and if their hypothesis be the correct one,*

they will find enough upon the tarfas to sustain them. If these trees fed two or three millions, they will surely feed two or three individuals, especially as Ghurandel seems more productive now than in past ages. The theory is absurd, and its absurdity is easily shown. Suppose the desert was planted with apple-trees, would these feed two millions? Now a good sized apple-tree will contain a hundred times more food than the largest tarfa of the desert. (2.) The tarfa only exudes at certain seasons, March and April. When we passed through the desert there were no exudations; every branch was bare and dry. Isrsel required manna at all seasons. Grant that they entered the desert just at the *proper season*, that would not supply them for the rest of the year. The manna was not confined to any month or season, but was found at all times. (3.) The tarfa does not yield its exudations regularly, even once a year. It sometimes omits four or five years, and cannot be reckoned on; but Israel was fed for forty years upon the exudations of the manna, as it is written, 'The children of Israel did eat manna forty years' (Exod. xvi. 35). Two millions of people fed for forty years upon the exudations of the tarfa! He who believes this need stumble at no miracle. (4.) The exudations of the tarfa *come out* from the branches of the tree; they do not *come down* from the air or sky. But Israel's manna is several times over said, to fall from heaven: 'He commanded the clouds from above, and opened the doors of heaven, and rained down manna upon them to eat, and gave them of the corn of heaven' (Psalm lxxviii. 24). (6.) The taste of the ancient manna, was as the taste of fresh oil. No one who has tasted the tarfa manna would compare it to oil. While we are writing this a pot of it stands before us, and we have tasted it again for the twentieth time, but can find no resemblance to oil in its flavour. It is like brown sugar mixed with water (10.) The tarfa manna is medicine, not food. No Arab family think of feeding on it. It is, moreover, *purgative*, and it would hardly do to feed a man on purgative medicine, and nothing else, all the days of his life. (11.) The ancient manna was a thing quite unknown to the Israelites: 'He fed thee with manna which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know' (Deut. viii. 3). 'They wist not what it was' (Exod. xvi. 15). Surely they would know what the exudation of a desert tree was. Surely Moses could have told them its proper name; for he had been forty years in this very desert. Every day that we were in Egypt we saw rows of *tarfa-trees* on every side of us, and had we been there in *March and April* should, doubtless, have seen them exuding. *Nothing can be more unlikely than that Israel did not know*

these trees and their fruits. . . . (12.) It is an established physiological fact, that no one can feed long on one single substance with impunity. If one had only *wheat* to eat he could not live long; for even it does not contain all the elements necessary for the nourishment of the body. Much more is this true of fruit; and especially so of the fruit which is not in itself at all nourishing; which is rather medicinal than nutrimental. So that if Israel had lived upon the manna of the tarfa-tree, two miracles would have been necessary,—one to render the tarfas about ten thousand times more productive than they are (and this all the year through); and then another, to keep the children of Israel in bodily health while living on that one article. Without the first miracle, they could not have been fed on it; and without the second, they would have died in a few weeks. If Israel's manna were really a new created thing from God, there is no difficulty, either as to its amount or its quality. The God who made it and sent it, would see that it was right. Just one miracle was necessary, and no more. A great one, I admit, and a continuous one; but what is that to the God who made all the processes of nature, and who can work as well without them, as easily as with them? Why this dread and dislike of a miracle? Why this wish either to evade it, or reduce it to its minimum? Is it so terrible a thing that God should come nigh us to bless us?"

These extracts will serve to show the nature of the work, and they may be left to speak for themselves, as to its value and interest.

The "Briar and Myrtle." This most interesting little book contains an account of a young East Indian female who, under very peculiar circumstances, came into the guardianship of one of the missionaries sent out by the Church Missionary Society to Masulipatam, which is situated in the Telugu country, close to the sea, and near the northernmost mouth of the River Kistna. This mission was only formed in the year 1841, when the Rev. R. T. Noble and the Rev. H. W. Fox offered themselves for the work, and arrived in August. But one of the missionaries, Mr. Fox, had scarcely been settled in his new place more than a year, when, whilst diligently engaged in learning the language and in making himself acquainted with the habits of the people, his health gave way, and, accompanied by his wife and their infant, he set out for Madras.

It was a sorrowful journey; the best they could hope was that, instead of being ordered to England, they might be permitted to try the air of the Neilgherry hills; but even this

would take them away from the special work to which they had devoted themselves, and leave their beloved friend and fellow-labourer alone and unsupported ; but it was so ordered, that this long, slow, palanquin journey and this parting from their appointed station, was to be the means of placing under their care the heathen child who was to grow up and adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour—the “Briar” that was to become the lovely and fragrant “Myrtle.”

About the same time that they performed this journey, it appears that a Native woman, in good circumstances, travelled also from Masulipatam to Madras, with her two children,—Mary, the subject of the Memoir, and a son. And shortly after their arrival, Mr. — the Master in Equity of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras, called on the Rev. J. Tucker, then connected with the Church Missionary Society, and related to him the following circumstances :—

“It appeared that, about twelve years before, an English gentleman on the Madras establishment had died, leaving a son and daughter, (whose mother was a Native heathen woman of Masulipatam,) under the guardianship of two of his own friends, with a request that they might be sent to England for education. The guardians, however, gave themselves little or no concern about their wards, and instead of complying with the request of their father, suffered the mother to take them back with her to Masulipatam, *and bring them up as heathen natives.*

“Their father had bequeathed them some small property, and this, from circumstances into which it would not be worth while to enter, had lately come into the hands of the Supreme Court ; and it became necessary that the mother and children should visit Madras in order that matters might be arranged, and another guardian appointed. It belonged to the Master in Equity to appoint another guardian, and after relating the above to Mr. Tucker, he went on to say that the mother wished him to appoint a Portuguese Roman Catholic, whose only object avowedly was the small pecuniary advantage he would derive from it, and who was to deliver the children again to their heathen mother, to be carried back to Masulipatam.” Mr. — added, that he had endeavoured to find another guardian, but had not succeeded.

As Mr. Tucker listened to this recital he was greatly moved. “You may suppose,” he wrote, “that my heart burned within me, and I did not hesitate to say I would be *the guardian, if I could.* The lawyer’s papers were all ready ; *at half-past twelve* that very day the Portuguese was to be *appointed guardian,* and the woman and children would return

to their heathen home and darkness, and the girl given up probably to be a dancing girl to some horrid idol. I found that if I became guardian, the children would be (except that their father's property would partly support them) altogether as my children. I felt the difficulty, especially in regard to the girl, who is between fourteen and fifteen; but the path of duty seemed clear, and the way of managing must be left to the providence of God."

Many difficulties were raised by the mother's lawyers, but the rights of the case were plain; the Protestant Christian father, who had caused his children to be baptized into his own church, and appointed Protestant guardians, must have, undoubtedly, intended that they should be brought up as Protestant Christians; but for more than a fortnight the legal squabbles went on, while Mr. Tucker daily attended at the Court-house, anxiously awaiting the result.

The narrative continues: "Brought up as they had been in ignorance of, or rather, in prejudice against Christianity and European habits, it was not to be wondered at that they yielded to their mother's influence, and joined with her in strongly protesting against, and endeavouring to set aside, the proposed arrangement. One of these attempts we will describe; but the better to understand the scene, our readers must picture to themselves the mother and children in their native costume—such as is usually worn by Hindoos of a somewhat higher class.

The girl's dress was a long red Indian shawl with a deep border, carefully and gracefully wrapped round her whole person, and so arranged that it could at pleasure be drawn over the head and face. The arms, hands, and feet were uncovered, except that they, as well as her throat and neck, were loaded with jewels; and the jingling baubles round her ankles reminded one of "the tinkling ornaments about the feet," of which the Jewish women were so fond.

The boy was dressed in a white cotton upper dress, and his feet, like his sister's, were bare.

"Yesterday," Mr. Tucker writes, "the children were examined by the Master. The daughter, who is a fine girl, but of a high spirit, came in first, and a chair was placed for her; her mother sitting on the floor by a pillar, a little behind her. No one was present but the Master, the Company's solicitor, myself, and the interpreter. I wish you could have seen and heard her; her cloth thrown over her head, barely hiding her face, with its fine expression, but every now and then animated with indignation and putting on a frown, and raising her voice to the unpleasant scolding note of the native women

of this country. When asked if she knew anything of Christianity, or had ever been in a place of Christian worship, she put her head back, and with great independence and decision, and with her hands lifted up with the palms turned from her, as expressive of a disclaimer, she said, 'No, never, I know nothing about it. I know nothing of Christianity, and I do not intend to be a Christian. I have been brought up a Hindoo.' When asked if she had ever been called by the name of *Mary*, she said, 'No! she had never heard of that name till she came to Madras. Her name was *Maha Latchmi* (the chief wife of the God Vishnoo).'

"The boy, on being asked the same questions, replied that he was not a Christian, he 'made *poojah* to his own God.' And both entreated to be sent back to Masulipatam. The girl rose up and said, 'We are all sick, this water makes us ill; if we stay here we shall die; we want to drink the water from our mother's well; but we will come whenever you send for us.'"

The case, however, was plain; the Judges confirmed the Master's appointment, and Mr. Tucker became their legally appointed guardian. The boy was to reside in the Mission-house, where his sister could have intercourse with him whenever she pleased, and where he was to learn English, and when sufficiently advanced in it, attend the grammar-school. For the girl, an opening in Providence presented itself. The Missionary and his wife, who had so disconsolately journeyed from the station in Masulipatam, and who had been so diligently studying the Telugu language, which was the only language spoken by the Englishman's heathen daughter, were ordered to the Neilgherries for a year. They had not left Madras when the decision of the judges took place; and, deeply interested in the whole matter, and undeterred by the unavoidable difficulties and discomforts that such an arrangement would involve, they offered to take *Mary* with them.

The girl, thus rescued by a marvellous Providence, and taken from a heathen home to the companionship of a pious English matron, was at first sullen, then wilful, then capricious, but afterwards was ambitious to be dressed like an English lady, and to talk and eat as the English about her did. She next gave her confidence and affection to her Christian protectors, and finally became an ardent Bible student, and a sincere convert to Christianity. The whole narrative is deeply *interesting*, and very remarkable, both as an exhibition of *God's watchful providence*, and of man's unthinking neglect. *It is astonishing* to find that even careless professing Christ-

ians could suffer the heathen mother to take away the children, immure them among Hindoos, and bring them up "as heathen natives."

"The Laws of Health," by the Rev. J. W. Mailler, of Huntley, is a very useful little treatise, which appears to have been read as a public lecture before a Literary Institution; it chiefly addresses itself to the more intelligent among the working classes; and without attempting to induce them by any means to dispense with professional assistance, it contains so much information in a small space, regarding the essential laws which must be obeyed, if health is to be preserved, that it may be studied by all with advantage. The rich man's health is his greatest luxury; the poor man's health is his maintenance. The rich man may live on without health, though the enjoyment of his life has vanished with it; but the poor man, with his health, generally loses the means of living, and the means for re-establishing it; he gets from ill to worse, and at last he must frequently pay with his life for that ignorance of the essential requisites for health, which first caused him to forfeit the inestimable blessing. We all know that we cannot live long without food, shelter, and clothing; but we do not all know that we cannot live long without fresh air, exercise, and due attention to cleanliness; to demonstrate that this is the case, and to show why it is the case, is the object of this lecture; which, together with all works on the same subject, must force on the intelligent mind the fact, that *many*, if not *most* forms of disease, especially those sweeping epidemics, those raging fevers, and those wasting consumptions, which we are accustomed to regard as the direct visitations of Divine providence—evils to which we must bow with submission, and which to murmur against is to murmur against God—are in truth the result of our own negligence, our own ignorance, and our own obstinacy; and that instead of sitting still and trying to be resigned to these lamentable effects, it is our duty to rise up and root out the cause.

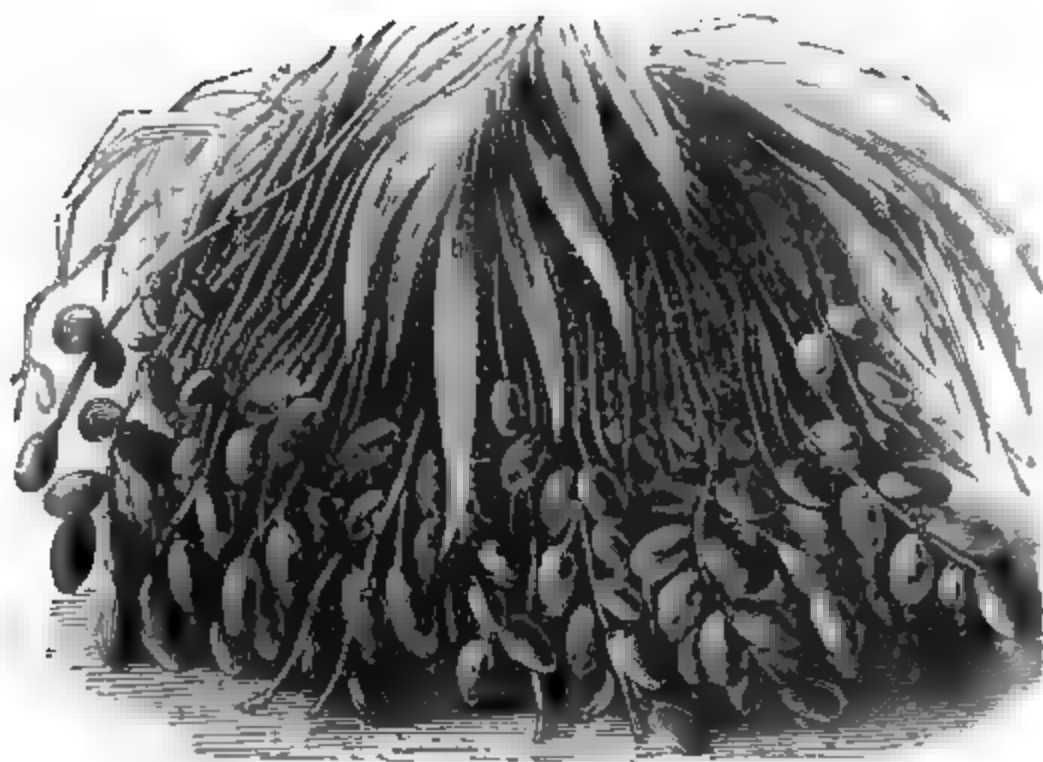
"Amelia Maxwell; or, a Father's Legacy," is a little tale intended for the young. The sentiments and the tendency are good; but this is not all that is required in a professed relation of human feelings, and a description of events; and the writer of this tale has not yet acquired the art of describing, naturally, or the power to conceive and delineate characters, such as are to be met with in this "work-a-day world."

Concerning "Howe's Stories for Sunday Scholars," it may be said that they are all such as Sunday Scholars will read, which is a great recommendation; for I remember many books, that I *know from after examination* were good in themselves;

and yet which, when I, John Samuel, was a little boy, were not good as regards me, for I never thought of reading them. Now these little books are such as the juvenile mind will contemplate with pleasure; moreover, each has a picture on the outside; and let me remind you (if you have forgotten the fact), that ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago, as the case may be, there were finer pictures in the world than any that exist now: you, yourself, had pictures in your possession, some coloured and some plain, of such value and significance, such splendour and merit, that the "Turners," now exhibited at Marlborough-house, are nothing to them!

But if you would have approved the plain wood-cuts that adorn the above-mentioned stories, what would you have thought of "The Reward Pictures, illustrating the Book of Proverbs?" You never had such pictures in your childhood, therefore you cannot tell. Printing in colours—and such soft warm colours!—was not invented then, unlucky child that you were. In the pictures bought for you, a dab of staring red, or flaming yellow, represented a skirt; your ladies were hideous, in deep blue scarfs; your trees were one blotch of green, with the black outlines showing through; your kings, sitting on their thrones with their crowns on, had a deep patch of red on either cheek; and your tigers were striped, with no regard to symmetry: yet you were happy in the contemplation of these pictures; you had a notion that they were meritorious or costly: therefore you need not regret the past; and as for the future, let other children delight themselves with pictures such as those now before me; and learn their texts and verses from these cards, with their pretty coloured scenes at the top, and their border of what a little girl quaintly called, a "beautiful frame made of pink and green *gilding*."

"The Herald of Peace," for the past month (February), contains a full and interesting account of the present Chinese war; together with copies of the Native protests.



PALM-TREES.

THE caravan, pursuing its way over the pathless desert, hastens on to escape the noonday heat under the shade of some well-known palm-tree, just as, in more peopled regions, the halting-place of the traveller is the lordly hotel or the village inn. We are, perhaps, in the habit of admiring only the beauty of the tree, as a picturesque and familiar object in an eastern landscape; but a long journey in Egypt, or some other parts of Africa, would possibly make us think not less of its elegance, and certainly feel more its usefulness. Shade is life in those parts, and the wide-spread canopy of the palm is the living shield which nature holds between the traveller and the tropical sun. Remains of the fruit and leaves are found so abundantly in the earlier formations of the earth, that geologists argue that the tree must have been one among the

first created. However this may be, we have, at least, certain testimony to its existence in very ancient times, and that in such a way as to prove its importance. We read that Deborah “dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah;” and we find that the reason why the children of Israel halted at Elim was, the threescore and ten palm-trees there, and the twelve fountains of water.

The palm-tree spoken of in Scripture is generally supposed to be of that species which produces the date; and of it, and its cultivation and fruit, we shall have more to say presently.

It belongs to a vast family in the vegetable kingdom, as under the general name of “palm” it is computed that there are no fewer than a thousand different species. Though some few species never attain to any great height, the general characteristics are very marked: a tall cylindrical stem, without branches, of nearly the same circumference throughout, and crowned above with a tuft of leaves, large and wide-spreading. They are seen sometimes solitary, “spotting the wilderness,” sometimes collected in forests and covering miles of ground. The stem is hard on the exterior, but softer towards the centre, and is covered with the sheaths of old leaves, or the marks left by them, and by which it has been supposed that the age of the tree might be computed, as by the rings in the wood of other trees. It is, however, perhaps, a safer way to judge of the age, at least to a certain extent, by the height; for the growth of the palm is tolerably uniform, about as much being added to its stature in any one year as in the previous one. We say to a certain extent, for your Arab is as jealous for the honour of his favourite tree, as of his friend the camel. He tells us that the palm will live for eight hundred years; but if this be true, and the tree could *be supposed to have been growing all the while, the tops of some would certainly be at a most gigantic*

height: so he helps us out of this difficulty by saying that the growth stops altogether after a length of years. Some species attain to an immense height; in extreme cases, as much as 180 feet. Their home is within the tropics, and they thrive best near water in a sandy soil, especially if there be saline particles in it. They may be seen no doubt, occasionally, beyond those limits; they are met with in Spain; and, in Italy the English traveller first greets them on that most beautiful of all roads, which, following every indentation of the Mediterranean coast, connects Nice with Genoa. But, as a rule, great heat and little variation in it are so essential for them, that they do not in such cases gain their full height and strength.

“ They cannot quit their place of birth ;
They will not live in other earth.”

The botanical name “*palma*,” which embraces all the species, was first applied from a fancied resemblance to a hand (*palma*), in the spreading leaves. If the resemblance does not strike us, we must be content, in this as in many things, to see with others’ eyes as well as with our own; just as we accept the name of Great Bear for a constellation, though we might not have been imaginative enough to have pictured the form of the animal by the arrangement of the several stars; or as we can still call a Lombard a Lombard, without referring to the origin of the name (*Longobardus*, or long-beard).

Of the more useful species of the palm-tribe may be mentioned the *Cocos nucifera*, from which is obtained the cocoa-nut; the *Areca catechu*, from which comes the betel-nut; and several species which, growing in Borneo, and other islands of the Indian Ocean, produce sago. But of none is the produce so important and so varied, as that of the Date palm (*Phœnix dactylifera*). *Phœnix* is the old Greek name for the tree, and *dactylifera*, i. e. *dactyl*—whence date-bearing—signifies that the branches of fruit appear somewhat in the shape of

the fingers (dactyli) of the hand. This tree is a native of Africa and the East, and grows to a height of from 50 to 100 feet; its leaves spread forth from the top to the length of eight or nine feet. It is cultivated with the greatest care in the regions beyond Mount Atlas, the only inhabited part of the great desert of Sahara, where it affords almost the sole sustenance of the natives. There it grows in forests, the several trees being planted at a distance of about twelve feet apart: occasionally interspersed with them are seen the clustering almond, the purpling pomegranate, and the loving vine; for the grape too ripens here with the heat, though the sun's rays cannot reach it through the compact covering of leaves overhead. Little channels are formed to convey the water, and around each tree a trough is dug to hold it longer; and when the fruit appears some branches are lopped off to improve the growth of the rest. Dates are produced on trees of three or four years' growth, but not in perfection before fifteen or twenty years. The best come from Tunis. They are preserved in one of the following ways: either, simply pressed till they are dry; or pressed more gently, and afterwards moistened with their own juice; or they are packed at once in baskets or skins, and moistened with the juice of other dates. This last process is by far the best. The crop is gathered towards the end of November, and the branches are hung up in a very dry place out of the reach of insects. The Arabs themselves will subsist for long journeys on this food alone, which they eat either in its natural state, or hardened in the sun and ground into a sort of meal. They have besides many ways of drawing supplies from the tree; they strip the bark of young trees and eat what is within, which they call the marrow; they make incisions in the trunk, and drink the sap under the name of milk; *they even eat the young leaves*; and sometimes the *expressed juice of the fruit is drunk*: this from its great

sweetness, is called honey. It would be impossible to enumerate all the uses to which the trunk and leaves are applied; they satisfy, in a word, almost all the domestic and industrial wants of a simple people, by furnishing materials for building, and implements of agriculture.

Even the stones of the fruit are not without their uses, but when bruised, or softened with water, serve for food for the sheep and the camel. The tree is propagated either by shoots, or from the seed which is found within the stone of the fruit; but the best dates come from trees reared in the former way.

And now that we have noticed some few of the beneficial ends answered by one species of the palm, we cannot quit the subject without recurring to an association which it has for both Christian and Pagan. The elasticity of the tree is such, that it is said to rise in spite of any pressure which may be laid upon it, and this fact has suggested it to many nations as a fit emblem of victory and triumph. The lively fancy of the Greeks first saw the appropriateness of the symbol; and at their world-famed contests the highest honour which a chivalrous nation conferred upon the victor was a simple branch of the emblematic tree. He who returned with this trophy threw a new splendour over the tribe in which he was enrolled.

The same emblem was adopted by the Christians. As the purified state of the saints is figuratively represented by white robes, so is their final victory by the "palms in their hands" (Rev. vii. 9).

The name of Palm Sunday still recalls the triumphant entry of our Lord into Jerusalem. In Romanist countries the practice of carrying on this day literally branches of the tree is still so strictly observed that, if necessary, they are imported from foreign lands; while in Italy a family exists which boasts of having for ages had the exclusive privilege of supplying them *for the household of the Pope*.

Among ourselves little now remains of the ceremony but the name, although in the time of Henry the Eighth, when other observances were abolished, this was allowed to be continued, until, in the reign of his successor, it was left to the option of the people. In the few rural districts of England where traces of the practice may yet be discovered, boughs of willow seem to be the acknowledged substitute for the palm, which grows not in our soil. G.

SEEKING AND FINDING.

CONCLUSION.

MATT got up the next morning, and felt for the first time the difference made in the cottage by the absence of his grandfather. Every change affected his imperfect mind, and made him restless. He was curious to know why his grandfather had not taken his oars and fishing tackle with him, and when his aunt told him that there was no sea where he was gone, the boy was at first greatly surprised, and then said it must be a very good place, "No sea, no storms!"

"Aye," said his aunt, "no high winds such as frighten Matt in the winter." So the boy was satisfied for the present, and went out to the beach to wait for his friend, but she did not come; and after awhile her absence, and that of his grandfather, made Matt very restless and uneasy.

Becca was sure she would come; the lady had said she would come; and accordingly the careful little girl led Matt to the cavern; and then the sight of the grotto, and the place where they had sat the day before, reminded the poor boy of the conversation held there, and for awhile he was pleased. The lady did not come that day, nor for many days, and at last, though Matt went to the cave every day to look for her, he scarcely expected to find her, though always satisfied with little Becca's assurance that she would "be sure to come to-morrow."

At length, wondering at her protracted absence, Mary Goddard walked to the little watering-place where she had been staying, and then the people of the house told her

that their lodger was gone. She had been sent for suddenly the same night that the old fisherman was buried. A near relation, living more than fifty miles away, had been taken extremely ill, and his daughter had sent to beg that she would come to him, and help to nurse him. The woman added, when she saw Mary Goddard's look of disappointment, "But she has left what ought to reconcile you to losing her; she is a good friend to the boy certainly. She told me to give you this the first time I saw you, and if I had not been so busy you should have had it before, for I would have walked over with it." So saying, she put into Mary Goddard's hand a sovereign, and very gratefully was it received, for the expenses of the old fisherman's illness and funeral had pressed heavily on his industrious daughter; and she now hardly knew how she should earn enough money to maintain both herself and the boy.

Poor Matt! When his aunt came home she did not conceal from him the truth that he had lost his friend, but told him abruptly that she was gone, and was not coming back any more.

He did not take the news so well as she had expected, for though he said little at the time, he evidently pined and fretted after "his lady," and it seemed as if in departing she had taken all the sunshine with her; for no sooner was she gone than the sweet warm days of October gave way to a succession of raw boisterous weather, when the foam from the troubled sea was blown in at the cottage doors, and when the gusty winds shook the frail little tenements, heaving the ineffectual curtains, driving the smoke down their chimneys, and making it difficult to keep a light burning at night.

Matt could only sit and shiver. His pale hands, cramped with cold, forgot the simple art that had beguiled so many listless hours; his feeble feet, chilblained and benumbed, could no longer support him to the sands; his mysterious searchings of the heavens took place no more. He often sat from day to day asking for "his lady," sometimes crying with the cold, and sometimes from a sharper evil; for the lonely child was often left with the neighbour's boy Rob, whom he so much dreaded, and then, when he peevishly complained, he was beaten. But he seldom had sense to tell this to *his aunt* when she returned, though he *some-
times made her wonder at the fervency with which he would*

repeat, "Matt shall go to God some day, and Matt shall never be beaten any more."

She did not understand half the significance of those words. She was obliged often to go out washing and charring, and during her absence this Rob was most frequently left with Matt, and at her return received a penny for having given him his dinner and taken care of him. Sometimes Becca had this charge instead of Rob, and then the day went cheerily. If the sun shone Becca would lead him, sadly lame and helpless now, to the cave in the cliff, and then the two children would talk together on the one subject that Matt could understand; and every day came the never-wearying assurance that God would certainly send for Matt some day—it might be to-day. But when Matt eagerly asked whether it would be to-day, Becca would reply, "No, she thought not; she was almost sure it would not be to-day."

And now came a time of great distress and trouble to the inhabitants of the little fishing hamlet. There was very bad weather; the men could not go out with their boats; and unwholesome food and overhard work brought fever with it, and Becca's mother and Mary Goddard both sickened at the same time. The neighbours in the two other cottages did what they could for them, and Rob's mother, a kind-hearted, bustling woman, who had many children of her own to attend to, and a sickly bedridden parent to nurse, constantly came in to keep up Mary's fire, to give her her medicine, and to make her bed for her. Many a time did this poor creature spare a crust for the poor boy from her own scanty store, for she had compassion on his helplessness, and could not bear to see his blue lips and trembling limbs as he sat on his little wooden stool by the small fire, within hearing of his aunt's delirious moans.

The weather grew colder and colder, till the very seawater was half solid with spongy ice, and broke crisply on the frozen shore; the north wind howled in the rents and crevices of the lofty cliffs, and the poverty of the hamlet was so great that there was little fire inside to keep its force from being felt.

The fishermen said the fever would surely be starved out soon, but it seized on Rob's father next; and the same day that he sickened the doctor said Mary Goddard was past hope. Mary Goddard had lived alone with the poor boy

almost ever since her father's death, for her sister had taken a service and gone with her master's family to London, and the married brother and his wife did not act a friendly part by her when in health, and were now afraid to come near the cottage lest they should take the infection back to their own children.

Poor Matt's friend, "the parson," was frequently in and out of the cottages during this time of disaster, but he could not effectually relieve their distress—it was too deep and complete; the poor people had been improvident in their times of prosperity, and now all their misfortunes seemed to have come at once—fearfully cold weather, illness, and a bad fishing season.

On the morning that Mary Goddard was given over, the parson walked down to the little hamlet about an hour after the doctor had paid his visit. There was now one person ill in each of the four cottages, but, cold as it was, smoke was only rising from the chimney of one. He opened Mary Goddard's door; she, unconscious of the cold, lay quietly on her bed, her bright eyes open and glazed with the glitter of approaching death; little Becca stood over her fanning her, and feebly crying from sheer hunger and fatigue: and Matt sat by the empty grate, too much overpowered with cold to notice the presence of his friend.

"My poor child," he asked of Becca, "is there no fire-wood?" Becca shook her head, and sobbed out that the doctor had said it was of no consequence, the cold could not hurt Mary now.

"No, she will die; but don't cry so, my dear child, she has a gracious Saviour in whom she has long trusted, and now he is taking her to himself. Is there nobody to attend on her but you?"

"Mother is too weak to come out yet," said the poor little girl; "and father, he said I was to stop here, and be sure not to leave her, till he came back; but I'm so frightened, and Matt and me, we haven't had anything to eat."

"Well, I have brought something that you and Matt shall have; here, open my basket, and sit down by Matt, and eat, while I stand by poor Mary."

Little Becca did as she was bidden, and she and Matt tasted food for the first time that day. In the meantime Rob's mother came in, and seeing Mary's state, went away, and presently returned with her grown-up daughter.

"It is not much that can be done for her now, poor soul," she remarked to the clergyman, "but she must not be left alone, and my husband being a trifle better this morning, I can leave him for awhile."

"Is there no hope?" asked the clergyman; "is there nothing to be done?"

"The doctor shook his head when he saw her," replied the neighbour, "and said nothing could save her: her feet and hands were cold then, and she could not swallow. She spoke several times in the night, and it was beautiful to hear her. She was always a mighty religious woman. She said, 'I put my trust in my Saviour,' several times, and asked my little girl to repeat that hymn that they learn at school, sir, 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.' Once, when she was making a kind of fretting noise, I said to her, 'Maybe you are fretting about the boy, Mary.' 'No,' said she, 'I did not know that I fretted,' and I put my ear down to listen, she spoke so faint. 'That is no business of mine,' says she, 'I did for him while I could, and now I leave him to the Father of the fatherless.'"

Matt and Becca were then sent out of the cottage to the one where Becca's parents lived; and there a bright fire being alight on the hearth, the boy revived, and little Becca had an hour or two of quiet rest. Becca's mother was getting better, but she was still lying in her bed, with one of her daughters attending on her. It was now snowing hard, but the wind had somewhat abated, and the sea was calmer than it had been for many days.

Accordingly the fishermen were preparing to go out in their boats, and everything looked more cheerful than usual; the hope of something being earned revived the spirits of the women, and the men, once occupied, forgot their gloomy fears of the fever.

The two children thus left alone sat quietly by the fire. Matt, cowering over the bright flames, recovered his spirits, and began to croon the same inarticulate song that he often sung when he was comfortable and had had a good dinner; and Becca, who had been roused in the middle of the night to wait on her mother, and then sent to Mary Goddard, fell quietly asleep over the fire, after watching *the thickly falling flakes of snow.*

The little girl, when questioned afterwards, said that she thought she might have slept about an hour; when awaking

she found the fire slowly dying out, and Matt earnestly gazing through the casement. The snow was falling faster than ever, and the tide rapidly coming in washed it away at the edge of the waves as fast as it reached the ground. Matt had been told that morning that God would soon send for his aunt also, but at the time he took little notice, his always torpid faculties being rendered more than ever dull through the cold; but now the warmth of the cottage had done him good, and as Becca mended the fire he inquired whether his aunt was gone.

Becca did not know. The boy, still gazing upwards, said he wanted to go out of doors and ask the great God to take him too, for Matt wanted to go away.

Becca tried to calm him, but he was urgent in his desire to go out, and at last she was obliged to lock the door. Matt upon this wept, and begged to be allowed to go out. "Would God be very long sending for poor Matt?" he piteously inquired. "Would not God send for Matt if Matt begged him very hard? Matt did not want to stay if his aunt was going away."

Becca could say nothing to all this; but in the midst of all her attempts to quiet the boy some one tried the door, and she opened it. It was Rob's mother; she was come to tell Becca that she must go over to the town to fetch a nurse; and when she had given the message, she turned to Matt, and gently and slowly told him that his aunt was gone.

Matt said nothing; he was looking at the flakes of snow as they fell from the gloomy heaven so thickly, and were whirled about by the winds, and heaped against the frozen threshold, or swallowed up in the gloomy sea.

"Matt, your poor aunt is gone to God," said the woman, kindly, and she brought him near to the fire and chafed his cold hands; then, having left a good fire, she went away with little Becca, charging her boy, whom she left behind, to stay with Matt and be good to him.

Poor Matt! some gloomy hours passed between him and his rough guardian, but we do not know how they passed; we only know that the snow fell faster than ever, and the wind roared in the chimney, and the waves rose and thundered upon the dreary beach, and fell hissing back again; and that, *when after several hours the brief winter day began to close, and poor little Becca came in again, tired and*

almost exhausted with the force of the wind, Matt had evidently been crying very bitterly, and Becca felt sure that Rob had beaten him.

Rob, as soon as Becca came in, got up, and said he supposed he need not stop there any more. If it had not been for his mother's telling him to stop with Matt, he might have gone out with his father in the boat, he said, and he now left the cottage in a very ill humour.

In another hour it was quite dark; all was so quiet upstairs that at length Becca crept up the ladder to hear how her mother was, and saw her lying still in her bed, and evidently better; her sister, who was exhausted with many nights' watching, was sound asleep at the foot of the bed, and she and her patient had both slept through all the noise of the storm and of Matt's weeping.

Becca's mother woke as the child entered, and asked for some cold tea, telling Becca to step quietly that she might not wake her sister. The little girl held the cup to her mother's lips. The fever had subsided, but the poor woman was very weak, and when a rush candle had been lighted and her medicine given to her, she said she wished to be alone again, that she might rest.

"What is there for your supper, child?" she asked.

"Father left some cold potatoes," said little Becca, "and we can eat them, mother."

"Is there never a sup of tea nor a crust of bread for you? potatoes are poor fare to keep the cold out."

"We are not *in particular* cold, mother," said little Becca, "and father said we that was hearty and well could eat anything."

The poor woman sighed; some jelly that the clergyman had brought stood beside her. "It does me no good to eat it," she said, "for I know they are hungry below."

"Father said afore he went," interrupted Becca, hastily, "that he knew none of us would touch it."

"Well, well, but make a little water hot then," said the mother, "and pour it on these old tea-leaves for yourselves, Mayhap a little goodness may come out of them."

Becca lifted the teapot, but the slight noise she made awoke her sister, who was startled at finding it so late, and *proceeded to feed her mother with the strengthening diet that had been brought her by the parson.*

"*You should not have talked to mother,*" she said to

the little girl, "the doctor said she was not to be talked to."

"But the poor children have scarce anything to eat below," observed the poor woman to her daughter.

"Oh, they will do well enough, mother," she replied, and then hastily put Becca out of the little room, bidding her to keep Matt quiet, and not to come up there any more.

So Becca went down and gave Matt his supper and ate her own. It was now quite dark, and she strained her eyes in looking out to sea to try and discover whether the boats were coming home. The children had no candle, and the fire gave but little light; so Becca sat down, and Matt beside her, and the little girl was so weary that at length she sunk on the floor, gathered the thin clothes about her that she had worn on her walk to the town, and fell into a weary sleep.

A glowing log, in its fall upon the hearth, suddenly aroused her after a short slumber, and she started upright. Matt was still sitting beside her, but frightened and trembling, for the noise of the wind and waves was fearful. The tide was nearly at its height, and the force of the gale increased every half hour. Becca began to be dreadfully afraid about her father; she could not go to bed for listening, for, young as she was, she was experienced enough in the anxieties of seafaring life to know that these sounds indicated danger, and she longed to go up again to her sister, but dared not; for it seemed that now the dread of the mother's death had passed off, this poor girl was too much exhausted to admit any other dread: she wanted her mother to be kept quiet, and she was bent on having quiet for herself.

So Becca sat by the embers and tried to cheer poor Matt, but he would not be comforted; and every time a louder gust than usual shook the cottage he would start up and hurry to the door, trying the lock, and begging that he might go out "and talk to God." Becca had no food to give him, but she brought him back to the fire; her father would come in soon, she hoped, and then he should have some broiled fish; but at length, finding that Matt could not rest, and feeling sure that the door was securely bolted, she lay down and sank into a deep sleep, forgetting her troubles and fatigues, and dreaming that the wind went down, and that she saw her father stepping ashore from the

boat, and telling her he had brought in a fine haul of mackerel.

From hour to hour the child slept on, and the roaring winds moaned without, and the clouds raced across the dreary heavens, and the desolate sea was rough with foam, and the snow fell and fell, and the wind blew it away from the cliffs and swept it into the trembling waves. But poor little Becca did not dream of any of these things; she slept sweetly by the red glow of the driftwood fire, with her little weary head upon a furled-up sail, upon which she was reclining by way of a pillow; and she dreamed that she and Matt were walking in a field—a large field, full of yellow buttercups—that the sun was shining pleasantly, and she was gathering handsfull of the buttercups for Matt to play with. It was a very pretty field, she thought, and even in her dream she knew that she had been sadly tired, and that sitting in this quiet field was a very welcome rest.

What a long, sweet dream that was!—the sweetest, perhaps, that little Becca had ever known, because it came after such great sorrow and such long wakefulness. At last, in the very dead of the night, she awoke, and the fire had died out on the hearth, and her father was not come home. The room overhead was very quiet, and through the uncurtained casement the large white moon was shining through the edge of a ragged black cloud. It shone upon the brick floor, and on the little stool upon which Matt had been sitting, but Matt was not there—Becca was alone!

The little girl started up in a fright. Who could have taken Matt away? No one; for she remembered that she had bolted the door. She slipped off her shoes, and stole softly up-stairs, to see if he might have found his way into her mother's chamber. No, he was not to be seen; her mother and sister were soundly sleeping, and the dim rush candle was giving light enough to show that no Matt was there. She went down again and tried the door, full of a vague terror—"Oh, if Matt, by long trying, had found out how to open it, and had wandered out in the snow to look up, on that bitter night, between the clouds, what would become of him?" She laid her hand upon the bolt—it was *drawn back*; then Matt had opened the door, and pulled it *after him*.

Becca was but a little girl, and when she found that

Matt was gone, and that the men had none of them returned from fishing, and that her mother and sister were asleep, she sat down on the floor, and cried a long time, before she could make up her mind what was to be done; and then she put on her shoes again, and tied on her shawl and bonnet, and opened the door softly, resolving to follow him.

It was very dark, but it had ceased to snow. Becca waited a few minutes, hoping the moon would come out, and when it did so she saw distinctly the prints of footsteps; they led away from the other cottages, and seemed to wander towards the direction of the cave.

But then Becca could not rest till she had run on to the cottage where poor Mary Goddard had lived, and where her body now lay. She tried the door, it was locked, and peeping in she was sure that no one was inside; so she turned away, and, as well as she could in the sweeping storm and raging wind, she made her way towards the cave, which she knew was the likeliest place for Matt to go to.

Sometimes running, sometimes groping in the darkness, sometimes wading through deep snowdrifts, and again cowering under a rock till the force of a stronger gust than usual had spent itself; the child went on, now full of hope that she should find Matt safe in the shelter of the cave, and now sick at heart for fear of what might have happened.

She felt the rocks with her hands, and went slowly on; she surely must be near the place; impatience to reach it made her too hasty, and she struck her face against a projecting ledge, and was compelled to wait for the coming out of the moon. A heavy wall of cloud was moving on, all the heavens behind it were quite bare; Becca watched them; the moon drew near their edges, and turned them of a silvery whiteness, then shone out cold and clear; and Becca found she was not far from the cavern: she ran and stumbled on—she was very near—the voice she was longing for arrested her on her way. “God! God!” it said, “oh, send for poor Matt, let Matt go away.”

In the entrance of the cavern, with the moon shining on his white face, and the bitter wind blowing about his thin clothing and uncovered hair, and driving the frozen snow over his feet, stood the boy. Great must have been the efforts that *he had* used to get there, and now he did not answer her; his woe-begone voice and awe-

struck face were directed only to the now cloudless sky, and all his thoughts were given to that great Being whom in the midst of the darkness he was seeking after.

The little girl touched him, he was cold as a stone; she shook his sleeves, but could not rouse him from his deep abstraction. "Oh, Matt, Matt," she exclaimed, "how could you do it?" and, trembling and shivering with the cold, and faint with running against the wind, she sank down upon the snow; and still Matt stood upright, his hands, stiffened by the frost, still held up in their beseeching attitude, till, exerting all her strength, she half dragged, half carried him away, and got him to lie down further in, where the snow had not yet penetrated, and where the cavern floor was dry. Then she took off the shawl that formed her own scanty covering, and as she lapped it over him he said faintly, "Matt shall see God some day, and Matt shall never be cold any more."

She heaped some driftweed between him and the entrance of the cave, to keep the wind away, and then she set off to run home again for help; but before her exhausted feet in the grey of the winter morning had reached the cottage threshold, the fishermen, after their perilous expedition, had landed a mile or two higher up, and going into the cavern for rest and shelter had found Matt upon his frozen bed. They took him up and chafed his stiffened limbs with their rough hands, but he was frozen to death, and they laid him down on his desolate resting-place, and mourned and lamented over him.

Happy Matt! the summons had come at length from the God he had sought so long. The days of his darkness and feebleness are over. He will never be cold any more.

Matt was buried in the village churchyard, and on his gravestone was written, "They that seek me early shall find me."

If any of us, knowing God better, have loved him less, and, needing God's grace as much, have turned from his face instead of seeking it, let us think on the history of this simple poor child. "Let us seek the Lord while He may be found, let us call upon Him while He is near."

REMARKS ON LANGUAGE.

PAPER III.

considering the derivation of the names of places in our own land, it will, perhaps, be at first a subject of surprise that the old Briton inhabitant has left so little trace of his occupation over the length and breadth of the land. The Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman have obliterated his footprints, and, except in spots to which the Kymro (or Welshman) was forced to retire, and where he could not be pursued, the philologist finds scarce any trace of Britain's original tongue. Wales, however, retains its old speech, and the names of places there are identical with the slightly altered names of localities mentioned by our own writers. But the Briton retired slowly to his mountain fastnesses, with his face to the foe; and in Cornwall (the *horn*, or corner of *Gael*, or Gaul) nearly all the place-names are Celtic, although the speech itself, identical with that spoken by the Bas-Bretons of France, has expired of old age. In Reged, now the Lake country, and in Mona, the Isle of Man, many names still attest the memory of our old occupants; but the original language is heard no more, and lives but in the imperfect memory of "the oldest inhabitant." Some outlying pickets, as it were, to borrow a military phrase, of the retreating British host, are still to be traced in the now thoroughly Anglicised counties of Hereford, and even in Somerset and Devon; but the relics of the past are "few and far between." The Romans are, in fact, of secondary antiquity as compared with the Belgian and Aboriginal inhabitants of Britain; few Roman names are left us, and those few are much obliterated by time. Perhaps the most genuine and little-altered Roman local name is preserved in the name of *Alate*, or *Aqua Lata* (Broadwater in our English name); but the succeeding Saxon has superadded the descriptive title of *Meer*, or *Lake*, to this little sheet of water on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire. *Itum*, or the Roman paved highway, still exists under the modification of *Street*, and *Vicus* has become the less sonorous Saxon "*Wick*." "*Villa*," the Roman farmhouse, has widened its *signification* to the more stately Norman "*Manor*;" and *Colchester* still asserts herself to be the *Camp*

of the Colony—no mean title—"Coloniæ Castra." Chester and Caistor, with the same meaning, stand alone in half-veiled Latinity, while so many other towns bear names compounded with the Saxonised "Cester," "Caster," or "Chester," such as Alcester (the *old* Camp), or Lancaster (the Camp on the Lune). The Roman conqueror and the conquered Gaël or Briton, after no long period, appear to have coalesced, and to have become good friends; and there are many traces of Latin embalmed in the language of modern Wales. It is true that we know the old British chieftains by Latinised names. Caractacus, at first sight, hardly seems to be the same as the modern and familiar Cradock, or the modern Breton Karadek. "Beloved," answering to Erasmus in Greek, and to Aimé in French. Cassivellaunus is somewhat disguised, but his true name Caswallon is not a difficult task of investigation, any more than the Cenomanni of Cæsar, as identical with the Saxon or Germanic "Kühnmänner," "Keen-men," or "Braves." The very name Gallia, derived from the Celtic Gaël or "West," still survives, although less recognised, in the Scotch Galloway, the Irish county Galway, and the Spanish Galicia; and all these spots lie to the west. But the Saxon invader was less scrupulous or accommodating than the more polished Roman. After driving the Briton, step by step, into the more mountainous and inaccessible parts of the island, he added insult to injury by styling the Kymri, or Cambrians, "Wylisc," or "Outlandish men;" thus making them, as Howell, (who wrote his amusing letters in the first half of the 17th century,) himself a Welshman, says, "strangers in their own country." The German names for *walnuts*, or "Welsch-nüsse," or "Foreign nuts," and for Italy "Welschland" or "Foreign-land," may be alleged as proofs of this theory; although the French in calling Wales "Pays de Galles" appear to have recognised the true and well-deserved appellation. We have purposely devoted some brief remarks to what is left to us of Roman Nomenclature; it will, perhaps, be interesting to trace what still exists in *England* of the old Welsh tongue in the names of places. Among the names of counties, Kent still preserves the Gallic "Kant," or "corner," a word still in use with the *Kentish people*, the descendants of the unconquered men, *who, with boughs in their hands, held parley with the great Cæsar, and obtained from him conditions of peace.* The

Cantons of Switzerland, and the heraldic term applied to the *corner* of a shield, "a Canton," are closely allied with Kent, the Cantium of the Romans. Dorset still preserves the Celtic Dwr, or "water," cognate with the Greek "ιδῶρ." Cornwall looks across the sea to a sister Cornouaille," in the strange and quaint land of Brittany, in France. But nowhere are the traces of the Gaël so evident as in the names of our *ricers*. The Derwent is the old "Dwr Gwen," the White, Clear, Water. The Dee, or Romanised Deva, is the *Black* Water. The Cam is the *Crooked* Water. Avon, the old word for "Water," gives the title to no less than four of our fair rivers. The Gaelic word "Uisge," "Waters," survives not only in the word "Whiskey," or Usquebaugh (which latter signifies "Waters of Life," or "Eau de vie"), but is the fruitful parent of a whole colony of rivers. When first considered, the Usk of Monmouthshire, the Exe of Devonshire, the Esk of North Britain, may appear to be unrelated, but they are in reality of one and the same stock. To these we may add the less apparent Wye, which is repeated in the river Wey, near London; and the equally numerous clan of the Ouses may be referred to the same class, although a Saxon derivation might possibly be urged in their case. The Dutch "Y" is not strictly to our purpose. Cwm (pronounced as in Devonshire, *Combe*) signifies "a cul-de-sac, a hollow place between two hills," and is retained in many Anglicised counties, as in "Rainscombe," near Marlborough, in Wiltshire. The word itself is said to exist still in the mountainous ravines of Switzerland, co-existent with the old Celtic *Pennine* (or lofty) Alps, and in the better known Apennines of Italy. It is also worth notice that many of our smaller rivers, from their *serpentine* course, have assumed the name of Nadder or Odder. We find the river "Oder" in North Germany. The word may possibly be derived from the Teutonic word for adder or snake, but a cognate Welsh word, "Neidr," signifies the same, and, very probably, has the prior claim of the two rival derivations. The Saxons, who come after, appear to have given distinctive epithets to the rivers that fell to their share. The "Blithe" of Staffordshire is probably so named from its rapid and cheerful course; and the Stour (no uncommon name) may, *perhaps*, owe its title to the strength of its current, "*stor*" being in Danish "strong." The Thames:

will scarcely, perhaps, own a relation in the more humble and unknown "Teme" of Shropshire ; but, in their origin, they are, probably, sisters, and, as such, to be numbered in the same category.

The Romans, as we have already observed, have left little trace of themselves behind. Their "Aula" still exists in the Saxon "Hall" or "Hala," and their architecture is still to be seen, debased, it is true, but yet easily discerned, in the little that remains to us of genuine Saxon buildings. The relics of villas, with their tessellated pavements, and bath-rooms supported on columns composed of square tiles, are still given to the light from time to time ; but the remains of temples, theatres, palaces, triumphal arches, are very few ; even their old fortresses, or "castella," are mere gigantic heaps of Roman brick, where not levelled long ago by the peaceful plough. Our word "Street" (as we have said) once did not imply rows of houses on either side ; and the Watling Street (Via Vitelliana), the Ryknield or Ikniel Street (Via Icenorum), and Akeman Street (the old Roman road to Bath Aqua solis, the *Sick man's* resort even in those far times), still show somewhat of their former grandeur in their "wearisome but needful length," as Cowper says of Huntingdon Bridge. There is, however, one point in which Briton, Roman, Saxon, and Dane are agreed. The grassy mounds under which moulder the bones of these past races, still attest the similarity of the method pursued by all in doing honour to the dead. The Romans, wiser than the present generation of us Englishmen, never allowed the remains of the dead to decay within the walls of their cities. A law of the XII Tables expressly forbids this practice. *Mortui intra muros ne sepeliuntor*. Accordingly, a Roman road or street may still be traced in all lonely situations, such as the Downs of Wiltshire or Dorsetshire, by the tumuli or green hillocks, elsewhere called lows, publows, or barrows, which fringe its undeviating course, even where the agger, or height of the road, has sunk beneath the plough, or the all-confounding hand of time. The shapes of these antique monuments are various ; some are carefully moulded into the elegant form of a bell ; but, except where they lie *above the carnage* of a battle-field, they will be generally *found clustering* about the highways of old. Hence we see *the meaning and design* of such epitaphs, as "Siste Viator"

—"Stop, traveller;" "*Quisquis eris, qui me transieris, sta, perlege, plora*"—"Whosoe'er thou art that passest me, stop, read, and weep," thus claiming the sympathy of every passer-by on the busy scenes of traffic; and that in language so simple and affecting, that even "those who ran might read," and prepare themselves for another and better world. The paucity of Roman remains in this country may be attributed partly to the fact, that the upper stories of their houses appear to have been built of wood, or similar perishable material, and partly to the barbarous violence of the first Saxon invaders, who attacked the Romanised Briton with fire and sword. When, in course of time, the Briton had retired from the unavailing conflict, and the yellow-haired, blue-eyed Teuton lorded it over Britain, and his kings had assumed the proud title of Bretwalda, or Ruler of the British, he applied to his own use whatever the more civilised foe had left behind. The Aula of the Romanised house became his Hall, or chief sitting and dining room; he retained the old fortresses; marched his armies along the old Roman roads, dignified by the name of Haar-street, or Army-road, or the *Highway*; the old Amphitheatre of turf became his Plaistow (as in Essex), or Place for Games; and the dress he sat in as he viewed the show of the gleeman, or the bear-dancer, was closely copied from a Roman model, from the soc (in Danish sko, whence we derive our word "skate," literally "shoe"), or shoe, to the pallium or pall. At the same time the barbarous worshipper of Thoth, and Thor, and Odin appears to have felt all proper admiration of what he found as the prey of his bow and spear. Thus we find the name of Calleva, in Berkshire, forgotten, but the admiring title of Silchester (*the Great Camp*) given to it in recompense by the unarchitectural Saxon. Richborough is his name for the old Rutupiæ, in Kent (once well known to the Roman epicure for its fine oysters); and well does its magnificent depth of solid masonry deserve the praise of the Rich or Superb Fortification. Their Pagan ignorance of Latin or British led them often to commit the fault of tautology, such as the *Forest* of Dean, although Dean was British for a forest—as Ardennes in Hainault, the Arduenna Silva of Cæsar, and Henley in Arden in Warwickshire—or Derwentwater, when *Derwent* (as before remarked) means Clear Water in itself. But we, the present more enlightened generation,

commit (strictly speaking) similar errors, when we talk of the Tongataboo *islands*, when Tonga expresses islands; or when we say *the Alkoran*, forgetful or ignorant that Al or El is the Moorish and Arabic definite article. E. R. P.

LETTER TO EUPHEMIA.

PRAYER.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,—In the last letter I wrote to you, I was speaking of faith, its nature, character, and effects. Now, true faith is never dumb. It has a voice, and that voice is *prayer*. Prayer is faith speaking to God. The child is no sooner born than it cries, and the soul is no sooner new-born by the quickening power of the Holy Spirit than it begins to pray. It was said of Saul, at his conversion, “Behold, he prayeth.” He had often said prayers—long prayers—before, for he was a Pharisee; but now he prayed from his heart, perhaps for the first time in his life.

You see, my dear child, that praying is not the same thing as saying prayers. Any Pharisee or formalist can do that. An old man, who was brought to the knowledge of Christ in advanced age, once confessed that he had said his prayers for seventy years, but never once prayed.

Prayer is the expression of *want*. Our Saviour says, “Blessed are the *poor* in spirit;” that is, the spiritually needy—*beggars* in spirit—who feel a deep sense of their guilt, depravity, ignorance, folly, weakness, and helplessness. His need calls forth prayer. We see in the parable of the Pharisee and Publican, that the Pharisee could not pray. He only thanked God that he was better than others. He had nothing to ask for. So also the Laodiceans, who thought themselves “rich and increased with goods, and in *need of nothing*,” could not truly pray. We must “*hunger and thirst* after righteousness,” in order that *we may be “filled.”*

But we must not only feel our wants, in order that we may express them to God, we must also *trust* in God to supply them. Prayer is the expression of *trust*. We must come to God, looking to Him for help, and to no other. (Psalms lxii. 1—8; cxli. 8.) Nor is it enough to have a vague, general confidence in God; we must have a special scriptural ground for confidence. We must come to God with a promise in one hand and a petition in the other. Prayer is the fruit of *faith*. We must believe that God is able and willing to hear and help us. We must come to God as our Father, who loves us, through Christ as our Saviour, who died for us; and by the Holy Spirit, as our helper, who maketh intercession *in* us and for us. (Rom. viii. 26.) The promises of the Gospel are all made to faith. We need not expect to receive anything without it. (Matt. xxi. 22; Jas. i. 6, 7.)

It is not needful to use many words in prayer, though sometimes we may properly do so. It is the *heart* which God looks at, not the words. (John iv. 24.) If you cannot *speak* to God you can *think* to him, as a little child once said. God hears *thoughts*. If you cannot see God with the eye of faith, you can *look* to him. God notices a *look*. "They looked unto him, and were lightened." The poet, James Montgomery, has beautifully described prayer in his well-known hymn :—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

"Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try," &c.

The great thing is the spirit of prayer, i.e. the gift

of the Holy Spirit, which God has promised to bestow—"I will pour out the Spirit of grace and of supplications" (Zech. xii. 10). This is the Spirit which teaches us to "cry Abba, Father" (Rom. viii. 15; Gal. iv. 6). This cry expresses earnestness, desire, expectation, love, and is always heard by God, for it is the voice of His Spirit in our hearts. (Rom. viii. 26, 27.) Luther says of such prayer, that it "pierces the clouds and is heard in heaven, above all the roarings of the law, sin, Satan, and hell."

Sometimes, however, we may do well to prolong our prayers, when the heart is full, and we cannot give over pleading with God. Then, like Jacob, we wrestle with God, as he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." (Gen. xxxii. 26.) It is related of Guergis, a converted Nestorian youth, who died at the age of seventeen, that he would frequently rise at midnight, and repair to his cold, dark, closet, which he ever found warm with a Saviour's love, and radiant with his presence, and would there spend two hours at a time in secret prayer.

But prayer must not be regarded as a task, but a delight. We should walk with God in this holy exercise, rising up early in the morning to converse with him, and loving to be alone with him throughout the day. Thus every place where we may happen to be, becomes a Bethel to us—a house of God—where we meet with our heavenly Father, and ascend, by Jacob's ladder, to his throne of grace.

But this is not easy, nay, it is not possible to the natural, unconverted heart. The child must *live* before it can speak, and the soul must be quickened by Divine grace before it can *pray* aright. We must, therefore, seek for the Holy Spirit in order to pray. Not that we are to neglect prayer, nor to wait for the *Spirit* before we attempt to pray, but to look up to *God, and pray in the Spirit*, depending on his assistance. Remember, for your encouragement, when

drawing near to God, that the Holy Spirit prays *in* us, and the Lord Jesus Christ prays *for* us. Each is called an "advocate," or helper. With such assistance we cannot fail.

Commending you in prayer to our Heavenly Father, through one all-prevailing Intercessor,

I remain,

My dear Euphemia,

Your affectionate friend and pastor,

R. W.

CONCLUSION OF AN UNPUBLISHED SERMON,

PREACHED AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, EXETER, BY THE
REV. G. W. COX,

ON OUR TREATMENT OF UNCIVILIZED AND SEMI-BARBAROUS
NATIONS.

It may be said that topics such as these are not fit subjects for discussion here, where it is enough that we content ourselves with our own personal work in this world, and with the thought of those means which may enable us rightly to perform it—that we are altogether too insignificant to exercise any influence beyond our own immediate sphere, and that it is therefore idle to pronounce our judgment where that judgment can be of no avail.

Brethren, it will be well for us if we are not ensnared by words which are as really fallacious as they are apparently forcible. We may, indeed, grant that we have no right to meddle with affairs in which we have no concern, but then we must define what these are. If we have any real regard for teachers, whom we profess to reverence, we stand self-condemned for any carelessness with regard to our national condition, by the example of that glorious band of prophets and righteous men who uttered their testimony in the unwilling ears of rebellious princes and a faithless people. Those stern asserters of an everlasting and unchangeable law, whose warnings were denounced alike against the descendants of David, as against the successors of Jeroboam, never shrunk at any time or in any place from handling subjects, which in the most *remote degree* concerned their welfare as a nation, or as *individuals*. With them no time was too solemn, no

place too holy, to treat of matters which politicians then as now maintained, lay wholly beyond their legitimate province. No thought of private interest, no reverence for established authority, withheld them from pronouncing judgment on every case of national or individual wrong-doing, on secret aggression and open violence, on political alliances and internal reform, on the meanest private crime and the most grievous public wrong. The fire was burning and pent up within their breasts, and they could not stay; the living coal had touched their lips, and they would not withhold their message—"The lion hath roared, who can but fear; the Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?"

And surely their warnings must be denounced, not less against us, if our voices are not raised against our evil doings as a nation, as against our transgressions as individuals. We cannot be free from guilt ourselves so long as we utter no protest against injustice, or fraud, or despotism, wherever they may be found; and we may well suspect that our own conduct is guided by principles which we should be ashamed to avow, if the welfare even of the most degraded and misgoverned countries possessed for us no interest whatever. If we call ourselves a Christian people, then we *are* concerned in showing that the same rules of conduct are binding on us as a nation, as on each one of us in our own private lives; we *are* concerned in condemning every instance of unfair or aggressive dealings with nations who are not so powerful, or civilized, or enlightened as ourselves; we *are* concerned in the extension of equal justice to all, and in repudiating any conduct towards others which we should resent in our case, whether it be in the way of covert schemes, by the victory of craft and cunning, or the triumph of mere brute force; whether we trust for the attainment of our ends to the internal corruption or disorganization of a people, or introduce amongst them against their will a deadly drug, which lowers the population below the level of brute beasts, and leaves them alike incapable of thought, action, or repentance; we are bound to set forth in the face of the world the right and the wrong of our national deeds, and to proclaim that nations also are bound to do unto others as they would have others do to themselves. We must maintain that we are not justified, as so many assert now, in employing against half-civilized or barbarous people, maxims and rules which *we should not venture to enforce against others more powerful and less ignorant*,—in resorting at once, wherever they *are concerned*, to the maintenance of might over right, and *applying the argument of the sword*, on the plea that for-

bearance and remonstrances are useless. Opinions such as these might be passed over in silence, if they were merely speculative; but they have results directly practical, and have influenced in no slight or imperceptible degree the mind of the Christian world in general. They involve, in fact, the tacit conclusion, that a certain amount of lawlessness, violence, and corruption, entitles a nation to the name of barbarians or savages, and places them under a government and providence altogether different from that which watches over us; and from the assumption that they are outcasts, and to be regarded as the offscouring of mankind, it can require no great penetration to see what further conclusions may be drawn. If they do not obtain from Him, whose eye sees all things, the same care, the same love, the same forbearance, which are bestowed upon us, then are not Christians freed, in regard to them, from obligations which they would hold to be binding amongst themselves? Not, indeed, that this is always the course of thought which is consciously pursued; more generally the same practical issue is reached from the assertion that we need not be gentle or honourable in dealing with those who are not so in dealing with one another. And hence comes, finally, the terrible conclusion which imputes to such people, faculties, both moral and intellectual—not merely inferior to, but altogether different from, our own; and, horrible assumption! that they cannot be made to see what is right and what is wrong, and that therefore violence or the sword are the only arguments which may be brought effectually to bear upon them. Under the colour of this miserable pretence, every species of dishonesty and oppression, every sort of underhand dealing and covert aggression, comes to be justified, without the slightest compunction, and the fiat for destruction goes forth from the lips of men, who would profess to act on principles entirely different towards men of higher enlightenment and more advanced civilization.

For those amongst us, my brethren, who may be at all acquainted with recent events in lands far distant from us, with which we have been concerned, there can be little need of applying specially what I have already said. We may possibly be plunged into a war with more than one nation, which, if not very powerful, has yet a vast population, who are every one of them the creatures of God's hand and the objects of his love.

“The people of Persia and China,” we are told, “are semi-barbarians; they have a civilisation which, in its general form, *has not varied for twenty or thirty centuries; they have not the same honesty, the same sense of right and wrong*

with ourselves. They are always deceiving us, and trying to evade agreements which they have bound themselves to perform; they are always insulting the majesty of our empire, always giving causeless and irritating provocations. To deal gently with them, to represent things patiently, or to forgive the offence, is useless; if we wish to make them honest and truthful, and to gain admittance into places from which their ungrounded jealousy excludes us, we must resort to force, burn down their towns, massacre their population, and impress their minds with a vague feeling of terror and consternation."

When the old Roman stoic said, that having never spared his own faults, he knew not what it was to spare those of other men, he was, to use the words of one of the wisest of modern thinkers, "expressing a sentiment which could scarcely, with decency, come out of the mouth of any human creature." Yet what is this compared with such language as that which I have just described? What was his hard, unfeeling sternness, when contrasted with the deliberate contempt for so vast a portion of mankind, with the calm determination to behave to them by rules which we should repudiate amongst ourselves, as not only unchristian but inhuman? But we may not pause here. We who speak of the semi-barbarism of other nations—we who exult in our superiority over their imperfect civilization—we who make their rude, or savage, or disordered state, the justification for tyranny and treachery—we who assume their degradation to be a sufficient ground for crushing them to the dust, or sweeping them from the face of the earth—we who think of them as beings fit only to be trampled on and goaded, and impressible by no other argument than the sword, what are we, that we should thus apply to other men language which must recoil in redoubled condemnation on ourselves? If the debased and vicious natures of others be a reason for our dealing summarily with them; if because we are superior to them we may destroy them; is there not One, before the breath of whose nostrils we must be smitten were He only, as we are, extreme to mark what is done amiss? What if He, who is infinite righteousness and love, had looked down upon men in that spirit with which we affect to look down upon what we call ignorant and barbarous hordes? What, if human shortcomings and transgression had been to Him who made and has redeemed us, the reason for consigning every child of Adam to utter destruction? What, if the special evils which prevail, many *and great*, in our own land, had been in his eyes sufficient *cause for removing* our candlestick from its place, or giving

to others the vineyard from which we have produced such evil fruits? With all that we boast of, with all for which we may justly be most thankful, is there not enough in the degradation, the misery, the poverty of vast masses of our population, in unjust or partial legislation, in the vices and iniquities which show themselves with open front amongst us, to seal our utter and final doom, if the measure of our misdeeds were also the measure of divine long-suffering. Is there not enough in our idol-worship of material wealth, in our using numbers of our fellow-men as mere machines, caring little or nothing for their joys and sorrows, for their well-being here and hereafter, to bring down upon us a vengeance which should make the whole land desolate, if only the measure which we deal to others were dealt back again to ourselves?

But the fire of the Divine love cannot be extinguished, because we breathe only violence and hatred. The ways of God are, indeed, not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. The loving purposes of Him, who "so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son" to seek and to save that which was lost, will not be turned aside, because when He speaks of peace men make them ready to battle. We make disorder and lawlessness in others a reason for deceiving and crushing them, while He sends His rain on the just and on the unjust, the unthankful and the evil. But His righteousness shall not tarry, and his salvation shall be revealed; and in Him by whom kings reign and princes decree justice is our trust, that he will not leave us to ourselves, and that he will teach and guide us till the time come of which the prophet spake—"Violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting and destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates, Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee, but the Lord shall be to thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified."

LETTER FROM STANLEY.

BY THE REV. J. F. OGLE.

Hope Place, on Falkland Sound, Sept. 25, 1856.

MY DEAR SISTER,—This is the evening of my first day of real life in the wild, unless last night, spent in my little tent on the open hill, claims precedence.

To learn my whereabouts, you must go to the map* of the Falkland Isles, and trace the Eastern Island across from Stanley in a direction due west, and there on the Sound is my present sojourn. I want to bring you to the spot, or the scene to you: Three low, barrack-like houses, built and furnished wholly out of the wreck of ships on this “foul weather shore,” a few yards from the strand; before us a range of snow mountains, and behind another, nearer and more picturesque in outline; under these, an intervening “Camp,” as all the grassy open country is called; not another habitation visible; no signs of culture; wild cattle, on wild hills, away, away, till you reach Northern, Southern, Eastern, or Western Sea.

The island opposite, the West Falkland, here about ten miles distant, is wholly without inhabitants.

On the East Falkland, there are a few servants and herdsmen of the Falkland Island Company, and the population at Stanley. I am half-way between the two.

It is about nine o'clock p.m. The room I write in has a table, a box, two chairs, a bed on the floor, a clock; has two small windows, and an unceiled roof over head, but it is

* Young readers of this interesting letter, will do well to study the map as recommended. The East Falkland Island has been much under discussion lately; and there is some likelihood that it will be made a penal colony, some of the more intelligent settlers, and others interested, being of opinion that the presence of a body of convicts, who could be employed in road-making, digging docks, &c., would be a great advantage in the present state of the settlement, while others are of a contrary opinion. But whether the island becomes a penal settlement or not, it is not likely to remain long in its present state; for it has often been observed, that to bring a distant place into notice, discuss its capabilities and advantages, and make its name familiar, *has the effect* of doing away, in some degree, with the sense of vague *remoteness which has hitherto* attached to it, and causing the tide of *emigration to set towards it*. The town of Stanley is at present a *place of little trade, and it contains but 400 inhabitants.*

weather-tight and whitewashed; it is the *Saloon* of the Falkland Island Company's manager's house!

The manager is in the next room, writing also, and I came as his friend. A cup of tea, made from the tea you gave me, in a caldero, or Spanish hot-water jug, biscuit from Plymouth—(it was a good thought my buying those two barrels of biscuit; it is very coarse, but 5d. per pound was offered for it before I left Stanley)—and your little ginger-cakes constitute my repast; and I write, while tea cools, by the light of a composite candle.

The manager is a tall, strong man, and wears a suit of leather for riding across the wild; he, with his Gaucho, who is a Spaniard, and myself, have been sole companions. We travel fifty miles a day—ten hours' hard riding—for a country of bog, and mountain stones, and hussocks of balsam-bog, as big as little haycocks, all over, is hard riding, even at a slow pace; down come horse and all, inevitably, two or three times, but you stick to the saddle, and flounder up again, and so on. Then a wild bull comes running across towards you, looking this way and that—stands—charges the dog; the dog takes to flight, and comes to the horses for protection. The horsemen disperse in various flight, and the bull singles his object and tears after. There is safety in flight, however, unless you get bemired, or on soft ground, where the bull's broad hoofs can play better than the small round pasterns of the steed. But the bull has come up to the baggage-horses—two, carrying tent, provisions, &c.—the guacho is off, and at a distance. "The bull will kill the horses," cries my friend, and it seems inevitable, he is within five yards, and furious. I am in breathless suspense, and I know there is no help but One—help not unsought, nor sought in vain. The horses do not run, that would be fatal to them with their loads, and in such a country; they seem not to heed him, and after a moment's deliberation close to them, he turns round, and head in air and tail uplifted, dashes past them towards us. "Now, what shall I do? Mr. H——?" I exclaim; "I will do just what you tell me, for I know neither the country nor the nature of the animal" (he is not fifty yards off). "Keep on hard ground," says H.; "Keep up, I will follow you," I reply. "Very well," he says, "keep up the hill." We ride together as quickly as our horses can go over the ground, then turn again, and ride zigzag, not.

directly away, but across the bull's path. "More nimbly," cries H., "and we shall do." The bull slackens his speed, and we increase ours as getting further off and higher up the hill. Still he appears to be meditating his rush, which must bring him upon us. I do not look at him, but at H. and at the ground I am riding, I have enough to do; mentally I pray the while. "Now, then, we are safe," says H., drawing rein; "we are on hard ground." I look, and see the monarch looking too, but in his old place; he means to come yet, think I. I ask for an explanation, and am told that on hard ground these horses, knowing well what awaits them if the bull overtakes them, will go of their own accord faster than he, and the rider just lets them do as they please, knowing their instinct. Or if the horse is very hard pressed, then the rider must throw himself off into a quagmire, and the horse will stand and kick, directing his strokes so well towards the eyes of the beast, as *generally* to deter him from close approach, even if the man has not been able to quit the saddle. But as H. says, "You *must* leave it to your horse to take care of himself and you too." I was truly thankful not to be tried, at least in this early stage of my experience, and I was so weary with twenty miles of such riding as to be little fit for a trial of horsemanship. The Lord delivered me, and I will praise Him. This incident did me great good; it nerved me, and made me feel well able to go on; it awakened those sentiments of devotion, which a pleasurable excursion is apt to damp, and it gave me confidence in my companion, who was really afraid, but not weakly so—perfect master of his faculties, and aware of every circumstance likely to occur. I think his anxiety was on my account, because I did *not* know them. I found him apparently placing more confidence in me afterwards, and we kept out of the way of bulls as far as we could, but it was impossible to do so altogether, they are so numerous. We encountered two others very near, and escaped them only by timely flight; besides several which have attacked our dogs, or run across our path at a moderate distance, but no determined foe like the first. I wish I could tell you half, or a hundredth part, of what occurred in our very interesting, and, taken altogether, our very *delightful journey* hither.

Yesterday, at six a.m., we met for the expedition. First start a false one; the horses got away (all the country is

open, even in Stanley itself), and one shook off its load, and kicked the articles one by one over the field. It was ludicrous, though at our expense, to see the tent roll lumbering into the mire, and cast like a football by the retreating hoof into long distance. Then the beef for dinner fell, then the Molitos—these are saddle-bags of ticking, lighter and more used here than leather—mine were merely thrown off. Mr. H.'s, entangled in the hide-thong, fell on the heels of the horse, and were kicked and kicked again, till the animal was exhausted with vain endeavours. How paint-box and brushes, and the toilet furniture, and sundries fared I know not; but as these things often happen, Mr. H. said very little, but went home for a fresh horse, this being quite useless after such a beginning. Start again, and this time all right till we reached the rough road, and saw the state of the country; this is the first ride that has been undertaken since winter, and Mr. H. says he never saw it so bad. We breakfasted at eight, some miles out, under a rock. Before dinner, came the bull meeting; and having lost time, we stopped not again till we came to a place where to pitch our tent for the night. The last two miles of our fifty were misery to me, and I fell behind, quite unable to keep the pace. H. could not stop, owing to rain coming on, and a probability of thick weather, in which we could not search for a suitable place. I lost sight of them: however, having observed their track, I held on, and soon saw them again. The gaucho (guide) turned back, and was good-natured. I had prudently secured his good-feeling early, by giving him one of my knives, and it was well-bestowed. This won the fellow, and I became a favourite. It was exactly the thing for him—a long clasp knife, with "Espagne" on the blade. I bought two dozen of them in Lincoln on purpose. When I reached the wind-sheltered dell that H. had chosen, he, perceiving how weary I was, begged me to lie down, which I did, spreading a waterproof sheet under me. In twenty minutes I was refreshed, the tent was pitched, fire lit, coffee made, beef roasting, and horses grazing—quite a picture!

"Now," said H., "make your bed, for in twenty minutes it will be dark, and we cannot do it." I had nothing to do but to spread the aforesaid red sheet—a most capital thing, light, warm, and quite waterproof—and then assemble various coats for covering. H. got a quantity of heather by

way of mattress, and provided for covering as I did. After a hearty meal, taken outside, in the warmth of the fire, made of a resinous gum shrub, like heather, which blazed beautifully, we sat talking some time, being in no hurry to rise; but at length, finding the air blew chill, we retreated into our little tent, which was just large enough to hold us, one on either side; and here we burnt a wax taper, and remained talking till nine o'clock. Not a breath of wind disturbed us.

To-day has been bright, sunny, warm, clear, the country beautiful; ranges of mountains always in sight—birds of all sorts in abundance—the land (or camp) dry—the wet ground being, where many disadvantages prove to be, the nearest to Stanley.

At eleven, we met a troop from the camp, bringing fresh bread, butter, eggs, and milk—a repast worthy of a prince.

I have abundant reason to think that my journey will not be without real good. I come as a clergyman and a missionary, and as such the people receive me with warmth. Most of them are Spaniards, the rest English, Irish, and Scotch.

I found thirty men, with families, and preached on the Sabbath to a mixed congregation (Spanish people on one side, and English, Scotch, and Irish on the other), partly in Spanish, but chiefly in my own tongue. The people seemed very much pleased, and I hope benefited. Among them were Spaniards, Patagonians, Guarani, and Canary Islanders.

I christened a Spanish woman's babe. The mother of the infant was distressed because I could not re-marry her to her husband. They had had no minister there, so could not previously be married, except by rites of their own, which they are very careful to perform. She wanted me to marry her by proxy, as her husband's work obliged him to be absent; but I said I had no service for this kind of wedlock! and, besides, her husband was not only absent, but knew nothing of the matter. I hope this visit is a token for good; the words I did say, which this poor young woman could understand, pointed to the Saviour of Sinners, and told her that he gave himself that "whosoever believeth should not perish, but should have everlasting life;" and I left her a Spanish gospel, with the humble hope that God may bless this feeble effort in which I am but the instrument.

As this is an agricultural establishment I was much interested in it, you may be sure. Everything is done on

horseback in these farming settlements. The men are splendid riders, and have an air on their fine horses that would astonish you, for they look black, unsociable savages when on the ground. That Sunday night was most interesting to me. My quarters were in a low house on the coast. There, in a kitchen, half full of firewood, and without furniture, except a quarter of beef hanging from the roof, ninety pounds weight, which they said would last two men four days, lay a Patagonian by the fire, his broad features and immense shoulders half covered by his cloak. Two or three others came in, and roasted meat, and made their evening meal. I took a beautiful tract, on the exceeding love of Jesus in dying for poor sinners, and, sitting on a log by the fire, I read it aloud. Presently, the poor Patagonian uncovered his face, and lay awake, looking fixedly at me. I did not address him, but went on reading the Spanish tract aloud. Thus I preached the Gospel for the first time to a native of the tribe we came to seek. The next day I rode with this man, and talked with him as well as I could in Spanish—told him I came to preach to his countrymen, which he said was good, and that it was good to know God, who is the Creator, the Preserver, and Saviour of all men. He took more pleasure, however, I fear, in his fine horse—which is his only possession of value—and wanted to know what sort of horses we have in England.

From another Letter.

Stanley, Nov. 15.

Thermometer 56° at 9 a.m., 49° at 6 p.m.

What an event a ship is here, you can have little conception! There have been many since we arrived. This morning, as I rose from breakfast, I saw a fine barque, with colours flying, pass the window. I threw open the door, and shouted as if the house were on fire, "Goss, Goss! (my landlord's name is Goss) what is the ship?" Goss comes running, "It is a ship in distress from Swansea with emigrants." I cannot but grieve that it is nothing in my way, for I am looking and longing for an opportunity to reach the Patagonian coast, and get to the poor savages whose welfare I came to seek.

That I might be with "Jemmy Button"* in four days is

* Jemmy Button is the name of one of the natives who were brought to *England* many years ago, and he retains the knowledge of the *English* language, and a great respect for the *English* people.
J. E. O.

a thought which keeps me anchored in the port of Stanley ; sometimes it stimulates me to think of desperate means to lessen the distance. What ! within four days of a prospect of evangelisation to tribes uninvited by Gospel sounds from ages ! in dark fetters of heathenism. A few hundred pounds even to *make the* ATTEMPT were nothing. A sin to spare it, and sit idly. There is a ship that would take me to-morrow for £150, and a good one too. Jemmy may die, and then the Fuegians are sealed up again. There is no other key to open that dark door. I could weep for the misery of my captivity. I can but pray. Merchants prosper and go hither and thither everywhere. The Christian missionary alone is unable to go on his errand of mercy. But I hope I shall find the way opened if I wait a little longer. God has been very gracious to me hitherto.

A MOTHER SHOWING THE PORTRAIT OF HER CHILD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIVISION."

LIVING child or pictured cherub,
 Ne'er o'ermatch'd its baby grace,
 And the mother, moving nearer,
 Look'd it calmly in the face ;
 Then with slight and quiet gesture,
 And with lips that scarcely smiled,
 Said—"A Portrait of my daughter
 When she was a child."

Easy thought was hers to fathom,
 Nothing hard her glance to read,
 For it seem'd to say, "No praises
 For this little child I need—
 If you see, I see far better,
 And I will not feign to care
 For a stranger's prompt assurance
 That the face is fair."

Three years old, blue-eyed, and dimpled,
 This was quickly understood—
 Smiling mouth, and brow majestic,
 With the calm of babyhood ;
 But I thought she seem'd to tell me,
 "That which draws your glance above
Only fills your eyes with beauty,
But my heart with love."

And in truth I saw this beauty,
 That it bore unwonted change
 From the common types of childhood,
 Such as made it rare and strange ;
 All the while his work was growing,
 This the painter's hand has shown,
 That the little heart was making
 Pictures of its own.

Softly clasp'd and half extended,
 She her dimpled hands doth lay,
 So they, doubtless, placed them, saying,
 " Little one, you must not play ;"
 Turns the face, the child is smiling,
 Painter, now the work begin,
 She is like some fairy palace
 Lighted from within.

Is it warm in that green valley,
 Vale of childhood, where you dwell ?
 Is it calm in that green valley,
 Round whose bournes such great hills swell ?
 Are there giants in the valley,
 Giants leaving footprints yet ?
 Are there angels in the valley ?
 Tell me—I forget !

Answer, answer, for the lilies,
 Little one, o'ertop you much,
 And the mealy gold within them
 You can scarcely reach to touch ;
 O how far their aspect differs,
 Looking up and looking down !
 You look up in that green valley,
 Valley of renown !

Are there voices in the valley,
 Lying near the heavenly gate ?
 When it opens, do the harp-strings,
 Touch'd within, reverberate ?
 When, like shooting stars, the angels
 To your couch at nightfall go,
 Are their swift wings heard to rustle ?
Tell me ! for you know.

Yes, you know, and you are silent,
 Not a word shall asking win ;
 Little mouth, more sweet than rose-bud,
 Fast it locks the secret in.
 Not a glimpse upon your present,
 You unfold to glad my view ;
 Ah ! what secrets of your future
 I could tell to you.

I must read that sunny present
 By the memory of my past,
 Its to-day and its to-morrow
 Are as lifetimes, vague and vast ;
 And each face in that green valley
 Takes for you an aspect mild,
 And each voice grows soft in saying,
 " Kiss me, little child."

As a boon the kiss is granted,
 Baby-mouth, your touch is sweet !
 Takes the love without the trouble
 From those lips that with it meet.
 Gives the love, O pure ! O tender !
 Of the valley where it grows,
 But the baby-heart receiveth
 MORE THAN IT BESTOWS.

Comes the future to the present—
 " Ah," she saith, " too blithe of mood,
 Why that smile, which seems to whisper
 I am happy, God is good ?
 God is good—that truth eternal,
 Sown for you in happiest years,
 I must tend it in my shadow,
 Water it with tears.

" Ah, sweet present, I must lead thee
 By a daylight more subdued,
 There must teach thee low to whisper
 ' I am mourning, God is good.' "
 Peace, thou future, clouds are coming,
 Stooping from the mountain's crest,
 But that sunshine floods the valley,
 Let her, let her rest.

Comes the future to the present,
 "Child," she saith, "and wilt thou rest?
How long, child, before thy footsteps
 Fret to reach yon cloudy crest?
Ah, the valley!—angels guard it,
 But the heights are brave to see,
Looking down were long contentment,
 Come up, child, to me."

So she speaks, but do not heed her,
 Little child, with wondrous eyes,
Not afraid, but clear and tender,
 Blue, and fill'd with prophecies ;
Thou for whom life's veil unlifted
 Hangs, whom warmest valleys fold,
Lift the veil, the charm dissolveth,
 Climb, but heights are cold.

There are buds that fold within them,
 Closed and cover'd from our sight,
Many a richly-tinted petal,
 Never look'd on by the light,
Fain to see their shrouded faces,
 Sun and dew are long at strife,
Till at length the sweet buds open—
 Such a bud is life.

When the rose of thine own being
 Shall reveal its central fold,
Thou shalt look within and marvel,
 Fearing what thine eyes behold ;
What it shows and what it teaches
 Are not things wherewith to part,
Thorny rose ! that always costeth
 Beatings at the heart.

Learn that if to thee the meaning
 Of all other eyes be shown,
Fewer eyes can ever front thee,
 That are skill'd to read thine own ;
And that if thy love's deep current,
 Many another's far outflows,
Then thy heart must take for ever
 LESS THAN IT BESTOWS.

DR. DEANE'S GOVERNESS ;

OR, DEPENDENT AND INDEPENDENT.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE days had passed, days of deep anxiety and much exertion to Ann Salter and her mother. The farmer had received greater injuries than had first appeared ; but he was going on favourably, and though entirely unused to illness, was very patient, excepting when the thought of his farm came into his head, and then he could not help showing the restlessness and harass of mind that oppressed him.

After the first day and night, Mrs. Salter entirely recovered her self-possession, and was unwearied in her care of her husband ; but more was required in his sick-room than could be done by one person ; and his daughter sometimes found the various duties now devolving on her almost too much for her strength. There was the servant to look after ; for, as Mrs. Salter justly said of her, she had no headpiece, and though professing to understand a dairy, would spoil a whole churning of butter if she was not well attended to ; then she loved to gossip outside the back door with the farm labourers, leaving the household work undone.

"Ann, Ann," Mrs. Salter would call gently down the stairs, "Have you seen that Emmy has scalded the milkpans?" or, "Have you seen that Emmy has fed those turkeys?" or, "Have you looked after Emmy, and made her kill those young cockerels ready for to-morrow's market?" Sometimes the answer would be, "No, mother ; but I will see what she is about when I have weighed the butter for to-morrow." or, "When I have plucked the chickens—they are nearly finished." Sometimes it would be, "No, mother ; but I will scald the milkpans myself, for the grains are just come, and Emmy is gone with them to feed the pigs."

Sometimes when Mrs. Salter came down for any little nicety which Ann had prepared for her father, she would sink into a chair, look admiringly at her daughter, and exclaim, with tender pride, "Deary me, what a thing it is to have a daughter ! Here I come down and find everything done to my hands, and her stirring about as busy as a bee. Ann, dear, I'm glad you haven't forgotten how to cook."

"Oh no, mother !" would be the cheerful answer ; "no fear of that."

"Ah ! I wish your dear father and me could afford to have

you at home always. Dick, you're pleased to have Ann at home, I know?"

Dick, a great, stupid youth of sixteen, his mother's pet when her daughter was away, would answer, shaking his fair hair and heavy head, "I should rather expect so, mother."

Then Mrs. Salter would proceed to carry the little tray with its savoury contents to her husband, being dutifully followed by Dick, who would bear the salt or sugar, as the case might be, and who never would go up and see his father unless he had some such pretence for presenting himself; for he was very shy; and to walk up to his father's bed with no other object than to say, "How do you feel yourself to-day, father? I hope you're mending," would have appeared to him a formidable and affecting ceremony.

When they were gone, Ann Salter's face would cloud with involuntary anxiety, and, busy as she was, a number of moral reflections would crowd into her mind—reflections on being discontented with one's lot—reflections on the folly of not knowing when one was well off, and on the happy lot of a governess as compared with the housekeeper and factotum in a farm. It was not that she did not love her parents and her brothers, not that she did not feel willing to exert herself, both strenuously and cheerfully, in their behalf, but that she perceived how much more carefully one eats bread in one's father's house, if he is poor, than in another man's house if he is rich. In the Doctor's house she had none of the cares of providing—none of the anxieties of possession—her meal and her salary were assured to her. Here she was anxious about every trifle that passed under her hand. "If I spoil these cream cheeses, there is so much money lost that should have gone towards the rent." "If we cannot sell the poultry this week, how are we to pay the shoe-bill?"

And then would come another set of reflections, which would run thus: Supposing that father does not get well enough to attend to the farm, and mother has to hire somebody to do it for him, then they will not be able to afford to keep Emmy; and what if I should be obliged to come home and do the work. Of all my ten brothers, there is not one that can take father's place. What a sad pity it is that those of every family who have the most energy, and can be worst spared, are those that go away! There are Tom and James in Australia. Then there are Will, and George, and Alick, in Canada, doing very well, and Edward just gone out to them. Well, here is Sam and Joe at home, only because father could not trust them out of his sight, poor fellows; and *there is Dick, a mere spoilt child. I see nothing for it*

but for me to give up my situation ; and, oh, what a misfortune that will be ! I shall soon lose a great deal that I have learned, and, perhaps, become coarse with hard work, and low-spirited for want of sometimes hearing a little intellectual conversation. I hope it will not be my duty to come home—I cannot bear the thought of it.

“Your servant, Miss Ann,” said a man’s voice behind her, as she was one day indulging in some such reflections as these. Ann Salter turned suddenly, and encountered the blushing face of William Dobson.

“I just took the liberty to come and inquire after Mr. Salter,” said the young man.

“You are very good,” replied Ann Salter ; “my father is better to-day, but his arm is very painful. Will you sit down ?”

William Dobson sat down—they were in the kitchen—Ann Salter had been stirring a pudding, and had one of her mother’s aprons tied before her. The consciousness of how different her dress and occupation were from anything he had seen in her before, made her blush with a not unnatural feeling of shame and shyness ; but she was relieved when he said, “I need not ask how you are, Miss Ann, for though you must have had a great deal of anxiety, I never saw you looking better : activity seems to suit you.”

“I am very well, thank you,” she answered ; and then thought within herself, “Shall I go on stirring this pudding ? or, shall I let it spoil because I am too proud to stir it before him ?” Good sense prevailed ; she took up the spoon, and there was a long pause. She did not think it her duty to find conversation, but quietly waited till her visitor spoke ; at last he said, “I had a long letter from your brother Tom this morning, Miss Ann, and thinking you might not have heard this mail, I thought you would be glad to see it.”

Ann Salter was glad ; Tom was her favourite brother, and she listened to his letter with delight. “How pleased mother will be to hear it !” she observed.

“He is going to write to her,” replied William Dobson. “He says so in the postscript.”

“Not on the old subject of our going to Australia, I hope,” exclaimed Ann Salter, hastily.

“Why, yes, it is on that subject,” said William Dobson ; “and if you have anything to say against it to your parents, Miss Ann, perhaps I had better read what he says, and then *you will have the start of your brother.* He says, ‘P. S.—*I have half written a long letter to my mother, urging her to come out here ; for I know if she was willing to leave the old*

place, my father would be heartily glad to begin life afresh over here. It is of no use begging you to come, old fellow; you are too well off where you are; but if my family could come over it would be the making of them, and I shall leave no stone unturned to get them to emigrate.' "

Ann Salter was silent; she saw that her brother had unconsciously chosen a time for his letter when it was almost sure to prevail; and, much as she dreaded the notion of living at home, and working as she now did, the thought of going out to Australia was more unwelcome still.

William Dobson continued: "I do not think your mother would ever consent to go, Miss Ann, if she could not take you with her;" (very true, thought Ann Salter;) "and I may say as I've said before," continued the young farmer, smoothing his hat with his sleeve, "I may say if I could induce you to stay"—here he hesitated (I have known him all my life, thought Ann Salter)—"I should think myself a very lucky fellow" (but then, AS FANNY SAID, he is not a gentleman, thought Ann Salter); "and my mother would be equally pleased," stammered out Mr. Dobson. (But, to be sure, if Fanny could see me now, proceeded Ann Salter, she would not think me much like a gentlewoman.) But whether she would have thought proper to make any answer to this speech will never now be known; for it was but just brought to a conclusion when Emmy, that roughest of mortals, with the softest of names, rushed into the kitchen and exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Dobson and Miss Ann, here's Doctor Deane just driving up to the door, and that young lady, with a white veil, that he brought once before; and the parlour shutters are not opened, I quite forgot them; and the young brood of chickens that was hatched yesterday was a-week, have got into the passage, and they are now sitting on the door-mat; and, if you please, am I to show the young lady into the kitchen?"

Ann Salter stood a moment unable to move. That Fanny should see her with a checked apron tied before her, her sleeves tucked up, and she and Mr. Dobson both inhabiting a kitchen, was too much for her philosophy. The first thing that occurred to her was, to snatch up the pudding, and put it into the oven; and, that done, a loud noise, as of a whole brood of chickens running into the kitchen and their mother after them, forced her to turn round, and encounter Fanny, who was entering in the wake of the poultry, and blushing quite as much as her friend Ann.

"My uncle is gone upstairs," said Fanny, stooping to kiss Ann Salter, "and he told me to come in here; pray excuse the intrusion."

"Pray do not call it one," was the reply; "but sit down here if you have no objection, for I have no other place to ask you into to-day."

Fanny sat down. Now why cannot I feel at my ease? thought poor Ann Salter. I am doing my duty; why cannot I be independent of other people's opinions?

Mr. Dobson had made his exit through another door. Ann Salter took off her apron, and washed her hands, while Fanny talked on indifferent subjects, and ended some anecdotes of the children by saying, "Ah, dear Ann, it is such a trouble keeping the children in order—they do not respect me, you know, because they are aware of my deficiencies as compared with you. But," continued Fanny, looking about her, "I know very well, dear, that it will be a sad trial to you to come back again, so I ought not to be in any hurry about it."

"A sad trial," echoed Ann Salter, involuntarily. "O, Fanny, how can you think so—if my dear father was only well enough to be left, I should be so thankful to be with you again."

"Indeed," said Fanny, with rather a blank face.

"It was extremely good and kind of the doctor to let me come," proceeded the governess, "and it is my duty, and my wish to be here; but, O Fanny, I have changed my mind about a good many things since I left you; I now see how sinful and how discontented I was."

"You were sometimes a good deal depressed, dear," said Fanny, recurring to the old word; "but I think that was not unnatural."

"It was unnatural," persisted Ann Salter, "and it was wicked; but I am punished; for, O Fanny, I am afraid I shall never go back to those happy duties and that pleasant house again." And here, having controlled her feelings as long as she could, the governess burst into a sudden fit of crying, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Fanny, always affectionate, was doubly so now. She was not very acute, nor very observant, but she saw on this occasion what was the real state of the case. She even discovered that Ann Salter was ashamed of herself for some of those fine lady airs which circumstances had so roughly compelled her to lay aside, and she congratulated herself on her cleverness in this respect. "So you will really be glad to come back, dear Annie?" she exclaimed. "Well, I am sure I shall be delighted when you can come; and, no doubt, that will be soon, for your father is getting better; and when you come we will keep journals again, and see how cheerful we can

possibly be on all occasions, instead of feeling it to be rather a graceful and interesting thing to be depressed."

Ann Salter was very anxious to efface the appearance of redness about her eyes, lest her mother should see it, and ask the cause; so when she had looked at the pudding in the oven, she asked Fanny to come and walk with her in the garden. There was a smoothly-clipped fruit hedge in this garden, and a row of cabbage-roses grew by it. Ann Salter gathered some of their most lovely buds for Fanny, and then the two girls sat down in the alcove, which terminated the hedge, and where the farmer had spent many a pleasant summer evening in smoking his pipe. Fanny thought this a very good opportunity for telling her friend of the conversation that she had held with her uncle on the words dependent and independent, and to her great joy, the governess declared that she was quite of the doctor's opinion.

The two girls were then deep in conversation, and the governess had just been persuaded to say that she thought it possible her father might be well enough for her to return to her duties in a week, when they saw the doctor coming along the grass-walk towards them. He looked business-like and thoughtful, and when he reached the arbour, he said, "Sit still, young ladies. Miss Salter, I have something to say to you that I am much more sorry to say than you will be to hear."

"Than I shall be to hear, Sir?" was all Ann Salter could reply.

"Yes, yes, indeed; I know that very well. The fact is, your father has said to me several times, 'I am ashamed to keep my dear girl away from her duties, and I am afraid it must put you to a good deal of inconvenience.' I have always answered, 'I must wait till she is set at liberty—we must not quarrel with God's appointments.' Well, Miss Salter, your father, though he has no unfavourable symptoms, will require all your mother's time and attention for at least six weeks to come; and he yesterday asked me such direct questions, that I felt bound to tell him so. I was, therefore, I confess, not surprised, when to-day he said to me that he felt his wife must have help, and when he saw he must ask to have you set at liberty, for that you were quite your mother's right hand; and, in short, such a pleasure to your parents—so cheerful, and so evidently happy with them—that they rejoiced in the opportunity of keeping you, though the cause was a painful one. So, Miss Salter, though it is with regret, I feel that I can do no less than give you your liberty; and I am rejoiced to find that you are so well pleased to be at home, for I had scarcely expected it would be so."

"Uncle," said Fanny, quietly, "is the matter perfectly decided on?"

"Perfectly, my dear; and I left Mr. and Mrs. Salter quite in high spirits to think how glad their daughter would be to hear the news."

Fanny, by a glance, directed her uncle's eyes to the face of his late governess—it was pale, and altogether distressed. She was making a great effort to take the news quietly, since it referred to a thing inevitable, and evidently not to be avoided. The Doctor made a movement of impatience, as if he would have said, "There is no understanding people; I always seem to be giving pain where I expected to give pleasure."

Miss Salter presently recovered herself, and said to him, "I am much obliged to you, Sir, for so kindly acceding to my father's wishes. I hope you will meet with a superior governess to myself for the children, and I am very sensible of the advantages I had in your house."

But then she looked so pale and shocked that further congratulations were impossible, and, as condolences would have been out of place, Fanny only said, in rising to take leave, "I shall come and see you as soon as I can, dear Annie, and I hope you will spend the day with me when you can; I shall be quite dull without you."

"You are very kind," said the late governess, with a sigh, as she preceded them to the house. Yet when they reached the door, saw the pony-chaise standing there, and Mrs. Salter, with a radiant face, waiting beside it, Fanny admired the self-command and good feeling with which, when the mother said, "Well, Annie dear, have you heard the news?" the daughter instantly replied, with a smile, "Yes, dear mother; and I hope you will find me a help in the house."

"That I shall," exclaimed Mrs. Salter, heartily; "a help and a pleasure too—no fear of that."

As Fanny and her uncle drove away the latter said: "I suppose I never did thoroughly understand Miss Salter, and never shall. Now, who would have supposed she did not wish to stay at home, after hearing her mother's account of her? Besides, she always disliked a state of dependence, as she called it—at least, I was always given to understand so; but women are quite incomprehensible. I suppose that is their prerogative."

"I believe she has changed her mind, uncle, on that subject," said Fanny.

"*Changed her mind!* Well, that is another of the prerogatives of her sex. I really thought I could do no less

than meet the old man's wishes ; and I supposed, from what he said, that it was for the happiness of all parties."

"And so it will be, perhaps, uncle," said Fanny, demurely. "But, uncle, you are now in want of a governess—are you not?"

"To be sure I am, child."

"Suppose you try *me*," said Fanny; "for since you talked to me about my being dependent, and Annie being independent, I have often wanted to be independent too."

The doctor was so astonished at this speech, that he actually stopped the pony-carriage, and stared at his niece for full a minute in mute surprise. Fanny was put out of countenance by this, but only for the moment, and before the doctor had recovered himself sufficiently to say a word, she added:—

"It would be a very good thing for me, uncle; for you know I often feel dreadfully weary for want of something to do—and then it would keep the situation open for Ann Salter, who, in six months or so, may possibly be able to take it again. And then, supposing such a thing, as that I ever had to earn my living, could I have a better preparation?"

"All true, perfectly true, Fanny," said the doctor, laughing; "but who would have expected to hear it from your lips?"

"And why not?" persisted Fanny; "they did not think me such a silly girl at school."

"Therefore, why should I? you mean. My dear, I never thought you wanted sense—what you want is stability and independence of character."

"Then what can be better than for me to become independent?" asked Fanny.

"My dear, don't play upon words; this is a serious matter if you are in earnest about it."

"Yes, I really am; for since you made me see that I had done harm to Annie by taking too many things for granted, I have wished very much to do her some kindness to make up for it—and here seems a way. Besides, you know, uncle, if you could not afford to have a governess, it would be my duty to teach the children; and I assure you, uncle, I have thought a great deal since Annie left us, and I really think I had better have something to do."

"Well, well," repeated the doctor, "here is another incomprehensible! I find your sentiments very wise, Fanny, and I will give them my best attention—you are sure you did not pick them up from a book?"

"Oh no," said Fanny gravely, "I thought of them entirely myself, uncle."

"I shall have some further conversation with you, then, in the evening," replied the doctor, "and after that I will decide."

THE STORY OF A FAILURE.

(A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.)

DEAR ORRIS,—As you expressly ask for an account of our Marine Aquarium, though it did not answer our expectation; and as you give as a reason for requiring it, the promise received from another friend to write you a full and veracious account of his success in the same line, provided I will do my best to describe my experience, I have tried to tell you all that befell us with our Marine Stores, and if I am dull, remember I have been asked "to bestow my dulness on your readers." Here then it is, and may they succeed better than we did.

To begin at the beginning. We, that is, my mother and sister, myself and a maid, went last autumn to sojourn in the Isle of Wight for about six weeks. You may suppose that the place we chose was Niton, or if you like better, you may imagine us at Bonchurch, or Shanklin. We found ourselves very happy the first few days in exploring the lovely island; we had a picturesque little cottage which just held us; we brought in sea-weeds and hung them up to dry upon the branches of a vast hydrangea that nearly blocked up one of our windows, and we collected ferns till the cottage parlour where we dried them, began to be pervaded by a scent of hay. But when we had stayed about a week at the place of our choice, we went out one morning and saw that an ebb tide had left bare a good deal of rock which we had not seen before; olive-coloured sea-weeds were hanging from it; and *after a few minutes of hesitation, we found ourselves, maid and all, upon these rocks searching, as the said maid phrased it, "for creatures."*

We turned back a quantity of slimy weed (the *fucus serratus* and the *fucus nodotus*); the latter was like long thongs of a leathery consistence, and covered with great bead-like air vessels, of an orange colour. I did not know the names of these plants, but I looked them out in a book. Upon these rocks we slipped about for some time in the dazzling sunshine; we went out so far as to stand upon the spine of the one which the waves were washing, and we saw the long oar-weeds, like glossy brown ribbons, swaying in the water, while great numbers of yellow winkles walked about on them; we got extremely wet, for we often slipped off the rocks into the small pools of clear water that lay among them; and we lost a basket and a parasol, but we came off triumphantly with a number of little winkles, exactly of the size and colour of yellow split peas, a collection of small hermit-crabs, and three plump sea anemones,* one of a deep red, and two of a brownish green colour; these last were just like *fruit*, not at all like flowers when we found them. If you remember what a fresh ripe fig is like, imagine it cut in half (at its equator if it has one), and then set down firmly on a table, and you will have a perfect picture of what the greenish anemones were like, as long as they remained closed.

We carried these treasures home; our zealous attendant ransacked the small house for proper vessels to keep them in, and at last appeared with a vast pie-dish of red ware, and a small clean wooden tub, which the housekeeper had given her. We put in our prey, and got sea-water for them. We amused ourselves with watching them almost all the evening; in the morning, elate with hope, we ran to the spot where they had been placed for the night, and found that every one of the winkles had vanished, and that all the hermit-crabs had walked out of their shells, and

* *Actinea Mesembryanthemum*.

were forlornly sprawling about on the weed looking most miserable. The unhappy winkles were discovered in different directions, some sticking to a fuschia stem near at hand, some parading on the glass of the window. We heard a faint rattling noise at our feet, and looking down, we saw the two largest of our hermits, each ensconced in the shell of a whelk, making clumsy lunges at each other, putting out their claws, and trying to drag each other out, and not succeeding, causing the shells to grate together, as if there was not misery enough for them in the state of their affairs, but they must needs go to war by way of adding to it. The sea anemones had, one and all, drawn themselves up the sides of the tub, and taken in their red feelers. The whole thing was a failure. But what then? We would try again, and there was no reason why we should not succeed as well as other people. We certainly had read various accounts of *Aquaria*, and one thing struck us, the inhabitants thereof had been represented as *sportive* and *happy*, as well as healthy; by the owners' descriptions, it almost appeared as if, finding themselves so well off, they would not have crawled away on any account. Why, then, had our treasure trove shown such a discontented spirit, and such a roving disposition? Why had our crabs thrown themselves out of house and home in despair? Why had our winkles hidden themselves even among ivy leaves, the smell whereof must have highly disgusted them, rather than enjoy themselves in the paradise that we had prepared for them, while our anemones sulked helplessly on the edges of the tub? And why, when we touched them, even in the most tender manner, did they spirt out a quantity of water, thereby reducing themselves to half their original size, rather than submit to be moved, when they might have known that we only wanted to change *their position* for their good?

In the afternoon, my dear friends and hermits being

all dead, we lifted out their poor little bare bodies, and some hens straightway pecked them up and ate them. In the evening, the olive-coloured weed began to emit a peculiarly disagreeable smell: a smell precisely like that which occurs when water is upset upon red-hot coals. We had it thrown away, and instead of it, as we wished to do all that we reasonably could to satisfy our anemones, we got a quantity of red weed, but the next morning we found the water of the colour of port wine negus, and therefore, considering that the anemones must be dead by this time, for they had ceased to stick to the tub, and were lying pell-mell at the bottom, we had the whole concern thrown away, and resolved to make another experiment.

“As smooth as glass, and as white as milk,” were the words that I heard uttered by a man’s voice, as I was putting on my bonnet a few days after. “Because, if there is likely to be any swell,” I heard my mother say, in answer, “we will go another time, as one of my daughters is such a bad sailor.” I was that one of my mother’s daughters. I looked out, and I saw that the broad white sea was not even heaving, it was so still. I saw the weather-beaten sailor, who was standing below, smile almost derisively as he answered, touching his cap, “The young lady couldn’t by possibility *feel bad* t’day if she tried, ma’am.” So it was agreed on all hands that we should go. It was an intensely hot day, about four in the afternoon; it was the full of the harvest moon, and moreover, the sun was very near the equinox, consequently, as you no doubt know, the tide that day had been most remarkably high, and as we stepped into the pretty white boat, the sailors told us that the day previous, there had been rocks uncovered in the ebb that had not been seen above water for seven years, for the wind that week had set steadily from the quarter which always increased the ebb on that coast. We *had been out the two previous days in the interior of*

the island, therefore we knew nothing of this. I must say that at first I rather enjoyed the row; it was to be a long one, for my mother and sister had set their hearts on rounding a particular cliff, about six miles from us, and had waited for a day when I could go with them; but afterwards, when I heard them and our maid, who accompanied us, exclaim on the delightfully cool air that was wafted towards us, and speak of the polish of the white sleepy water, though I pretended, for their sakes, to be cheerful and to enjoy the prospect, I began to feel a dreary coldness, which no steady sunshine could remove, and a dim sense of depression which it was exceedingly difficult to conceal; it was true that the water was calm and still, and that there was not wind enough to flutter the ribbons of our hats, but I knew that the tyrant moon was fast drawing the water out from the shore; it was gliding down so swiftly, slipping away from under us so determinately, that our sailors had to row hard to keep themselves from going out to sea, and consequently, the boat edged and sidled, and now and then rocked with a movement that no prospect in the world could have made up for to me.

I have often found that to occupy the brain as much as possible is the best thing for the sufferer under these circumstances; therefore, I took to repeating pieces of poetry, to working sums in my head, and to recalling as much as I could of a treatise of Mrs. Somerville's on the tides, which I had been reading that morning. "One of the most immediate and remarkable effects of a gravitating force, external to the earth," says this learned lady, "is the alternate rise and fall of the surface of the sea twice in the course of a lunar day, or 24 hours, 50 minutes, 28 seconds of mean solar time. As it depends upon the action of *the sun* and moon, it is classed among astronomical *problems*, of which it is by far the most difficult, and *its explanation* the least satisfactory." I was now

making some practical remarks, which went to prove the truth of the observations connected with this problem that I was so fond of studying in theory: and with forlorn perseverance I continued to repeat the sentence many times over, taking a weak kind of pleasure in declaring, over and over again, that it was, of all others, "the least satisfactory."

Well, "the darkest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away." Our sailors at length announce that "the tide being so uncommon strong *again* them, they cannot row the ladies round the point this day." Much secret joy on my part ensues, and a little well-concealed disappointment on the part of the other voyagers. "Never mind, my dear," says my mother to me, "we will certainly come here some other time, and you shall geologize to your heart's content, among the rocks." I answer, "Thank you, mamma," and am privately aware, that if once more I may have the happiness to set my feet on terra firma, there exists in this work-a-day world no bribe strong enough to induce me to be so gently swung and lightly tilted to my undefineable misery again.

Another half-hour passes: we are going in the same direction as the stilly water now, and I feel less wretched. "Is not this delightful?" exclaims my sister. "Look at the splendid sunshine upon those cliffs. The sun is getting low." I am hard at work, repeating my sentences, and am just near the end of one where Mrs. Somerville describes why it is that the tides are so much increased when the sun and moon are in the same meridian, when, suddenly, "What is that, ma'am?" exclaims the maid. "What, where?" cries my sister. "That piece of something that we passed just now; it stood up full a foot from the water, ma'am."

Our sailors are excited — they row vehemently. "There it lies!" exclaims the boy. Surely this is *something of value*, I think to myself, or it may be

something from that wreck which drove past last week. "I hope," says my mother, darkly hinting at her fears, "that it has never been alive." "I saw it from the first," exclaims our elder sailor; and the three row with all their might to reach the mysterious waif. "Now then," says one, "half an oar's length to leeward." I understand that the object is reached, but am too giddy to turn round. The chief sailor puts down his hand, and draws up—what? A piece of chip, about a foot long, and as thick as a man's wrist. He gives it a knock against the side of the boat to shake off the water, and then lays it across his knees, saying coolly, "I thought it had been bigger, that I did." "So did I," says the boy. And all this fuss and excitement being over, they make for our bay, and tell us that it is now low tide, and we shall have to walk a long way on the rocks, more than a quarter of a mile, before we reach the sands.

Strange to say, my feelings of misery have vanished. It is partly the increased quietude of the water, partly the little incident of finding the chip, that has done me good service, for when we at last reach the bay, which, from the lowness of the tide, is so changed as scarcely to be recognised, I am well again, and quite ready to join in admiring and enjoying the scene.

Now for a second experiment.

The population, rich and poor, was out on the rocks, which were feathered with forests of sea-weed, red and green, and yellow and brown. Some were digging for sand-eels, some picking whelks and winkles, some, among whom were the few visitors, were merely admiring the unusual scene, and descanting on its beauty.

The sun, now almost on the horizon, made the water and the wet weeds glorious with ruddy reflections and gleams of carnation. That beautiful little weed, the *Padina Pavonia*, which looks like a delicate group of *semi-transparent* oyster shells, wide open, and rooted on *their hinges*, was enriched at its fringes with prismatic

colours. I stepped up to a pool, and there I saw, as I thought, a very fine red and white cornelian, lying among some green weed. Thinking I would have it, I gave it a poke with my parasol, which I was using as a staff, and lo ! it floated up to the surface and did not descend again. I gazed in surprise, till it began gently to subside, but I dashed in my arm and secured it, when it spirted out a quantity of sea-water, and remained passive in my palm. It was of the size and shape of a kidney potato when almost fully grown. A tuft of brown weed was growing from one end, at the other, I perceived a particularly minute puncture, but there were no feelers ; and all the time I had the creature, it never looked other than I have here described. It was not quite opaque. My mother was collecting sea-anemones by means of a large silver spoon, which she had caused to be fetched for her. We found great quantities, principally of the sort which has green feelers, tipped with pink,* but we found two or three specimens of the sea-daisy,† which is exactly like a brownish michaelmas daisy ; we also got plenty of weed growing and rooted on small pieces of rock and oyster-shell ; and we found a beautiful little specimen of the sea-blubber (*Acalephæ*) ; it was just like a mushroom top, only that it was as transparent as water, and was striped like a melon, with lines of brown. Besides these zoophytes, we got some prawns. I did not know at first what they were, they had such an unpleasant resemblance to a large jumping maggot ; and moreover, they were more like ghosts than living things, for they were transparent, and seemed to have the power to vanish in a wonderful way.

With this property, and plenty of weed, we went home, and set up three several establishments. I had some specimens of all the above-mentioned zoophytes. My mother kept chiefly to the anemones.

* *Althea*.

† *Sagartea*.

. The next day, my prawns were gone, perhaps eaten ! but not by us. The day after, my sea-blubber having somehow got outside the water, was reduced to nothing but a slight film upon a piece of weed. The third day, my Aquarium was filled with creatures that I had not put there, namely, crowds of young winkles, no bigger than pins' heads, and the oddest little things with legs that I ever beheld. I cannot find out what they were, though I have looked in two or three books for their names. They were perfectly flat, had a disk as large as a pin's head, and five legs, each with two joints ; but the legs neither walked, ran, jumped, nor crept, they *sidled* along on the weed by moving the joints, but they did not elevate the central disk one atom above the surface of what they moved on ; and there were two black specks, of exceeding minuteness on them, which I cannot think were eyes, though the impish things gave one the notion that they were watching the beholders.

For a week after this everything prospered with us : the weed appeared to grow, the beings multiplied, the anemones spread their feelers. How we sped with them afterwards I will tell you if you think this description worth printing.

Yours, very sincerely,
W. A. E.

THOUGHTS ON MATTHEW XXVII. 36.

“ And sitting down they watched Him there.”

THERE are scenes in nature on which the eye delights to rest. To some, the boisterous ocean, lashing its furious waves against immoveable and heaven-towering rocks ; the lightning's flash, with its attendant “ roll of reverberate thunder ;” the head-long plunge of the roaring cataract, presents a picture on which the gaze is riveted ; and the contemplation

of which fills the soul with awe and speechless wonder. But to others, the snow-capped mountain, the flower-clad valley, the gentle stream, rippling in the golden light of a summer's sun, the star-gemmed canopy of heaven, are objects of still more pleasurable survey, and awaken deeper and tenderer emotions. But attractive and enchanting as such scenes may be, we ask you not to gaze upon them to-night, but we would have you accompany us to a lonely spot, not often frequented by man, and from its situation "without the city" much less the haunt of proud Pharisees or learned Rabbi. Let us mark the principal objects in the picture before us—a cross—a victim stretched thereon—a band of soldiers—a group of weeping women, and at some distance a few individuals, who feeling interested in the crucified One, have sat down to "watch Him there." *He is dying.* That eye, which ever beamed with tenderness and love, is failing; that voice, whose gentle tones soothed the broken-hearted, and whispered words of peace, is hushed; that arm, which was oft stretched out to aid the weak and support the fainting, is powerless. He has uttered his last words—He breathes his last sigh, and the spirit has winged its flight. Gaze on—'tis no mortal whom you thus stand and "watch." You, with the astonished centurion, must exclaim, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Reader, I may not have conducted you to an unknown spot. You may oftimes have resorted thither and "watched Him there." The friend whom you loved, and on whom you lavished the warmest affections of your heart, proved false. Dejected and cast down, you retired awhile to that solitary, but peaceful retreat, and viewing Him there, bleeding for you, shedding his heart's warmest life-blood as a proof of his undying affection, you have found a solace to your grief, in the assurance that He loves you now and *for ever more.*

Or, it may be, a loved one has departed, and weary of the cold gaze of worldings, you have gone and "watched Him there," by his example to learn to bear the cross. Forgetting your own sorrow, in the contemplation of His exquisite suffering, your faith was strengthened, and with the eye of your mind you saw the departed one clothed in light sitting at the feet of the once slain, but now glorified Redeemer, viewing his countenance beaming with heaven-lit smiles, the tears fled from your eyes, and you could not weep. Go often to the foot of the cross. Give it no cursory glance, but rest awhile and "watch Him there."

Reader! you may be one who has no desire to seek the lonely site of Calvary. You care not to go and "watch Him there." The picture of his sufferings and death has been presented to your gaze, but in your blindness you saw only the *cross*, and shrinking from the ignominy which accrues to it, you turned aside and refused to have anything to do with the crucified One. The "viol's voice and beauty's smile" have far more attractions for you, and charmed by some syren's strain, your ear is deaf to the still small voice of Calvary. Oh! refuse not to visit that spot to-night. You have an interest in the dying one, for every tear which he shed was for *you*: every sigh which he breathed was for *you*: his last fervent prayer was for *you*. Can you heartlessly turn away from such an exhibition of love—and for *you*? Can you refuse to "watch Him there?"

For a moment look forward, and behold Him a Prince, crowned with glory, honour, and immortality. Seated on a white throne, and surrounded by an angel-guard, he is judging the assembled nations, all waiting to hear their sentence. You will not refuse to "watch Him then," for the Scripture saith, "Every eye shall see Him," and if you would, you could not. *In this picture you will see no cross.* Ah no, it has faded from the canvas, and the throne and white-

robed throng stand foremost in the scene. Oh! in prospect of that awful meeting, of that dreadful doom which awaits you, if you still refuse his offered pardon, we beseech you to go to the cross to-night, and on your bended knees to "watch Him there," and from the depths of a heart overwhelmed by the sight, to exclaim—

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my *all*.

C. E. R.

A "MISERERE."

(From a Contributor.)

AN upturn'd face Thou seest from the sky!
A form of woe before Thy cross is lying,
Incline Thine ear and hearken! hear me! my
Redeemer, dear and dying!

There was a chaos on all things terrestrial,
A void of nothingness—eternal night,
But when Thou spakest, at Thy voice celestial,
The world broke forth in light!

My heart is void—dark doubt reigns o'er confusion—
And all is gloomy as a night of storm,
Let but Thy voice dispel the thick illusion,
It will be bright as morn!

Thy Spirit moved o'er all the smiling earth,
A vital essence in its glad course leaving!
Hark! to a million songs where all was dearth,
From feather'd bosoms heaving!

Let but Thy Spirit, as a dove of peace,
Move on this heart thy tender aid imploring,
Far gladder songs than theirs will never cease
From my full bosom soaring!

When Eden heard their cheerful voices calling,
Her tears of joy in myriad dewdrops lay,
Let me but hear Thy voice, there will be falling
As happy tears to-day!

WHEN THIS OLD COOT WAS NEW.

I know that Thou wilt hearken to my praying,
 And hear my voice above the world's wild roar,
 To death wilt guide me, where these feet, once straying
 May never wander more !

WHEN THIS OLD COOT WAS NEW.

SUGGESTED BY AN OLD BALLAD.

Now tell to us, our grandsire dear,
 Some tale of other days,
 Sing us the deeds of Arthur's knights,
 Or gentle Blondell's lays ;
 Tell of King Robert's many fields,
 Or, haply, Rothsay's doom,
 Tales to make glad the wintry night,
 And chase away its gloom.

" Alas, my bairns," the auld man said,
 " This world has mickle change,
 Nor need we look to distant times
 For sights baith new and strange ;
 Aye, mony changes I have known,
 Yet need I name but few
 That gar me greet to mind the day
 When this old coot was new.

" In gude auld times, on Scotland's hills,
 The rich man help'd the poor ;
 Wise thrift and kindly charity
 Kept hunger frae the door ;
 And oft they turn'd the sacred page,
 And gave it reverence due,
 And youth stood up to honour age
 When this old coot was new.

" And none forsook his father's friend,
 His father's clan disdain'd,
 But all who for his sires had plough'd
 His ploughman still remain'd ;
 Each mother nursed her ain sweet babe,
 And hirelings there were few,
 For ilka lass could guide the house
 When this old coot was new.

“ Oh lassies, vain is outward grace
 If inward graces fail,
 How soon must halt the blithest step,
 The rosiest cheek be pale!
 Aye, *lady-like* is feeble praise,
 If that be all your due,
 Our gudewives dress'd by Scripture glass*
 When this old coot was new.

“ And now the farmer's ingle nook
 His labourer may not share,
 The shepherd's widow and her babe
 Are scanty welcome there;
 The gude old kirk is sorely rent,
 Sharp angry feuds we rue,
 Who loved the truth were heart and hand
 When this old coot was new.

“ My bairns, my bairns, my heart is sair,
 Salt tears bedim mine e'e,
 Sic weary sights in Scottish land
 I never thought to see;
 The bands of country love are loose,
 Where are the leal and true?
 Alas, alas, how changed the days
 Since this old coot was new!”

M.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

TOMMY PLOWMAN. A brief Memoir of a remarkable Child.
 Wertheim & Macintosh.

GLIMPSSES OF OUR ISLAND HOME. London: Hamilton & Co.

GOADS AND NAILS. Wertheim & Macintosh.

It is impossible to read this brief Memoir of a remarkable Child without wishing that it had been written earlier and more fully. It is a matter of deep regret when anything

* See Matthew Henry's conclusion to his Commentary on the last chapter of Proverbs. “Thus is shut up this looking-glass for ladies, which they are desired to open, and dress themselves by; and if they do so, their adorning will be found to praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.”

marvellous is suffered to pass away without being carefully watched and duly recorded.

The child, the subject of the memoir, was born in October, 1834, and died in 1842 ; and though a wonder from his birth, an astonishing instance both of precocity and of genius, it appears that it was not until long after his death that any attempt was made to write a description of his character, or an account of his attainments.

Precocity, that is, an unusually early development of ordinary powers : and genius, that is, the possession of extraordinary ones : are two things so little understood, that we lose, from year to year, more than half the children who are born possessors of either gift, for want of a well-grounded and universally diffused knowledge as to how such children should be cared for ; what is injurious to them, what favourable, and what fatal. The great mortality among these brightest specimens of the human race, ought surely to teach us that we have been wrong in the course we have generally pursued towards them ; and it seems to be at length agreed, that the finer the organization of the brain, the more liable is it to injury, and that the dull child has, humanly speaking, a far better chance of living than the prodigy. But we ought to go further. " He was sure not to live, he was such a clever child ;" and, " Those wonderful children are always delicate," are sentences that we hear on all sides. But we ought rather to hear, " He was sure not to live, for he was precocious, and we treated him as if he had been dull ;" or, " He was delicate : those wonderful children always are, for we know very little about them, and do not understand how to manage them."

Thomas William Plowman was the son of a seaman, the first mate of a vessel trading between Bristol and Naples. He died shortly after the birth of his child, and the mother, who seems to have been a most prudent and tender parent, declined all the intended kindness of those who admired his genius, and would not allow them to remove him from her, and " educate him properly," but kept him with her till he was eight years old. Then a presentation being offered her for Christ's Hospital, she accepted it, and parted with him. He shortly took the measles and the hooping cough, received all the attention bestowed upon other boys who were suffering from the same complaints ; but the dull, common minds struggled through—the genius died. He survived to be taken home to his mother, and to show a degree of piety almost as *remarkable as his talent.*

A minute and carefully verified history of this child would

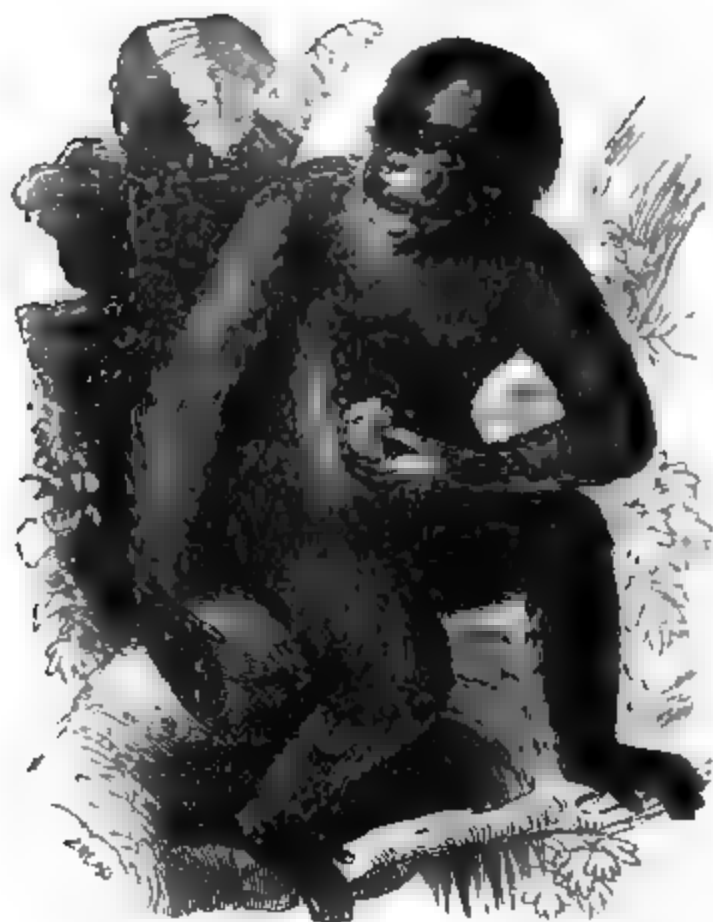
have been of great benefit to parents, and even this slight sketch will be of essential service as a warning to them, that the children possessing extraordinary powers, should never leave the shadow of their home.

Some of the facts related concerning little Tommy Plowman, almost exceed our powers of belief, yet they seem to be perfectly well attested. "He was strikingly beautiful when he was born, and his countenance had a degree of expression and animation very unusual in a new-born infant. This expression rapidly increased, and before he was six weeks old, he showed so much intelligence, and made such sensible use of his hands, that his grandmother became uneasy, fearing that there was something supernatural about him." . . . "At eleven months, he began to use a hammer, and had soon hammered more than thirty rather large nails into the arms of his little chair. At fifteen months, he knew all the letters of the alphabet, and at two years old read perfectly; his spelling too was always exactly correct, but he never could be got to spell little words. The first two he chose to spell without a book were, "Nebuchadnezzar," and "Constantinople." When two years and two months old, on his uncle coming in one day, he repeated to him a little poem of twenty four verses, called "St. Agathas Eve." We are assured that, by the time he was one year old, he took so much interest in everything mechanical, and was so delighted when he saw steam engines at work, that his mother often took him to see the alkali works in his native place. Before he was two years old, he was well known at all places where steam engines were at work, and his eagerness to understand all the machinery that was in motion was such, that his mother used sometimes to entrust him to the workmen, who would carry him to places where she dared not have ventured with him herself, but then she suffered him to be taken by his careful friends to gratify his ardent curiosity.

This wonderful commencement was succeeded by attainments equally wonderful, and the little memoir, meagre as it is, well deserves careful study. It is equally interesting as a record, and useful as an example, an example of the successful treatment of a prodigy by a loving mother who could *teach* him little, and would not let others take him from her and teach him in his infancy; and who, yielding to the advice of those above her in station, gave him up at last, and, perhaps, humanly speaking, in consequence of this sacrifice, intended for his good, was called to make the more bitter sacrifice of giving him up indeed.

“Glimpses of our Island Home” is a very entertaining account of Britain before the Norman conquest. It is a history, but written in a style calculated to make young people read for their own amusement rather than as a task. It does not profess to contain a regular outline of the events which took place between the Roman and the Norman invasion, but rather to present a succession of graphic scenes, interesting events, and notable characters. It is a very satisfactory book, written with much fairness and some elegance.

“Goads and Nails; or, Missionary Counsels and Encouragements for the Young,” is a reprint of various papers from the “Children’s Missionary Magazine,” which were well worth producing in a portable and attractive form. It is highly desirable to pass under revise the mass of information, interesting and uninteresting, current and historical, which crowds the pages of our Missionary Records and Registers, to cull from it such anecdotes, or draw out from it such characters as are worthy to stand by themselves and are capable of interesting those who are not willing, or who have not the time, to wade through the mass of unarranged information at first hand. Some interesting facts and fine characters are here rescued; and the little book contains also some clearly written papers, setting motives to missionary work very well before the young readers for whom it is intended.



SKETCHES OF SCRIPTURE ZOOLOGY.

I. THE APE.

NONE of the monkey tribe is directly mentioned in Scripture, except in the brief notice of the varieties which were brought to King Solomon by his fleet. Among these were "apes and peacocks," which seem intended as specimens of the curiosities with which his taste for science was gratified. But the Israelites, when in Egypt, saw many species of these animals; and carried into the desert with them (among other Egyptian customs of which they found it a hard task to rid themselves), something very like the ape-worship of their masters. We shall not, then, be leaving our proper path, if we first make a rough sketch of some members in this group that are found

in Egypt and the neighbouring parts of Africa and Arabia.

The better to understand some of the following allusions, it may be as well to remind the reader that the order of four-handed mammalia (*Quadrumana* is the scientific name), is popularly divided into three sections—apes, monkeys, and baboons. The ape has neither tail nor cheek-pouches, and is for the most part a dweller among woods and forests; the monkey, again, has cheek-pouches, which are commodious pockets in either side of the mouth, into which all sorts of provisions are usually stowed, and a long tail, which in some kinds acts as a sort of fifth hand; its life is spent in the thick forests of tropical regions; while the baboons, usually savage and surly in their tempers, are furnished with cheek-pouches and short tails, combined with a dog-like aspect, and spend their time among steep rocks, beyond which they are rarely to be seen. Only one species of this order inhabits Europe, viz. the Barbary ape, multitudes of which have taken up their abode on the Rock of Gibraltar. Baboons scarcely extend beyond the limits of Africa, whereas monkeys are to be found both in the Old and in the New World.

The species most frequently represented on the Egyptian monuments is called the Tartarin, or Grey Baboon. It is an ungainly looking animal, about the size of a large dog. The face is long, flesh-coloured, and marked round the eyes with rings of a lighter hue. It has a grizzled white and black coat, and the tail is rather long, tufted with brown hair at the end. This baboon is distributed over a considerable part of the African continent; is said to occur in large troops among the mountains above the Red Sea, and is met with on the opposite shores of Arabia. Dr. Lepsius, the Prussian antiquary, gives the following account of one:—"I purchased," he observes, "at the village of *Abu el Abas*, on the eastern bank of the Nile, a dog-ape, from a Turkish Kawass, for a few piastres. . . .

There is no special name for it here. Sometimes it barks and snarls like a dog. It is still young, and very good-natured, but far more intelligent than Abeken's pretty little Nesnas ape. It is extremely ludicrous when it wishes to get something good to eat which we have in our hands; it then lays back its ears on its head, and knows how to express the utmost delight; but remains sitting quiet, like a good child, only chattering with the lips, like an old winebibber. At the sight of the crocodile, however, all the hair of its body bristled up, it uttered piercing shrieks, and could scarcely be held down, with terror." *

This is the holy ape of the ancient Egyptians. It was specially worshipped at Hermopolis, and dedicated to Thoth, a divinity resembling the light-fingered and light-footed Mercury of Rome. It seems to have presided over the department of weights and measures, as its figure commonly ornaments pairs of balances. It was one of the four gods of Death. It was worshipped with the most debasing ceremonies, in temples built in honour of it; the choicest food and costliest perfumes were expended on it, at the public expense; while a body of officers, distinguished by a particular uniform, had nothing to do but to attend on it constantly, and were proud of their office. Its honours did not cease with its life—it was embalmed in the most expensive manner, and buried, in cemeteries devoted to its special use, with great magnificence, which, especially in later times, proved ruinous to its curators. So says Mr. Kennick, one of the best authorities we have, in his "Ancient Egypt." There appear, in the book of Leviticus (ch. xvii. 7,) some traces of this idolatry among the Jews.

The sculptures also exhibit, after a very lively fashion, various other services in which this, or a closely allied species, were often engaged: for it was a peculiarity of Egyptian worship, that the sanctity

* "*Letters from Egypt, Ethiopia, and Sinai.*" (Bohn) pp. 172, 173.

of any animal or plant was confined to a particular district, often to a single town. In the fruit season they were employed in climbing sycamore trees for the figs, which they handed to an attendant, with a basket, below. The artist, with a quick eye for the ludicrous, does not fail to show that this employment was full of entertainment, particularly as they seem to have been in the common habit of paying quite as much attention to the gratification of their own palates as to their owners' pleasure.

According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, apes are still taught many useful accomplishments in the south of Abyssinia. At feasts they are seated on a raised bench, and, light in hand, act as torch bearers. Occasionally it will happen that an unruly individual alarms the party by casting his blazing torch into the midst of an unsuspecting group; but as the ladies in those quarters do not wear muslin dresses, little damage is done, the stick and "no supper" bringing the offender to a sense of the extreme impropriety of his behaviour.

The Hejazi ape, nearly allied to the preceding species, has a greenish-brown coat, with a pale face, and close-set eyes, almost hidden by a disproportionate snout. It abounds among the hills near Meccah, and is one of the sights of the locality. Lieutenant Burton, in his "Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah," relates an old Arabian story, highly characteristic in its way, as illustrative of the habits of the animal:—
"A merchant was once plundered during his absence, by a troop of these apes: they tore open his bales, and charmed with the scarlet hue of the tarbushes (*i.e.* turbans), began playing with these articles of dress, and trying to put them on. The merchant was in despair, when his slave offered, for a consideration, to recover the goods. Placing himself in front, like a *fugleman* to the ape company, he went through a *variety of manœuvres* with a tarbush, and concluded *by throwing it far away*. The recruits carefully

imitated him, and the drill concluded with his firing a shot—the plunderers decamped, and the caps were regained.”

Another species of this order, but belonging to the section of true monkeys, worshipped in Egypt in ancient times, is the Grivet. It is of no great size. The hair is greyish green on the upper parts of the body, and of a paler hue beneath; the tail, which is longer than the body, is grey. It is a native of Nubia, and other parts of Africa; and it is distinguished by the agility and cunning so remarkably developed in the whole race. The principal seat of its worship was Hermopolis, where it has been found embalmed.

Vivid and accurate as the artistic displays of ape and animal worship among the ancient Egyptians are, our ideas may be rendered still clearer by a notice of the ape worship, in which thousands of Hindoos are at this moment engaged.

In India it flourishes in full vigour among high as well as low. Part of this veneration is to be attributed to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. According to this opinion, which appears very prominently in the philosophical systems of the ancient world, the souls of good men passed at death into some noble shape—the towering elephant or the eagle—while base spirits reappear in scorpions, vultures, sharks, and beasts of prey! How interesting such fancies may be rendered, no one who has read the “*Transmigrations of Indur*” requires to be told.

With no provision for the care of their sick or diseased fellow-countrymen, the Brahmins support hospitals for apes, and extensive buildings, where multitudes are maintained, and supplied with every indulgence. Sir William Jardine states, on good authority, that, when an Indian city surrendered to General Goodart, in 1780, it contained forty thousand inhabitants, and as many monkeys; and *Linsehotten* relates, that when the Portuguese plun-

dered one of the monkey palaces in the island of Ceylon, they found, in a little gold casket, the tooth of an ape; a relic so venerated that the natives offered 7,000 ducats to redeem it.

Many different kinds are revered by the Hindoo. One of these is the Radiated Macaque. It is distinguished by a sort of cap, formed by a peculiar arrangement of the hair; the colour is olive grey above, paler beneath. This species is widely distributed over India, associates in large troops, and inhabits the wildest jungles. These animals often find their way into the towns, where they make themselves quite at home, stealing and devouring whatever pleases them. Another kind—the Rhesus, or Bhunder, is very common, especially on the banks of the Ganges. Its general colour is olive, dashed with brown; the face is orange red, and the tail short. A still higher degree of sanctity attaches to this sort. According to several travellers there exist at Bindrabun more than one hundred gardens, cultivated at the expense of pious and wealthy natives, the produce of which is entirely devoted to their sustenance. While, in another large tract of country, the inhabitants, in cutting down their grain, always leave a tenth part piled up in heaps for them, which the monkeys, coming down from the hills where they live, carry off.

But *the* sacred monkey of India is the Hoonuman, or Entellus. It is of a straw yellow colour, while the face and extremities incline to black. Its height is about seventeen inches, and the tail measures two feet. The Entellus is venerated in most parts of India, in Ceylon, and over the Indian Archipelago; perhaps in the latter deified. It usually lives in the heathen temples, and when it performs its migrations, the Brahmins entertain it with hospitality. In many towns the roofs of the houses appear to be given up for its accommodation. It is said to display great affection for its own species. A story is told by

Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs," illustrative of this feature. On one occasion, a friend of his had shot a female entellus. He had just brought it to his tent when a band of forty or fifty monkeys advanced, with howlings, to the tent door. On presenting his fowling-piece they appeared irresolute, till at last, one of the oldest of the troop, advancing in front of the rest, seemed, from his supplicating gestures, to beg the body of the monkey; which, when given him, he embraced with every mark of grief and affection, and then carried it off to the expectant company. So affecting was the wholescene, that the sportsman never shot another.

We have left but little space to notice the apes brought to King Solomon. This is, however, a point on which we cannot speak with certainty, as geographers are by no means agreed as to the localities visited by his fleet. Whether they brought these animals from India, or whether their voyage was extended to the Spice Islands, where the Orang-outang is abundant, cannot be determined. It is at least possible that if they visited regions already peopled, the sovereigns of the countries to which they paid regular visits, might seek to display their attachment to a monarch so wise and so powerful, by obtaining rare quadrupeds and brightly-plumaged birds for the gratification of his taste.

This was quite a common custom in the East. Apes, especially of various kinds, were part of the tribute paid by conquered nations to their victors. Thus, on an obelisk of black marble, laid bare by Mr. Layard, some remarkable scenes, in confirmation of this, are portrayed. "The king was twice represented, followed by his attendants; a prisoner was at his feet, and his vizir and eunuchs were introducing captives and tributaries, carrying vases, shawls . . . and leading various animals, amongst which were the elephant, the *rhinoceros*, the Bactrian, or two-humped camel, the wild bull, and several kinds of monkeys.

. . . The obelisk was sculptured to commemorate the conquest of nations far to the east of Assyria, on the confines of the Indian peninsula."

WHAT WE SAW UNDERGROUND.

IN wandering over the mountains of Switzerland, it has been my experience to observe what has been noticed by many travellers with reference to the habits of goats. I mean their fondness for salt. You will smile, but it is a real fact. Whence it arises, whether it is an instinct of their nature, or whether it is a purely acquired taste, and results from their sharing his meal with the goat-herd, or from picking up the stray grains that remain from the mountain picnic of occasional travellers, I will not pretend to say.

But, if you will put on a wide-awake for yourself, and scramble over some Piedmontese or Swiss pass, ten to one but you will soon find yourself followed by two or three sage-looking bearded quadrupeds which will keep in your company, if need be, for miles, and affectionately push their noses into your hand to ask you in their own way for a small contribution from your provision for luncheon.

We will assume that you give them some, and so enjoy the easy pleasure of sweetening the meal which they gather from the scanty verdure of the crag; for no kind heart will grudge a kind act to even the brute creation.

Buffaloes have the same penchant for salt that goats have, and indulge it in their own boisterous way, blundering in herds, as travellers tell us, over more miles than I dare trust myself to say, to reach the "Salt-licks" in North America.

But without descending to the lower animals, a great deal might be told of the customs of men in connexion with this common article of domestic use:—how among Eastern tribes, he who would think nothing of taking the life of a stranger merely for the sake of plunder, would hold his hand from murder if they had but "eaten salt" together:—how in olden times in England, when the baron's hall was *spread for the feast*, the "gentles" and the guests sat at the *upper end*, while the dependants, though they ate with them, *were placed below the salt*.

These facts might be told much more at length, and a great many more of the same sort added, but as we are thinking all this time about a little excursion that we once made, and over which we wish to travel with you again in memory, let us make no more delay, but go straight on our journey.

It was in the month of August, when, after a long day of rambling over mountain and valley, and by more than one beautiful lake, we found ourselves within an hour of sunset still at a long distance from our destination. As there was no advantage to be gained from proceeding farther on foot, when we should at best have seen but little of the country, we packed ourselves into a light carriage, and giving directions to the driver to use his best speed, we settled each into a corner, and thought over the sights and scenes that we had witnessed in the day. We were even not sorry when the rain began to fall in such torrents as are witnessed only in mountainous countries, pattering on the roof of the carriage like a regiment of soldiers in patens, and coursing down the hat and cape of the driver to such a degree, that when he shook himself dry at the end of the stage he reminded us of a great Newfoundland dog after his morning's bath in the sea.

He was too well covered with waterproof clothing to be any the worse for the wetting; and even his face, which was exposed, was so thick-skinned and weather-beaten, that it would have taken a very long time for ever so stormy rains to make any impression on it. Who ever heard of a rhinoceros being wet through?

For ourselves, we made it a matter of congratulation, that we should have seen a great deal less of the country on account of the rain if we had been on foot, besides suffering a great deal more than the coachman did from not being nearly so much like mackintosh-men.

After a while we fell asleep, and had just begun to wonder, in our half-dreamy state, what could be the matter with the horses that they had taken to clattering with their hoofs exactly as if they were trotting over paving-stones, when we drew up at the gate of the town, and were addressed by a sleepy-looking official with the words, "Ihre Schriften, meine Herren" (Your passports, gentlemen).

This explains, then, that we are in a foreign country, *as we travel at home without passports.* So you had better

get your maps out if you will follow us, for you will never guess where we are, not even when I tell you that at half an hour past midnight we took up our quarters at the Golden Ship.

You fancy, now, you know all about it. Where should the Golden Ship be, but at some sea-port town? Oh! they are at Venice, or Scutari, or perhaps Port Philip, and going to the diggings: yes, that's it. Excuse me, but you are quite wrong; so do get your maps, and look out Salzburg, for it is there we are.

"And now, Landlord," said we in the morning, after we had done justice to an excellent breakfast, "now, Landlord," (perhaps we ought to have said Captain,) "our business is with your famous Salt-mines; so will you have the goodness to order a carriage to drive us over to Hallein." We drove, accordingly, through a beautiful part of the Austrian dominions, entirely within the province of Salzburg, from the capital of which, of the same name with the province, we had started.

In former times, and those not very long past, archbishops ruled over this province, who were warriors too, and could lead forth to the wars a thousand armed men; archbishops who had their cup-bearers and their masters of the horses, and all the retinue and pomp of princes; and many a tale is told of the proud splendour of their palaces, of sumptuous feasts and trains of waiting-men, and how one of these palaces would serve to entertain at once four princely visitors, and could receive them each at a separate entrance, when they drove up with their retainers, as if it had been four mansions under one roof. But the days of warrior-bishops are gone by here, though the Salza runs through the town as of old, and the same mountains watch around as when Haydn and Mozart were born into the world, in the town of Salzburg.

Arrived at Hallein, we obtain the requisite permission to visit the mine. The entrance is at the top of the Dürrenberg, a mountain 1200 feet in height, and overlooking the town. The ascent is steep, and formed, as is often the case with roads in such situations, with trunks of trees at intervals, partly imbedded in the soil, in a transverse direction. *These are found to give solidity to the road, by preventing the surface from being washed away beyond a certain extent, by the torrents which accompany and follow heavy rains.*

As we ascended leisurely we had ample opportunity for looking around us; and it was as well that we did, for, though we are to enter the mine from the top of the mountain, when we next come to light you will find us near its base, which we shall probably reach in about two hours, by the help of the land and water conveyances to be found in the interior. Before we take leave of the upper world, I will stop for a moment to allude to a sight which is common in these parts, and which, of course, we see now in the valley beneath.

Aqueducts, not, it is true, on the solid and grand scale in which the old Romans built them, but constructed in a rude way of wood, and resting here and there on supports of the same material, lead from the mine to the town. Their uses will be explained in due time. They stretch over hedge and ditch, across high-road and stream, now leaving the housetops far below them, now peeping in at the upper windows, until at length they are lost in the great boiling-houses below.

After a last look around, we enter a robing chamber, for in mining expeditions it is customary to go in costume. The dress provided for us consist of a cap fitting close to the head, a coarse white jacket, tight at the wrist and fastening round the waist with a cord, and trowsers to match the jacket, and with strings to tie round the ancles. We next put on each a thick right-hand glove, something like those used in boxing, and a stout leathern apron, which, from the way of wearing it, viz. behind, might more properly be called a cushion. Thus equipped, we start on our way, under the care of two guides, our party having been increased by other visitors on the same errand with ourselves.

Each alternate person carried a light, and, as we looked on the quaint figures moving in procession along the dark alleys and chambers, we laughed heartily, each one probably forgetting that he looked as ludicrous to the rest as they to him. The passages were generally of very considerable length, wide enough only for marching in single file, and just tall enough for a man of average height. They sloped slightly outwards from the top, much like the letter A in the monograms on Albert Dürer's pictures, some one or more of which you may possibly have been fortunate enough to see. In case you should not, I must explain that, very

conveniently for my simile, he dispenses with the cross stroke, and flattens the top of the letter.

In some of the passages the sides were secured by strong boards, but in others, where the rock was more solid, it formed itself the walls, and in them, more particularly in those parts which had been recently worked, and therefore had a fresher look, we were astonished to see colours as beautiful as varied. Here, sometimes, half-transparent and glistening in the light of our candles, were white and grey, blood-red, and the dull red of bricks, and green and heaven's own blue.

The rock in which the salt is found is very soft, and we had no difficulty in detaching small portions of it for examination.

But now our walk has come suddenly to an end, and we pause at the brink of a deep pit, to consider how we are to get to the bottom of it where our further road lies. Our guides solve the riddle.

A long slide, looking uncomfortably upright, leads down below. It is made of two smooth planks, placed a short distance apart, with a pole on the further side of each to keep the feet in their place, and there is a stout rope on the right hand, which soon explains the use of the boxing gloves.

A miner takes his seat on this slide, with his feet stretched firmly against the poles, and grasping in his hand the banister rope. We follow his example, one by one taking up a similar position behind him, till we form a little regiment of arms and legs, and upright bodies in good marching order: then—off—and we have glided to the bottom in almost no time.

There were several of these slides to be descended in the same way, and our courage grew stronger and stronger as we grew more accustomed to them. The longest was about four hundred feet from top to bottom; but as abstract numbers, except the very small ones, often fail to convey definite ideas to the mind, we will illustrate what we have to say by a supposed case. Fancy the monument of London to be double the height it is, and then stretch your fancy a little further, and conceive that being seized with giddiness through *its own height*, it yields to an inclination to rest its head *upon the top of some neighbouring house*: suppose this house *o stand as high above the pavement as the threshold of the*

street door is distant from the foot of the monument, and you would have not much exaggerated the length and inclination of the slide we are speaking of.

To separate the salt from the rock, chambers are excavated on what may be called the several stories of the mine. These are filled with water, which is easily procured from springs in the mountain and conducted by wooden pipes along the passages. Into these reservoirs the rock from which the salt is to be extracted is thrown, when the water naturally absorbs the salt, and the earthy ingredients sink to the bottom.

After remaining undisturbed for a period of from four to six weeks, the water being by this time sufficiently impregnated for the next process, or, in other words, the brine being sufficiently strong, it is drawn off by means of other pipes, and conveyed along the aqueducts before spoken of into the neighbouring town, and there boiled in large pans till, the evaporation being completed, the salt alone remains.

We crossed over one of these subterranean lakes, and to give you some idea of the aspect of a miniature salt-water ocean within the earth, I will describe our voyage. The width across was about four hundred feet, the length somewhat less, with a depth of about seven feet. The sides all round were illuminated in honour of the visitors, and a ferry-boat was in waiting by the shore.

We carried no sails, for *Æolus* never comes here: we were rowed by no oars, it was far too fairy a place for them but at a gentle tap on the side of the boat, we moved as if by magic, without any sound beyond a gentle rippling to break the silence.

It is quite true that when we reached the opposite shore, and found that we had been pulled there by means of a rope manufactured in this everyday world of ours, and by a miner who looked anything but like a fairy, for he had arms as thick as legs, and legs as thick as an ordinary body, we were obliged to confess that the spell was broken. Yet, still there was in the whole scene, something so unlike the appearance of things in the world above, that we could not resist comparing it with descriptions in tales of genii, or in the mythological poems of the old Roman writers.

When all the slides had been slidden down, and the lake crossed and the passages gone through, we came at length

to the last scene of all—a tunnel three quarters of a mile long, driven through the solid rock.

We entered by a gateway, and walked some little distance to examine the interior, till we came to the spot where our carriage was awaiting us.

Now, as the tunnel was only wide enough just to allow of standing with the arms *a-kimbo*, and only high enough not to touch our heads, you may wonder what sort of a carriage this was. In plain words, then, it would have made but a sorry figure in our parks: the appointments were by no means elegant, nor the horses showy. Nay, they were not horses at all, but two sturdy miners, one harnessed in front and the other to push behind.

The vehicle was a plank on four wheels, on which we sat astride, putting our feet on a similar plank below. One of the guides placed himself in front, with his face to the leader, and we were arranged behind him. When on the point of starting by this strange conveyance, the gate through which we had passed was shut violently behind us, when—horror of horrors!—we heard a rushing sound; the waves beat angrily against the sides; they dashed upwards to the arched roof, and were evidently streaming towards us. What was to be done? Escape there was none, except at the further end, three long quarters of a mile off, for to attempt to regain the gate would be only to meet the stream, and if we stopped still, and the waters should reach us water! there was no water; it was but the sound of the air, disturbed by the sudden closing of the entrance, although the effect in that confined space was exactly what I have attempted to describe.

With confidence restored we start on our drive: the road perfectly straight, and smooth too, which last was a great comfort, for if we had been jolted from our seats we should, in all probability, have been crushed against the sides of the tunnel. There were no turnpikes to stop for, and no obstacles of any sort in our way; and the pace at which we travelled would have been no disgrace to a four-footed cob warranted to carry at a good round trot. The exit appeared at last, that is to say, not before we had gone some considerable distance, and then it looked like a speck or luminous *point in the dark*, no bigger than the morning star when it *shines alone in the sky*, but lengthening and broadening by *degrees*, till it grew into a wide opening through which our

carriage and its living load shot out into the open air, at the foot of the Dürrenberg. We were disposed to pity the men who had had the labour of dragging and pushing us through this long cavern, when we saw by their streaming faces, how great that labour must have been; but we found that they take a pride in the speed at which they run, and we left them in a state of high contentment at the praises with which we accompanied our thanks, and some pecuniary acknowledgment for their exertions and loss of time.

A lovely day was closing as we returned from our pleasant and instructive trip, and it seemed to us as if the sun had never set with so much glory as on that August day, when we had for a time voluntarily hid ourselves from his light in the mysterious gloom of the mine.

In that mine, for six hundred years past, have human beings toiled, and still it yields a never-failing store. Tradition says that it was not unknown to the Romans, and our guide showed us an iron instrument that had been found by some miners in their excavations, and which, to his mind, was certainly a relic of the age when this part of Europe was comprehended in the Roman province of Juavia. It appeared to have been the head of some instrument for loosening the rock, but was much eaten into by the rust of time. Whether or not it be of Roman origin others must decide, though it seems by no means improbable that it is; and if it be so, what thoughts may it not suggest.

A people that could penetrate into the bowels of the earth, and by whose slaves was left under a superincumbent mass of mountain (perhaps in an hour of sudden flight at the rumoured approach of northern barbarians,) this simple relic of departed industry;—a nation that could burrow into God's storehouse and drag from its locked chambers the treasures that He willed should be opened out by man's ingenuity;—a nation that, without the helps of modern machinery, could drive intricate passages into the everlasting hills, and minister to the wants of life in a conquered land with salt drawn from the very heart of the earth:—must have previously established a firm footing on the soil above and around.

And when subsequent industry discovers in its day such slight memorials of by-gone labour, like as the fossil footprint points to the past existence of a monster mastodon, *would this iron axe-head testify to a gigantic empire, whose*

heart beat yonder on the seven hills, while with one foot it touched the soil of Britain, and with the other trampled on the East.

One curious fact remains to be noticed before we take leave of the mines at Hallein, and it is this, that owing to their geographical position, the frontier line between two countries passes through them, so that in our rambles we had, by an underground path, crossed from the empire of Austria into the kingdom of Bavaria. But here, for a wonder, the ceremony of demanding passports was dispensed with.

I believe that a tax in kind, that is, a certain proportion of the produce of the mines, is paid to Bavaria by the government of Austria for permission to work that part of them which lies beyond their own territory.

Bavaria is itself very rich in salt mines, those of Reichenhall, about eighteen miles distant, being especially famous, and having the reputation of being worked with superior skill. The greatest part of the produce there is obtained from springs which are reached at about fifty feet below the surface of the earth; and as the water has probably flowed through strata of salt-rock, similar to that which we have described, it is found in a state already partially prepared by nature for the "pans."

The details of its further preparation, however procured, whether from the sea, or from mines like those at Hallein, or those in Bavaria or Poland, or at Nantwich in Cheshire, (which are considered as productive as any in the world,) are so similar that they do not require a separate notice. There are some variations in the mode of purifying, and some contrivances for saving labour and fuel, which differ in different parts, but they are too minute for us to enter into here. And I would only observe that as in the foreign mines, wood is the only fuel used, and that necessarily in large quantities, even forests are in course of time consumed, and the expense of boiling the brine on the spot in consequence greatly increased. In such cases, the wooden aqueducts are resorted to to convey it to a distance where there may still be a good supply, and these are seen, as we have already said, as common objects in the view, extending if necessary over not less than forty or fifty miles. The *wealth of the country* we have been glancing at is derived *principally from such sources*: the hills are seasoned with *salt*: the streams are impregnated with it—but not all of

sem: it is not literally "water, water everywhere; nor any drop to drink." On the contrary, there is in general a good supply of fresh water, and the Austrian Tyrol is much visited by strangers, both on account of the beauty of its scenery, and the salubrity of the air. Ischl, not far off, is the favourite summer resort of the present imperial family, and among its other advantages affords salt-water bathing, which is, in the opinion of many, as conducive to health as the sea.
N.

ON ENGLISH NAMES OF PLACES.

IN endeavouring to ascertain the meaning of those words, monosyllables or otherwise, which occur most frequently in English names of places, we may first observe that very few traces remain of the original appellations either of the places, or people of Britain, beyond the confines of Wales and Cornwall. Of English counties, Kent, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall, the Isles of Wight and Man (called by the Romans Vectis and Mona) still attest the sway of the old Belgæ and Cymri. But the other counties, in themselves a vast majority, bear essentially Saxon names. Holland, or the Low or Hollow-land, usually called the Netherlands, has a counterpart in the fen-division of Lincolnshire, called Holland. Ostend, on the Belgian coast, is reflected, as it were, across the sea in the village of Ostend (East End), in Essex. Witsan Bay, on the French coast, has a counterpart and namesake in Whitsan (White-sand) Bay on the Cornwall coast, near Rame. In the days of the Heptarchy, Northumberland was the county north of the Humber, or Yorkshire; the name has now shrunk up to the most northern county of England. What is now Northumberland was once Bernicia. Middlesex was once one of the outlying divisions of the middle Saxons, or the Mercians, *i.e.* the people of the Mark, March, or Land.* Sussex was but the third part of the old kingdom of the South Saxons; Essex marks the chief locality of the East Saxons; while Norfolk and Suffolk formed the upper and lower division of what

* So Denmark means the country, or land of the Danes; Markgraf, the officer of a district, or Margraviate; "The Marshes," the English borders of ancient N. Wales, or Gwynneth.

was once called East Anglia, with its Northern and Southern folk, or people. The descendants of these East Anglians still hold a little apart from their neighbours, and the common people often draw a line of *demarcation* between themselves and those who come out of the "Shears," or Shires, the *divisions*, or *sections*, (from the verb "to shear,") under Alfred, of the rest of Angleland, or England, in 882. Wessex, the scene of so many fierce encounters between Saxons and British, and Saxons and Danes (witness Sarum, and Ashdown, and Southampton), has left no trace of itself in the shires that now compose it, unlike every other denomination of the bold marauders from the opposite shores.

The Saxons were, indeed, a very mixed race, like their future conquerors, the Normans, or "North Men," who, under Rollo, or Hrolf, wrested Normandy from the weak hands of Charles the Simple. Denmark, Sleswig, Holstein, the Anglians at the mouth of the Elbe, Friesland (the abode of the old Frisii), Holland, Belgium, and gradually the northern coast of France, all in turns or together, sent their quota to man the ships of the Vikings who coveted the fertile land of Britain. The Cymri have not forgotten this, and still call English and Englishmen *Sassenach*; and their descendants, the Bretons of France, are as uncompromising when they call England "Brô Saoz," the Land of the Saxon. The "Saxon" traveller in Wales often finds to his cost that the Welshman still conceals his *knowledge* of our language under the curt reply of "Dim Sassenaig," or "No English," quite as often as he proclaims his *ignorance* of our speech. In Brittany the peasant is as loath to speak French, although much French has crept into his ancient tongue (see De Courcy's "Le Breton," p. 26). "Parfois les habitants de la ville s'épuisent en pénibles efforts pour entretenir avec lui (the peasant) une conversation en breton; il les laissera faire, et se gardera bien de les tirer d'embarras, en avouant tout simplement qu'il sait le français presque aussi bien qu'eux-mêmes." The Highlanders, although of a different race, being Gäel, or Gauls, still retain the same phrase of *Sassenach*, and practically repeal the union; and in Ireland the same custom has been *much* revived, particularly by the late "agitator," Daniel O'Connell. But so firmly rooted was the Saxon sway, *although so gradually insinuated*, that almost all traces of

British topographical names have been swept away. The Latin-French Finisterre has been Anglicized "Land's End," and even in Wales, the Saxon "Head" has usurped the honours of the Celtic "Pen." Ireland abounds in traces of this change. Occasionally the word Neb, or Ness, of the same signification as Bill (as Selsey Bill, in Sussex), occurs, in the promontories and capes of our island; the Nap is the name of a conical hill near Moccas, in Herefordshire: but by far the most frequent title is Ness or Naze, in common English *nose*. We may here observe that the orthography of many of our words is retained in some spots unaltered since the days of Chaucer. In Oxfordshire the village Heath is spelt Hethe on the signposts, and Chetwood, Chetwode, as they would have been spelt five centuries ago. "Ness" will remind the reader of the caustic parody of the Scottish knight made upon the boasting motto of the English gallant, Sir Piers Courtenay, paraded at a tourney,—

I bear a pie, picking at a pece (piece);
Whoso checks at her, I will pick at his *nese*,
In faith;

in reply to the knightly, but arrogant "legend" of

I bear a faucon, fairest of flight;
Whoso checks at her, his death is *dight* (prepared)
In *graith* (armour).

The word itself occurs in many languages, as in Latin it is "Nasus," in German "Nase," in Polish, as well as in Russian, "Nos." Grisnez on the French, the Naze on the Norwegian coast, witness to this. On the East Anglian coast alone we can find Walton-on-the-Naze, or promontory, Orford, Easton, and Westerton Ness, and Skegness, a village on the Lincolnshire coast. The Ormshead, of North Wales, and the Wurmshead, of South Wales, the one Danish, the other Saxon, are fanciful appellations borrowed from the fabled kraken, or sea serpent, so celebrated in old days, and so often seen, shot, and delineated in our more enlightened age! Pen-March, "the Horse's-head" of Brittany, and the Ram's-head of the outskirts of Cornwall, near Plymouth, are further specimens of supposed resemblance. The Bolt-head of South Devon may have resembled the bolt or blunted arrow of the ancient cross-bow. Spurn-

head, in Yorkshire, is probably no other than *Spur*-head, *Sporn* having that signification in the German language : so we talk of the *spur* of the boot-shaped land of Italy.

In treating of the meaning of the most commonly-occurring names of rivers, towns, villages, &c., perhaps alphabetical classification will be found the most convenient. We will, therefore, commence by observing that, although "Akeley" means the Oak-meadow (the German, *Eich* ; in Danish, *Eeg*, pronounced *Aig*), yet *Akeman*-street (of which traces remain pretty clearly defined near Woodstock) signifies "The Sickman's-road," Bath being called not only *Het Baden*, the *Aquæ Calidæ* of the Romans, but *Akeman-cæster*, from the salubrious effects of its hot baths on "*aching men*." Another tree, the Alder, has much to do with localities. The tree itself (as its Danish name, *Eller-træ*, tends to prove) appears to have been superstitiously dedicated to the Elves, or fairies, of northern mythology, who were courted by the heathen Norsemen more out of fear than love, as witness the Danish ballad given in the notes of Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*"—

The Elfen were five score and seven,
Sæ laidly (loathly) and sæ grim (malicious).

But, however that may be, we obtain from the Elfs, or Alder-tree, the names of Alderney, Elrington, Olney, and others. Our *Elder*-tree is derived from the Danish "*Hyld*."

Among these names, Olney reminds us of the pure and elegant Cowper, who sought on the banks of the Ouse, or in the shrubberies of his cottage, that rest of mind which he has given to so many by his writings—and in vain, as the following stanza too plainly shows—

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those *alders* quivering in the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please.

But in the name Alderminster there is no allusion to the Alder : the word signifies "*The old monastery*." So the modern Alderman is difficult to be traced under the modernized title of the ancient Ealdorman, the Presbyter, or Elder (the senator of the Romans), of the Saxon *Witenagemot*, or Meeting of Wits, or wise men. The ash-tree contributes to such names as Ashton and Ashley. Ashdown, near the White Horse Vale, was called by the Saxons

Ascedune, but in old maps the name is erroneously spelt *Aston*, which would signify the *East Town*, or *Dwelling House*. The bare swelling of the green sward of the lonely and bleak Ashdown carries us back a thousand years, and places before our eyes the fierce conflict of Alfred with the Danes, near the White Horse Hill. "Alder," in composition with other words, as we have said, signifies "Old." So Alderbury is the Old Burg, or fortification, generally an earthwork on the downs, as *Oldbury Camp*, near Calne, in Wiltshire. Aldwark and Alcester bear the same meaning, being evidently "The Old Work," "The Old Fort," *old* and venerated even in the times of the remote conqueror, the Saxon. Alton is the "Old Enclosure," or "Old Town," the word "ton," or "tun" being applied often to a single dwelling-house, as is the case in Scotland at this present day. Aston, and Astley, are easily discerned to be the "East Town," or Easton and the East Meadow, and are as frequently to be found as Weston, or Wesley, which latter place gave name to the celebrated Wesley, and was the original name of the great "Iron Duke," although modified into Wellesley. Norton is the "North Town," Sutton, the "South Town." Adle, or Addle, is a corruption of the Saxon Athel, or Ethel, "Noble," in Danish "Adel," in Norwegian "Odel," and in German "Adel." The gentry of the Orkney islands were hence named "Udallers." Athelstane, in German "Edelstein," or "Jewel," is hardly to be recognized under the change of Huddlestone; and yet that family, one of whom was confessor to James the Second, claim to be descended directly from the famous Saxon king. So Ethelred is "Noble-counsel," Ethelbald, "Nobly-bold," in names of persons; Addlestrop "The Noble Farmhouse," in names of places. The name of the conqueror's daughter, who married Stephen, Count de Blois, was Adela: Adelaide, in old German Adelheid, appears to mean "Nobleness," or "Nobility;" but of all the names connected with this prefix, the little island of Athelney or the "nobles' isle," has, perhaps, the best claim on our attention. It was there that the great Alfred sought refuge from the Pagan Dane: it was there, as every English child loves to hear, that he trimmed his arrows, and, lost in melancholy thought, allowed the cakes that were baking on the hearth, to grow browner than suited his hostess's taste: it was there he took her clamorous scolding in good

part, and laid aside his kingship ; and as Imogene says of herself,

“ His pride
“ Had fallen with his fortunes.”

And it was in Athelney that the little band of faithful Thanes discovered their beloved leader, who issued forth with them from the little island formed by the little stream of the Parret,—an island no more,—to repel the heathen foe, and to carve in triumph the Saxon white horse (still the badge of Hanover) on so many of our southern downs ; and greater than all, the truths of Christianity, and the blessings of the Glad Tidings were hence communicated to Guthrum and his host, the idolatrous worshippers of Odin, Thor, and Friga.

A REPORT.

“ Speak not evil one of another.”—James iv. 11.

It was a cold November afternoon, the thick white fog, common in the midland counties, was coming up so fast that the trees in the churchyard could scarcely be distinguished across the road from the bay window of the comfortable sitting-room in the parsonage, when a pretty young girl who had been reading by firelight, sauntered across the room, and stood for a few minutes gazing into the “darkness visible.” “ Only four o’clock,” she exclaimed, “ and papa and mamma cannot possibly be home before five ; how dull it is ! ” So saying she turned from the window, and seating herself with her feet on the fender, seemed about to resign herself to a waking dream, when the door opened and a figure appeared, arrayed in all the wraps with which country young ladies bid defiance to the winter, while sundry kisses, and lively exclamations of “ How kind of you ! ” and “ I heard you were alone, dear ! ” proclaimed that Edith Murray and Julia Smith were “ particular friends.” Let us, therefore, not intrude into the confidences which were exchanged during the next half hour, since important as they were to the two girls, they are immaterial to our story ; but now, if *we are not quite asleep*, let us listen.

“ Yes,” said Edith, “ papa and mamma have gone over to *take an early dinner* with poor old Mrs. Price, for she is

very lonely now her son and his children have left her, and she is glad when papa can come and read to her for awhile, her eyes being so weak. But mamma did not wish me to go, as my cold is not yet well; and I was glad of it, for I might have made it worse going out in the fog, and that would have been so unfortunate, just before the grand day at the castle."

"To be sure it would," said Julia; "for Lord M—— will never come of age again!"

"I wish it had been a pleasanter time of year, and then the dinner might have been out of doors in tents. I do not think it will be half so amusing to see three or four hundred people dine in a hall, however well it may be decorated," observed Edith.

"Oh, I am not so sure of that," said Julia; "for as the dinner is not to be till three o'clock, it is evident that they mean to give it by candle-light. Indeed I hear that people are now at the castle decorating the great hall with quantities of holly, chinese lanterns, transparencies, and all kinds of things that only look well at night; and it was said in the village this morning, that at the head of the table where the school children sit, there is to be a Christmas bower, illuminated with coloured lamps."

"The children are all delighted," said Edith laughing; "and, I must say, I think we shall enjoy it very much; they are to go into the gallery and have games of play: while the tenants are making speeches, and all that kind of thing; and no doubt there will be plenty of amusement provided for them. Oh, Julia, I do hope Mrs. Thursby will be well enough to go, partly because she is such a sweet, dear creature, and partly because, if she goes, of course Ellinor will go with her instead of with us, and then we can take you, dear."

"Oh, that would be delightful!" exclaimed Julia. "Yes, of course, if Mrs. Thursby goes she will take her sister-in-law; and, do you know, I think there is a very good chance of her going."

"That is good news," cried Edith; "but what makes you think so?"

"Why," replied Julia, "just as I came out, I met Ellinor Thursby returning from her district, so I asked her to take a few turns in Church meadows; and, being interested in the subject, I naturally said how sorry I was to hear that

Mrs. Thursby continued so unwell, and that she was not likely to be at the festivities at M. Castle. ‘Oh,’ said Ellinor, ‘I really hope that Margaret is so much better that she will go after all, but she does not seem very anxious to do so: however, my brother and I tease her about it, now and then, and I think she has made up her mind.’ ‘Perhaps,’ said I, ‘Mrs. Thursby being of rather a high family herself, does not like to go among her own set without a handsomer dress than she thinks proper under the circumstances.’ ‘Oh!’ cried Ellinor, quite red, “Margaret looks beautiful always; besides, I know *that* has nothing to do with it, because this very morning she said there would be no economical triumphs for her, whether she went or not, since, as we are going to remain in mourning all the winter, she must have a new dress, and it might as well be introduced into society on this occasion as any other; and as she was going to Miss Clarke’s this afternoon she promised us to order it to be in readiness.’”

“I am so glad,” said Edith. “She does, indeed, always look beautiful; and black becomes her, though her dresses are always so simple, and, I am sure, inexpensive.”

“I do not know that,” replied Julia. “This one will cost enough at any rate, too much I should say, for a person who sets up to be so VERY GOOD.”

“I don’t think Mrs. Thursby *sets up* for anything; and I do think it’s very odd of Ellinor to tell you such a thing.”

“Oh! it was not from Ellinor I heard it; it was quite by accident. When we parted I thought if I had any chance of going, I had better order a new bonnet at once, at Miss Clarke’s; so I went straight there, and was shown into the front room, where Eliza Clarke waited on me; presently she went for some patterns, and then, through the folding doors, I heard Mrs. Thursby’s voice; she was saying, ‘Well then, Miss Clarke, I think we quite understand each other now.’ ‘Yes, ma’am,’ said Miss Clarke, ‘my brother went to London this morning, and he will bring it with him on Wednesday.’ ‘And then you’ll send it up on Thursday—before twelve remember—as Mr. Thursby goes out after that hour, and he must see it.’”

“Dear me!” cried Edith, “I should not have thought *that* Mr. Thursby knew a silk from a cotton!”

“Nor I, dear; but we never can tell; for then she went ~~on~~—‘Remember, Miss Clarke, to tell your brother it must

be a dark grey ; Mr. Thursby rather prefers black, but as I like grey he is kind enough to consent ; only it must be dark, and the price is not to exceed — — —' Now Edith, guess the price."

"No, no, tell me ; I can't guess—"

"Prepare yourself then ; don't faint—25 guineas !"

"Nonsense ! five without the twenty ; you misheard."

"Indeed I did not ; for Miss Clarke said very likely it would not be more than twenty : and then as they were leaving the room, I did not hear distinctly till just as they passed the front room, when she added, 'I will bring it myself on Friday or Saturday morning.' Now could you have believed it, when the Thursbys are so poor ?"

But the further speculations of the young ladies were put an end to by the sound of wheels and the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Murray ; and as Julia Smith was asked to stay tea, it was not till that meal was over, and Miss Smith had been sent for—not till Mr. Murray, declaring himself extremely tired, had thrown himself into a chair to doze or meditate, and Mrs. Murray and Edith had taken up their work, that the latter began to consider how she should inform her mother of Mrs. Thursby's horrible extravagance, for such she considered it in a person who, though she had some little fortune herself, had married a poor clergyman, with a sister entirely dependant on him. The opportunity was soon afforded her by Mrs. Murray's saying that they called at the Thursby's on their way home, and adding, "Really, Edith, I am not surprised at the fascination she exercises over you ; so unconsciously beautiful, so simply elegant, so much knowledge, with so little display ; such unassuming manners ; she never seems for an instant to remember that she was born in what in the world is called a higher rank ; and though she has some money of her own, she has established an absolute equality between herself and Ellinor, both in dress——"

But this was too much for Edith ; so rapidly repeating Julia's account, she wound up with "so on this occasion, mamma, I think poor Ellinor will look an absolute dowdy beside her, for I know that she means to wear the dress she had when she went with us to the school opening ; and I only hope that when Captain Gascoigne comes home to marry her, that he will be very rich indeed, and then she will have the best dresses."

"My dear Edith, how childish! how silly! how wrong you are."

"No, mamma," exclaimed Edith, half crying; "but I cannot bear to be deceived in people. It is not so much the extravagant price she is going to pay, though I looked on her as quite above such a thing, but the deception! It is not a week since she was letting me know how little her dress cost her. However, every one will notice this splendid dress, and I'll take care to remark upon it; I shall mention what I have heard."

"Edith," said her mother, "I am sure your father——" Here both involuntarily glanced towards the arm-chair, and Edith started slightly on seeing the dark eyes of her father fixed gravely upon her.

"I have not been asleep," said he, "and I am grieved to find that my daughter has so entirely forgotten her duty to her neighbour, that she not only indulges at home in evil speaking and slandering, but that it pleases her to go about in the character of a busy-body and a tattler."

"Pleases me, papa! you don't know how sorry I am: but surely people ought to know how they are taken in! and if I say nothing, Julia will be sure to mention it."

"Perhaps I can prevent her doing so. You may write her a note this evening, and say that if Mrs. Thursby is well enough to go to M——, I shall be happy to give her the vacant seat in our phaeton; and then you may recommend a complete silence as to Mrs. Thursby's dress, since if before that day your mother or I should hear a single report on that subject, I shall leave you both at home; for, most assuredly, I will not take into so large a circle any one likely to calumniate the admirable wife of my excellent friend and colleague."

"Do you call truth calumny, papa?" said Edith, ready to cry with vexation.

"You had better write at once," interposed her mother; "so get your desk."

"Edith is very wilful," said her father, as the door closed.

"She has a warm heart, and I hope real religious principle, but she is easily carried into extremes," replied his wife.

"*I am afraid, my dear, we are to blame for not educating her in a stricter discipline.*"

"*It is so seldom one finds occasion to contradict an only*

child; it is her misfortune to be one," said the mother, sighing.

At these words the eyes of both parents turned mournfully towards the bay window which looked on the churchyard, where lay some little graves, long since covered with a soft green grass; and it was in a tenderer voice that Mr. Murray again spoke, as his daughter brought in her desk.

"I am no judge of the price of ladies' dresses; but if this is an improper one, as you and your friend seem to agree in thinking, I should, in all charity, hope that it was an error produced by her early life, and which she would shortly regret and correct: but what would be your remorse, Edith, to find that you had meanwhile sown a seed from which a tree had sprung beneath whose shade all Mrs. Thursby's efforts to do good in the parish would wither?"

"Oh, papa! how could I do such a thing?"

"Surely, my love, if you spread reports which Mrs. Thursby has no opportunity of contradicting or explaining, reports which you yourself say stamp her as a hypocrite, you are undermining her influence; and the more surely as being my daughter. But perhaps you think, as long as Mr. Thursby and I are esteemed in the parish, it does not matter what is thought of our wives! St. Paul, however, expresses a different opinion in his Epistle to Timothy. And suppose, after all, there were some mistake; suppose this price included all kinds of things to wear that day; would you not blame yourself for thinking so much evil?"

"Oh! indeed, I should run to her and tell her all, and ask her to forgive me."

"I am not sure that that would be a wise step," said her mother, smiling, "since it would be painful to her to know that you so little trust her."

"Well, Edith," continued her father, "we may remain some time in doubt, so let me recommend you to repeat often to yourself—'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

"The rain it rained every day," indeed, at Garthorpe, for nearly a week after the day on which this conversation took place, and people began to think that all the out-of-door sports contemplated at M. Castle, would be put an end to; when on the second evening preceding the important event, the weather suddenly cleared, and the next morning a bright silvery *mist*, every moment yielding to the sun's *efforts and becoming more and more transparent, proclaimed*

the finest of autumnal days. Hardly was breakfast over when Edith, now perfectly well and in the highest possible spirits, declared that she wondered how her mother could stay in-doors, even to order the dinner; for her part, when she kept house she should talk to the cook in the garden on such days; and now she would go and see if there were any violets. Whilst she was thus employed, the sound of wheels was heard, and presently the gentle voice of Margaret Thursby called her, and after the usual salutations she continued, "Now, Edith, I know how long you have wished to see a real hero, a man who has sacrificed all that the world values, all home affections, to spread Christ's truth among the heathen. That most excellent man, John ———, is spending a few days with my brother, and we are going soon to lunch with him; there is just room for you; can you come?"

"I should be so pleased; I will ask papa," exclaimed Edith; and she quickly bounded up the steps, and then re-appeared with her father.

"So you want my little girl?"

"Yes, for the whole of the day. We must drive gently, as we have another long distance to perform to-morrow."

"Is Bobby equal to it?" said the Rector, going towards the pony. "Ah! what have we here? What a pretty creature! Where did he come from?"

"Oh, you know the Clarke's father deals in horses; so we thought we ought to patronize parish interests, and as their brother James was in town last week, he called on his return and brought this little fellow for our approval. Mr. Thursby likes black, but I prefer grey, so mind you admire his colour. Pretty, is he not? and we think by no means dear —25 guineas."

Edith turned hastily away, and burst into tears.

"Oh, papa!" said she in the hall, "I cannot go; I cannot look at that pony all day long, I shall feel so wicked."

"My dear," said her father kindly, "I hope that you will never see the pony without thinking of your fault, and feeling humble and penitent; and I am sure that the animal will be with me a special favourite, as I shall hope that he will have helped to cure my Edith of such a detestable *practice as tittle-tattling*. You had better go, however, to-day, and take this little retribution in a proper spirit; but *remember, that if you really desire to avoid a repetition of*

this fault, you must daily and specially seek the aid of Him who alone can preserve you from temptation, or falling therein, make a way for you to escape, remembering always, 'If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain.'" VANILLA.

HINTS ON COMPOSITION.

II.

I PROPOSE in this paper to make a few remarks on clearness of style, and shall take for granted that clearness is the first and most essential quality to be acquired by those who desire to be good writers.

Whether you write to inform, to persuade, to convince, or to amuse, it is necessary that you should so write as to be understood. Now, in order to BE UNDERSTOOD you must UNDERSTAND. This fact is often lost sight of by young writers; they will say, when others complain that their meaning is not clear, "I understand the subject perfectly myself, but yet I cannot explain it to you." This is a mistake: if they *did* clearly understand the subject—if there was really a clear picture in their own minds they could convey it clearly to the minds of others.

If you went into a picture-gallery with a blind person you would have no difficulty in describing to him the particular pictures before you. Suppose yourself to be standing beside Wilkie's picture of the "Chelsea Pensioners," you could tell without difficulty the colour of every man's dress, you could enumerate every figure and every article in the composition, beginning at one side, and going on in due order till you reached the other. But you will perhaps say, "That picture would be before me, and I should see it plainly." Very true, and so the mental picture should be spread out before you, with all its several parts, in due order; you should be able to see it, as I have supposed you to see "The Chelsea Pensioners," and be able to describe it to those who do not see it. Your imagination having formed a picture, the art of composition should be to your readers what your eyes would be to the blind man. It is granted that you might not be able to give a description of the picture that would be adequate to its merits, *for want of a sufficient knowledge of art; and just so you*

might not be able to do justice to your mental picture, for want of a due mastery over your own art, that of composition. But all that you do say about the picture ought to be clear and easily understood, though it may not convey to your hearer the glow or the splendour of the original; so your description of your mental picture ought to be orderly, truthful, and perspicuous, though it may fall short of your ideal.

People who do not trouble themselves to think accurately are very apt to confuse thoughts and images with impressions and sensations, and to think that because language is inadequate to convey, express, or define, some of our sensations, that therefore it has not power to express our thoughts; this is a mistake. You will find, upon reflection, that an inexpressible thought, and an unutterable idea, are things that have no existence. *You* may not be able at present to utter the thought, from your want of skill in the use of language, but if you dwell upon your thought, and take pains to get it defined and distinct in your own mind, it will start into language, find itself a garb of words, and, most likely, the first person who hears it will say that, so far from being a thought that he should have supposed to be unutterable, he has often heard it expressed before!

In order to learn the art of expressing *unusual*, or *obscure*, or *abstruse* thoughts, it will be well that you study carefully the writings of those who have been successful in conveying them. Not that you should directly imitate, or consciously follow, any writer as a master, but that it is a good thing to note and discriminate beauties and fine examples. Though an author may be immeasurably superior to yourself, you should never treat his *book* as your superior; it comes for you to study and to admire, but also for you to pass judgment on. The book belongs to you, not you to the book; and if you allow any book, or books, to reign over you, it will be greatly to your loss, for as an American writer has said, "The danger to individuality in reading is, not that we repeat an author's opinions or expressions, but that we be magnetized by his spirit to the extent of being drawn into his stronger life and losing our *particular* being. NOW, NO MAN IS BENEFITED BY BEING CONQUERED." When you find yourself beset with the *notion* that your thoughts are too obscure or abstruse to be

properly expressed, take up a book by Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, or by Whately—take a page or two from “Bacon’s Essays,” or one of the first four chapters of Adam Smith’s “Wealth of Nations”—ask yourself, “Do I understand this?” and I think the answer will be, “Yes, I do.” Then ask yourself, “Have I any thoughts to express that are more difficult to set forth clearly than these?” and I think the answer will certainly be, “None!”

Here you have expressed quite simply, and in few words, a fallacy which has puzzled the world ever since she began to grow old, and which teases her still. It is from “The influence of authority in matters of opinion.” “Bacon,” says the author, “is very explicit and earnest in refuting a fallacy which confounded a respect for opinions handed down from ANTIQUITY with the respect due to the Aged. There was a confusion between the age of a man and the age of the world, and it was supposed that as an old man is more experienced, and therefore more able to judge than a young man, *so* a remote generation, as being more *ancient*, is wiser than the existing one.”

Here is exactly the kind of thought, the species of discovery, which untried writers find a difficulty in expressing; yet you see that it is quite impossible to mistake the author’s meaning. This remark strikes at the root of that respect for what hasty writers and loose thinkers call “venerable antiquity,” which is so great a snare to many. We forget that our race, like particular individuals, began by being young, and we talk as if the fewer years it had existed the older it was; till we actually confuse the difference of meaning between “old” and “ancient.” Old means that which has lived a *long time*, but ancient means only that which lived a *long time ago*.

I will now copy, and request your attention, for a short, but fine piece of composition, from Cotton’s “Lacon”:—

“*True greatness is that alone which is allowed to be so by the most great; and the difficulty of attaining perfection is best understood by those who stand nearest themselves unto it; for as he that is placed at a great distance from any object is a bad judge of the relative space that separates other objects from it that are comparatively contiguous unto it, so also those that are a great way off from excellence, are equally liable to be misled as to the respective advances that those who have nearly reached it have made. The truly*

great indeed are few in number, and slow to admit superiority; but, when once admitted, they do more homage to the greatness that overtops them than minds that are inferior and subordinate. I once went to see an exhibition of a giant; I was much interested by a group of children, and promised myself much amusement from the effect that his entrance would produce upon them, but I was disappointed; this Brodignag excited less sensation than I had anticipated in the young coterie of Lilliputians. I expressed my astonishment on this subject to the giant himself, who informed me that he had invariably made the same remark, that children, and persons of diminutive stature, never expressed half the surprise or gratification that was evinced by those who were tall. The reason of this puzzled me a little, until, at last, I began to reflect, that children, and persons of small stature, are in the constant habit of looking *up* at others, and, therefore, it costs them no trouble to look a little higher at a giant; but those who are tall, inasmuch as they are in the constant habit of looking *down* upon others, are beyond measure astonished when they meet with one whose very superior stature obliges them to look up; and so it is with minds; for the truly great meet their equals, rarely their inferiors, constantly, but when they meet with a *superior*, the novelty of such an intellectual phenomenon serves only to increase its brilliance, and to give a more ardent admiration to that homage which it commands."

I think, on reading and considering this little piece of composition, you will agree with me that the thoughts it contains are original, and not obvious or self-evident, but that they are so clearly expressed that it is impossible to misunderstand them, and so well illustrated that their truth is not to be denied: you may also remark that scarcely one superfluous word is used throughout, and that the author having proved his point, stops short, contented with his finished work, and does not go on dilating on the subject, as is too commonly done by inferior writers.

He first makes a statement to the effect that the *great* are the best judges of the great; he then renders this clearer by a comparison, and such a good one that we *assent to the statement* for its sake; whereas, but for the *comparison*, we might have said that he had stated not *a fact, but an opinion*. He then makes a second statement,

in two parts ; and in proof that it is a true one, he relates an anecdote which illustrates it in the most perfect manner possible. Considering that he has a right to look upon his statement as proved, he now brings forward the reason for it : a highly ingenious reason, and yet one that commends itself to our minds as the true one ; finally, he sums up in a few words, which contain his statement,—and leaves the subject. He never says “ besides,” or “ moreover,” or “ in addition to,” this ; he is aware that one good reason is not only better than three bad ones, but that it is actually better than three good ones, since when once a thing is proved, to add a second proof is to diminish the reader’s faith in the strength of the former one.

Again, if you wish to see how clearly the nicest shades of feeling may be discriminated, and the most dim and half-defined thoughts expressed, so far as they had existence, read Longfellow’s “ Fire of Driftwood.” See how, in a few words, he shows you that he, and some friends of his, sat in the old farm-house which looked over the darkening sea, and talked by the fire till it grew quite dark, and their “ voices only broke the gloom,” and how :—

“ We spake of many a vanished scene
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

“ And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel with secret pain,
Their lives henceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again ;

“ The first slight swerving of the heart,
Which words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

“ The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark ;
*The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.*

“ Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly from out the fire,
Built of the wrecks of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

“ And as their splendour flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismantled that were hailed,
And sent no answer back again.

“ The windows rattling in their frames,—
The ocean roaring up the beach,—
The gusty blast, the flickering flames
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

“ Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long lost ventures of the heart
That send no answers back again.

“ O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !
They were, indeed, too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that glowed and burned within.”

It is scarcely possible that any piece of composition should attain greater perfection than this, but the one beauty that I have to point out to you is its *clearness* ; and this clearness you will best estimate by reflecting on the nature of the thoughts, feelings, sensations, and impressions, that he had to make clear. Did you ever meet, in poetry or prose, with the precise thoughts and feelings expressed in the second, third, and fourth verses copied here ? Did you ever meet with a more clear and perfect picture ? and yet it is a picture of “ the dark ! ” And, then, the unexcited, the touching tranquillity of the whole ! No evidence of any labour on the poet’s part in making his picture clear, and, consequently, no drawing away of the reader’s mind from the matter to the manner. Above all, how affecting is the clearly-implied comparison between the “ Ships dismantled that were hailed, and sent no answers back again,” and “ The long-lost ventures of the heart, that send no answers back again.” Longfellow is so intent on making his readers see and feel with him, that only this once throughout the poem does he venture to draw attention to the composition, by making the thought, which is a reflection of the former thought, an echo of the words also in which it is expressed. But why does he do this ? Because the beauty of the *parallel* is not obvious to all readers at first sight, and it *would not* become him to draw direct attention to it in a *poem like this* ; yet, as it is the crowning sentiment and the

completing thought of the whole, he must have it noticed, and, accordingly, he shows himself a master of his art by securing his object, and at the same time adding music to his verse. You will find Longfellow the best poet for you to study as a master of clearness in style. It is exceedingly difficult on any occasion to mistake his meaning. I will now give you some verses from a poet whose writings are almost as much read as Longfellow's, and whose thoughts are often very fine; but who is no master of the art of composition, and who appears to write with effort. The following verses are from Keble's fine hymn, beginning, "Father to me thou art and mother dear." He is speaking of the Saviour's love:—

"Strange to our ears the church bells of our home,
 The fragrance of our old paternal fields
 May be forgotten; and the time may come
 When the babe's kiss no sense of pleasure yields
 Even to the doting mother: but thine own
 Thou never canst forget, nor leave alone.

"There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
 None loves them best—O vain and selfish sigh,
 Out of the bosom of His love He spares—
 The Father spares the Son, for thee to die;
 For thee he died—for thee He lives again,
 O'er thee He watches, in His boundless reign."

The second of these verses contains a beautiful thought expressed in clear language: the first is ambiguous and full of faults. The sense is, that though we may forget what we have greatly loved, the Saviour will never forget those whom He has loved, but though we are sure that this is what the poet means, he does not tell us so distinctly or forcibly. Does he mean that his verse should convey this thought to us, "The sound of our native bells may become strange to our ears, and the fragrance of our old paternal fields may be forgotten," or does he merely mean to dilate on the strangeness of the fact? thus, "Strange fact this to our ears! The church bells of our home, and the fragrance of our old paternal fields may be forgotten." If the words "may be forgotten," could be changed for "may become," the ambiguity would vanish, because "may become" would include both the bells and the fields. But we read the next *two lines*, and here we find another defect—the tense is

changed; in going on to the climax, the poet is taking away its force, by dividing it from what had gone before. What he desires to express is this, "Things so familiar and so beloved as the bells of our home and the fragrance of our paternal fields *may* be forgotten, nay, the time *may* come when the babe's kiss no sense of joy may yield even to the doting mother; but *Thou*, O Lord, wilt never forget *Thy* children, nor leave them alone." He, therefore, should not have left the subjunctive for the present tense. But we read the last two lines, and, unless we are very good readers, and quick discerners of a writer's meaning, we read them wrongly, because the emphasis naturally falls on the last word of the fifth line, while the sense requires that a strong emphasis should be laid on the first word of the last line, the conclusion of the fifth line being read with particular lightness. If this is not attended to, the force of the contrast is entirely lost; the verse no longer appears to point out the contrast between man's love and the Redeemer's love, but between man's love and the love *received* by the Redeemer's people.

Thine OWN—thou never wilt forget nor leave alone—instead of, "but Thine own—THOU—never wilt forget nor leave alone."

Perhaps you think all this criticism far too minute, and that it cavils very unnecessarily; perhaps you are ready to say, "If I could write as well as this poet does, and with half the beauties he lavishes on his pages, I should be quite contented to be obscure and incorrect now and then." If you think thus you think unwisely, for it by no means makes a man's thoughts appear less fine to be in the fair apparel of suitable language well put together; on the contrary, that which appears good, even in the disguise of a bad style, would, when set off by a good style, appear better! Besides, it is not in your power to obtain from yourself the fine thoughts, but it is in your power to learn how to present those that you have in the best manner possible, and the first step towards acquiring this art is to learn how to discriminate between the styles of other writers.

I am the more particular in urging on you the necessity *of a clear style*, and in endeavouring to show you the beauty *and the charm* of it, because there is no question that not only *do many in practice* fail in the attempt to make themselves

understood, but that there is actually a fashion which leads them to admire, defend, and imitate a misty style—a style which wraps up the thoughts, and hides them, as leaves bursting out upon the hedge-row hide the robin's nest among the boughs, and hide the boughs themselves in one burst of greenery; or as blankets cover up and hide the cold, coiling snakes, in the Zoological Gardens. I give two comparisons, the second to please myself, the first to please admirers of obscurity; but neither of them is a good one, for the robin's nest, though hidden, may be found, with all its spotted eggs, if eyes are sharp enough to search it out; and you have only to lift up a corner of the blanket to see the snake rear up her odious head—but the thoughts which we have likened to these several objects, where are they? You turn over the words of the gracefully cadenced sentence, as if it was so many leaves—but the thought is not always forthcoming, search as you may! The writer takes a side-glance at some theory, he hints at some notion, towards which he seems to wade through his mist of enfolding phraseology, but sometimes nothing worth mentioning ensues; his writing is music without words; we listen to it as to music, and are pleased, for its falls and its pauses are delightful to the ear; but if you are obliged to say what it means, you give an ingenious interpretation, and perhaps find yourself drawn into an unwilling argument with some one, who says it means something quite different! It must, moreover, be borne in mind, that there is seldom or never anything in the *subjects* of the above-mentioned writers which makes it impossible that they should be understood. Writers on science always write as clearly as they can, but the infidel historian, the sceptical poet, the Neologist, the Jesuit, the Socialist, though they want to put forth their sentiments, want to do it as obscurely as they can—they want to advance their notions, sentiments, opinions, beliefs, or unbeliefs, covertly, to slide them in, as it were, “unbeknown,” and they therefore invented a style which would enable them to afford partial glimpses of things, that they feared their readers would recoil from if fully seen, as they might from a snake if the blanket was withdrawn. This style is the style of hints, insinuations, assertions that may be made to bear two meanings, *obscurely phrased denials* of great truths, implied sameness *between certain inventions and certain facts*, which is to

bring both into disrepute, comparisons which suggest lies, but do not assert them; declarations so worded as to pass for arguments, and surface praise, which secretly undermines the reputation it affects to prop. Writers who had this kind of work to do invented the misty style to veil their purpose, but those whom you admire have adopted it, without their excuse; they are desirous to veil what no one would start at if it was displayed openly, and they make sometimes a vast parade about hiding nothing.

The style is in fashion, and I wish, if possible, to make you acknowledge that it is not worthy of admiration, because what people admire they naturally try to imitate; and you will never write with clearness while you imitate the veiled obscurity which is obliged to dress its commonplace thoughts in a quantity of cloud-like drapery of words, that the world may not see how poor and mean they are.

LETTER TO EUPHEMIA.

READING THE SCRIPTURES.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,—The subject of this letter is one scarcely inferior in importance to the last—the study of God's Word. All true knowledge of God must be drawn from this sacred treasury. There was a time when God spoke directly to his servants, as when he walked with Abraham, and talked with Moses, as a man converses with his friend. But now that his revealed word is complete, and nothing is to be added to it, (Rev. xxii. 18,) we must be children of *the Book*—Bible-Christians—and “hear, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest” its sacred and saving truths.

This study is important to all, but especially the *young*, whose principles are yet only imperfectly formed, and whose knowledge of Divine things is but scanty. Exposed as they are to peculiar temptations, *the only way to keep their hearts pure, and to “cleanse their way,”* is to “take heed to them according to *God's Word,*” and “hide it in their heart, that they

may not sin against him." (Psa. cxix. 9, 11.) This was the means by which David kept himself from the sins of youth, and grew so rapidly in grace and Divine knowledge. Thus, also, Timothy was made "wise unto salvation," by the use of those holy Scriptures which he had known from a child. (2 Tim. iii. 14, 15.) Thus many a pious child has attained to a measure of spiritual knowledge, wisdom, and understanding, which the most learned and accomplished in worldly literature and science have never reached without the aid of the Holy Scriptures.

In order to profit by the reading of God's Word, it must be read *diligently* and *devoutly*. (Prov. ii. 1—9.) You must "search the Scriptures," (John v. 39,) seeking for the revelation of *Christ* in them, as the "pearl of great price" hid in the field of Scripture. Every part of the written Word testifies of him to a spiritual mind. The Old Testament is full of Christ, as well as the New. (Luke xxiv. 27.) Read the whole Bible *in order*, not in a desultory way. It is not enough to dip into it here and there, and pick up a few flowers that grow upon the surface; you must dig into it, as a mine. That is the way to reach its precious treasures. All parts of the Bible, I admit, need not be studied by you with equal frequency and diligence. Some parts are too difficult for the young Christian to comprehend and master at first. (Heb. v. 11—14; 2 Pet. iii. 16.) There are in the Bible, as an old author says, "shallows where a lamb may wade, and depths where an elephant may swim." There is "milk" for babes, and "strong meat" for those of riper age. But you shall know all, in due time, if you "follow on to know the Lord." (Hosea vi. 3.) Even much that appears dark at the first perusal, to one unaccustomed to the study of Scripture, will brighten and unfold its meaning upon a more diligent, devoutly spiritual, and prayerful attention. Truth is *the key to this spiritual store-house*, which will unlock

its deepest recesses, and enable the inquiring Christian to possess himself of its hidden treasures. The aid of a good commentary is of service occasionally, when it can be had. Those by the Rev. M. Henry, and the Rev. F. Scott, and the compilation from both, published by the Religious Tract Society, are the best and safest guides to the interpretation of Scripture that I am acquainted with. But the best commentaries are those which will cost you nothing but the time and attention required to make use of them. They are such as these: (1.) The comparison of one part of Scripture with another. This kind of study is very much assisted by the *marginal references*; but you should not confine yourself to them. Try to make your own references and your own harmony of Scripture. For this purpose compare Leviticus with Hebrews; the historical books of the Old Testament with the Prophecies;—and these again with the Historical parts of the New Testament. Thus a wonderful harmony and agreement will appear between the different parts of God's holy Word. Remember, my dear young friend, that the Bible is not merely a *book*, it is a *library*, consisting of sixty-six volumes, written by holy men of God, "moved by the Holy Ghost," at different and distant intervals of time, extending over more than sixteen hundred years. They exhibit, as might be expected, a great variety of style and subject, consisting of History, Poetry, Precepts, Proverbs, and Letters; besides the more peculiarly Divine, though not more truly inspired portions, the Prophecies, both of the Old and New Testaments. Comparing one part with another, you will find a wonderful amount of light thrown upon passages previously obscure, and will discover allusions and analogies full of interest and illustration, where you would not have suspected their existence.

(2.) Another valuable commentary on the Word of God is the book of nature—or the works of God.

These not only display the Divine wisdom and goodness to a thoughtful mind, but also, by furnishing a boundless variety of illustrations of spiritual things, which the Holy Spirit has seized upon and consecrated by attaching to them a sacred meaning and use, they greatly assist the devout student of Scripture in meditating upon it, and entering into the fulness of its inspired pages.

(3.) The book of the *heart*, or Christian *experience*, is the best of all commentaries on the holy Scripture. The experience of the believer himself, and that of other Christians, as recorded in the pages of religious biography, throw a marvellous and most interesting light upon many a portion of God's holy Word. This is the case when we *feel* God's statements to be true, and have "the witness in ourselves" (1 John v. 10), arising from an inward testimony corresponding with the written record. Thus the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was brought home to the Eunuch of Ethiopia, (Acts viii. 27—35); and thus also the fifty-fifth chapter of the same prophecy was written on the heart of a little boy of ten years old, whom I could name to you, in a way which, in after life, he has never been able to forget.

In short, the Word of God is not duly valued or understood until it is read with *personal application* as addressed to *ourselves*. Read it, then, as a letter from God—as under the all-seeing eye of the great Author; receive it as a "message from God," as if God himself was speaking to you. In this spirit you will find in the Word of God many a well of living water, such as Hagar found in the wilderness, full of refreshment to your thirsty and fainting spirit. You will find it full of new ideas, for there is no book so suggestive as the Bible; as a poor converted negro woman once said—"It is never old, and never cold."

But perhaps you may think that you have not time for so much Scripture study. I would say to you, then,

make time. You must find time for the Bible, whatever you neglect. "Redeem the time" from sleep or pleasure, play, trifling pursuits and conversation. Save up your odds and ends of time, precious fragments too often thrown away. *Love* the Bible, and you will find time to read it; just as you find time to converse or correspond with a beloved friend. Store it up in your memory—a text every day. Thus, by continual accumulation, you will at last obtain a valuable store of Scripture knowledge. A single verse of Scripture each day will amount to 7300 verses in twenty years, no inconsiderable portion of the holy Bible. But in order to do this regularly, you must have a *set time* for reading it, just as you have for prayers. Regard it as your "*daily bread*," the manna which you are to gather, "the portion of a day in his day." (Exod. xvi. 4, marg.) Read it with *prayer* for Divine teaching. "Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." (Psa. cxix. 18.) In order to understand the Bible, you must consult the great Author of the Bible. Remember that your own understanding is blind and dark by nature, and God's Spirit must shine upon it, and into it, to give it light. (2 Cor. iv. 4, 6.) Read God's Word, then, with *reverential* meditation, looking up to God for illumination, like Samuel in the temple, saying—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." God is speaking to *me*. Let your heart tremble at God's word. (Isai. lxvi. 5; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 27.) Read it with *faith*, embracing the *promises* as your own *inheritance* (Ps. cxix. 111); obeying the *precepts*, and avoiding those things against which God's wrath is denounced.

Thus, my dear friend, study God's Word, and make it your own, and it will, by God's grace, make you an established Christian; it will sanctify you more and *more*; it will build you up on the only solid foundation; you will "grow in grace, and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," "unto a perfect

man—unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.”

That this may be your happy course, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate Godfather,
R. W.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

“ Have I not remembered Thee upon my bed, and thought upon
Thee when I was waking ?”

WHEN midnight chimes my rest invade,
Their deeply solemn tale to tell,
“ Another of thy days is fled,
And now we sound its passing knell.”
Then, oh my Saviour, bend thine ear,
My earnest midnight prayer to hear.

And when upon my troubled soul
Sad memory former griefs renews,
When wounds, which seemed by daylight closed,
Ache in the night and health refuse,
Then, Saviour, lend thy gracious ear,
My deeply sorrowing voice to hear.

When sinking 'neath a load of sin,
Desertion seems my righteous doom,
When *mental* midnight reigns within,
(Oh ! deeper far than nature's gloom,)
Then, Saviour, lend thy pitying ear,
My midnight sighs and groans to hear.

When pleading hard for those I love,
By turns I bring them to thy throne,
That thou would'st nature's stains remove,
Fit them as jewels for thy crown,
And cleanse their souls from every spot,
Then hear me ! Thou who slumberest not.

And when his beams of pardoning love,
The Sun of Righteousness doth shed ;
When joyful hope and conscious peace
Have banished slumber from my bed,
Then lend, O Lord, thy gracious ear,
My *midnight* hymn of praise to hear.

DR. DEANE'S GOVERNESS ;

OR, DEPENDENT AND INDEPENDENT.

CHAPTER V.

WE left Fanny stepping out of the pony-carriage, just after her uncle's declaration that he would decide in the evening upon the important matter that she had brought before him.

"I do not see that it is so very important," thought Fanny ; "I think it would cause my uncle a great deal more trouble to advertise or inquire for another governess, than to take me, whom he knows, and who am willing to do my best. To be sure I always thought it was rather a sad thing for Annie to be a governess, but then there would be no disadvantage in it to me. I should not be among strangers, I should be doing it by my own free choice, I should suffer no loss of position, and then, if anything should happen to make it necessary that I should earn my living, I should have proved that I was capable of it. Besides," thought Fanny, "here is an opportunity to do a real kindness; Annie longs to come back again, and by this voluntary act of mine I shall keep the situation open for her."

In the evening, when the children were gone to bed, and the Doctor and his niece were left alone, Fanny, who already in imagination had made the sacrifice of her time, and pleasures, for her friend, had come triumphantly through her difficulties, and seen Annie re-established in her old place, was very impatient for her uncle to begin to talk on this absorbing theme; but as he stood for some time on the rug, with his hands behind him, and his brows knit as if in deep thought, she did not like to speak. At last, seeing his dark eyes intently fixed upon her, and reading in them the expression of an evident doubt, she could keep silence no longer, but exclaimed, "Well, uncle, have you not decided yet?"

"Yet!" said Doctor Deane, without removing his scrutinizing gaze. "My dear, the advantage to yourself of some fixed occupation I have decided on; what remains to decide is, whether the proposed arrangement would be of equal advantage to me."

"To you, uncle? Oh, you mean to the children—I think I know quite as much as Annie does; I have had an excellent education."

"Certainly, I have given you the best that I could afford—the question is, not whether you know enough, but whether

you can impart what you know ; not whether you are aware how children ought to behave, but whether you can make them do it. I doubt very much, Fanny, whether you have the art of governing. And then, again, how do you think you shall like early rising ?”

“ Oh,” interrupted Fanny, “ I delight in the morning air—it is so balmy and healthy.”

“ In December and January ?”

“ I—I forgot the cold weather, uncle ; but it is so extremely warm now that surely I need not think of that.”

“ You had better think of all the disadvantages beforehand, and while you are not bound to undertake the work ; for remember, that if you do begin it, I shall feel deeply disappointed and grieved if you throw it up. It will be a very important step in your life. It is ‘ putting your hand to the plough.’ ”

“ I did not think you would look upon it in that solemn light,” said Fanny, humbly ; “ and I always supposed it was my duty to try to be useful ; and I thought it was my mission to teach the children, as they seemed to be left without a governess, and I was at hand with nothing to do.”

“ My dear, what you say is very sensible and very true ; but I do not know whether the sentiments are your own, or whether you got them—like too many of your sentiments—from a story-book. Now, the heroine in a story-book, whatever arduous task she may undertake, and however many failures she may suffer from, is always blessed in the end with success.”

Fanny reflected for a few minutes, as if calling over her favourite heroines in her mind, and then she said, thoughtfully, “ Very true, uncle ;” and with deep blushes she added, “ but then she is never supposed to undertake her task in her own strength.”

There was something very pretty in Fanny’s guileless singleness of heart—it suited very well with her transparent complexion and fragile elegance. Her uncle was silent for a moment, as if giving her further time to speak if she had more to say ; but as she added nothing, he presently said, “ Your remark, my dear child, fully justifies me in looking on this matter in what you just now called a ‘ solemn light.’ It implies that you have, or that you will, seek divine aid in carrying out your proposed task ; that you have looked upon it in a religious point of view, as, indeed, all the duties of a Christian should be looked upon—*everything*, we are told, is to be done ‘ in the name of the Lord Jesus.’ Well, I consent, *then, that you shall try what you can do ;* I hesitated at first,

because I thought the feeling wanted bringing strongly before you, that, 'better it is that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.'"

"I don't wish to deceive you," said Fanny; "my first wish was to keep the situation open for Annie, but I feel now that it is important to consider it in a religious light. So uncle, perhaps I had better not be too confident, and instead of undertaking to take the responsibility without a trial, may I try teaching the children for a month?"

"Certainly, you may; and I hereby invest you with authority over them. You must make them obey you—('if I can,' thought Fanny)—and I will support you in all your proper exercises of school-room discipline."

"Oh, Johnnie is the only one who will disobey."

"Yes, and as he has, in his own small person, twice the activity, and three times the acuteness, of the elder ones, be specially careful, my dear, not to give him the advantage over you, by getting out of temper, and saying irritating things; never lay yourself open to a repartee, and do not be tempted to answer one—some children are remarkably clever at a smart answer. When he is in a very great fidget, and particularly inclined to be active, let your discipline be such as will help to spend his activity. Send him down to the very bottom of the hop garden to fetch your book out of the arbour, and desire him, with gravity, to be quick; or, if you have forgotten to leave a book there, send him up to the top of the house for this or that trifle; for you must remember that, independently of the irksomeness of a task to many children, it is of itself quite a punishment to be obliged to sit still; and if you can relieve them by suffering them to exercise their muscles a little, they are better able afterwards to give their minds to the book."

"Oh," said Fanny, with open eyes, "then, that is why you make Johnnie do so many errands. I often remarked that he was almost always sent to fetch something down-stairs just before prayers, and I wondered why you had so many of the bibles kept at the top of the house, when they are wanted every day."

"Indeed, my dear, then now you know the reason. I always call the child my errand-boy, and many a whipping these errands have saved him! But I do not say this to you because I wish to save my child from any merited punishment, only because I wish him to be punished for his faults, and *not* for that activity of body which he has not yet strength *of will enough* to govern. Now, I have no more to say, *except that I look forward to great good to yourself, Fanny, as the result of this regular work, for I have often told you*

that anything which made you exert yourself would have a bracing effect, and the frequent exercise that you must now take with the children will be a great deal better for you than the tonic that I am often obliged to give you."

After this conversation Fanny retired to rest, and her new duties being fresh in her mind she rose in the morning quite as early as her friend Annie Salter had ever been accustomed to do, and came down stairs looking cheerful and blooming. Her uncle was already in the breakfast room, and the three children with him; they had evidently been informed that cousin Fanny was going to be their governess, for the two little girls cast glances of inquiry at her, as if they half expected to see some change in her appearance to correspond with this accession of power over them and their destiny. As for Johnnie, he preserved a steady gravity as long as his papa was in the room, but the doctor shortly going out, he took the opportunity to throw himself head over heels, and then dance round Fanny, cracking his knuckles and exclaiming, "Oh, jolly!" "It is very nearly prayer time," said Fanny, remembering her uncle's advice; "go and fetch the bibles, Johnnie."

The young urchin, after two or three more gyrations, shot up-stairs like a meteor, making almost as much noise in his course, and was presently heard descending again, with an ecstasy of chuckles. Fanny had intended to meet him at the door, and gravely to reprove him for making so much noise; but, before she could carry out her purpose, he was sprawling at her feet, having caught his foot in the door-mat and come down, a shower of books falling with him.

He rose rather ruefully, and rubbed his elbows, and Fanny, who, in other circumstances, was the most likely girl in the world to have kissed and condoled, now contented herself with desiring him to pick up the books, and take some of them up again, remarking that he had brought down twice as many as were wanted. As if doubting whether this steady gravity could possibly proceed from cousin Fanny, his sometime playmate, occasionally his slave, and generally his confidante, the boy looked at her with an earnest, inquisitive expression, and finding that she did not laugh, he proceeded to pick up the books, and carry them slowly up-stairs again.

That day was to Fanny a day of almost unclouded triumph. Her duties being new, she gave her whole mind to them, and consequently performed them well; and the fear of failure being before her eyes, she never relaxed the dignified manner with which *she had begun the day*. The little girls, almost *always good and docile*, surpassed themselves; and Johnnie

himself forgot to fidget, in the absorbing wonder caused by Fanny's complete change of character. As it was imperative to find some reason for it, he confided to his eldest sister his suspicion that the fairies had changed her in the night; but that little counsellor, remarking that, if this had been the case, the new Fanny would not have known the place where they left off reading yesterday, he was obliged to give up his theory, and bedtime came before he could think of another.

As Fanny had been in the habit of hearing them read occasionally, and setting them lessons, which they said to her in a desultory way, the change now that she had been formally declared to be their governess, was the more striking. But even this novelty wore off in the course of three or four days, and just when the little girls had become accustomed to cousin Fanny, and had transferred to her all the deference with which they had formerly treated Miss Salter; Johnnie had begun to find the new yoke extremely irksome, and had set on foot some vigorous efforts towards throwing it off. If it had not been that his opposition and restlessness kept her attention alive, Fanny would by this time have begun to feel the duties so easily performed a little wearisome; the excitement was over, the interest of the experiment was quenched in its success; but now there was something to rouse her again, and under the stimulus of opposition, she reached the first day of her second week without acknowledging even to herself that playing the governess was not so amusing and exciting a game as she had anticipated before she tried it.

But on that memorable morning, the first of the second week, Fanny took a step which from henceforth raised her into the place, in Johnnie's estimation, which Miss Salter had occupied, and entitled her to the same fitful obedience, and the same general attempts on his part to be a good boy and do his duty. She inflicted a punishment which had been invented by Miss Salter, and tried with the happiest effect. She called him by his name.

"If the honourable gentleman does not apologize for his conduct," said the late Speaker of the House of Commons, "I shall be obliged to address him by his name!" The terrified member immediately apologized most humbly. It is almost certain that Miss Salter had never heard this anecdote, yet she had tried the same punishment on the members of her small house with the most successful results. *Each* of the children had a pet name, and was always *addressed by it*—even the servants said Master Johnnie and *Miss Kitty*—but on certain solemn occasions, when there had *been any open rebellion or grave fault*, Miss Salter had been

known to say, "John Deane, or Catherine Deane, come with me; I feel obliged to tell your papa of your conduct"—thereupon torrents of tears and protestations of amendment would ensue, and after some hesitation the offending member would occasionally be forgiven, and after a period, longer or shorter according to the flagrance of the offence, be called Johnnie or Kitty again. The youngest little girl, being a very timid, gentle child, had never been even threatened with this alarming punishment, and upon the two stronger-minded children it had been inflicted so seldom as to have lost none of its power by familiarity.

Doctor Deane coming home that morning about one o'clock, heard a loud sobbing in the schoolroom, the door of which he opened, and found Johnnie by himself, sitting with his slate on his knee, and continually blotting out his figures with his tears. The two little girls had gone out for their walk with their governess. "What is the matter, Johnnie?" said the Doctor; "have you been a naughty boy?"

Johnnie, with a chorus of sobs, gave utterance thus to his grievance: "Cousin Fanny called me—called me John Deane—and I hadn't done anything par—par—ti—cular."

"Serve you right!" exclaimed his father; "I am sure you would not have been called John Deane if you had done nothing particular."

Hereupon finding that his father did not mean to take his part, the young culprit checked his sobs as well as he could, and addressed himself to his task, which was a very easy one; he, therefore, soon accomplished it, and when Fanny came in again, he was penitent, and asked her humbly to call him Johnnie again.

Fanny felt that the wild creature was now subdued, and she wrote to Annie Salter that night, describing her triumph, and declaring that she found her task both easy and delightful.

Alas! she had deprived it of all its interest! Johnnie was now a good boy, that is to say, he did not consciously contend with her for the mastery, and in the main he desired to please and obey her. She went on teaching till the end of the week, experiencing a degree of weariness and distaste that she could scarcely conceal. She also dragged herself through the fourth week without openly showing her deep regret that she had been so urgent to be allowed to be a governess. On the Sunday following it she did not feel well, neither did Johnnie. She did not rise on Monday morning, and when Dr. Deane pronounced her to be suffering from a very mild attack of *scarlatina*, of which the children were all showing symptoms, Fanny was rather glad than otherwise. "At

any rate," she thought, "there will be no lessons to attend to *this* week ;" and as both she and her pupils had taken the complaint in its very best form, and though not allowed to rise, were feeling no pain, and little weakness, she did not alter her mind while the feverish symptoms lasted, but said to herself several times, "*Anything* is better than that school-room !"

HARMOSAN.

Now sunken lay in dust and mire
 The Sassanid's time-honour'd throne,
 The Moslem hand hath ruthlessly
 Thy treasures sack'd, fair Ctesiphon ;
 And Omar stands on Oxus' bank,
 But after many a hard-fought day,
 Where Khosro's scion, Iesdegerd,
 A corse on piled-up corpses lay.

And as Medina's Caliph's eyes
 The gather'd booty grimly scan,
 A Satrap is before them led,
 A mountain chief, hight Harmosan ;
 The last who in his fastness high
 Before the foe disdain'd to bow,
 But ah, the hand, so free before,
 Is press'd with weighty fetters now !

And darkly on him Omar scowl'd,
 And said, "Thou haply know'st how sore
 A guerdon waits on war like thine,
 Foul infidel, our God before ?"
 Then answer'd him bold Harmosan :
 "The victory rests in thine hand,
 Whoso withstands his victor's sword
 At his own peril must withstand.

"And now of thee a boon I crave,
 Nor reck I of thy lot or mine,
 Three days without a draught I've fought,
 Oh, bid them bring one cup of wine !"
 And at the chieftain's silent nod
 A goblet fill'd before him see,
 Yet Harmosan distrusts the gift,
 And for one moment shuddereth he.

"Why shudder ?" quoth the Saracen,
 "The Moslem ne'er beguiles his guest ;
 Nor shalt thou, prisoner, die the death
 Till thou the goblet emptied hast."

Then did the Persian grasp the bowl,
But, 'stead of drinking down, hath thrown,
With sudden guile, all lightning swift,
The brittle cup against a stone !

Then all around him, Omar's host,
With threatening looks and weapons ran,
To give the treachery its due
Of all too crafty Harmosan.
Yet doth true Omar wave them off,
And cry aloud, "Live, Persian, live !
If aught on earth must sacred be
It is the word that warriors give."

THE HISTORY OF A FAILURE.

I LEFT off my description of our zoophytes at a point where we possessed a great variety. The specimens had a suspicious habit of disappearing in the night time ; and once seeing a fat Dorking hen standing on the edge of our tub and peering down into it with an air of curiosity, I thought I had found out the reason ; but after-reflection has made me change my mind. I think the sea-anemones were the devourers of them ; but, alas, when doctors differ how little chance there is for the patient ! We were the patients ; we put ourselves under the teaching of those learned doctors who professed to know a great deal about the habits of zoophytes, and they told us so many different things, that it was impossible to act upon them all. One of our doctors was a Quaker lady, whose son, she informed us, had an Aquarium full of all such things as we had put into ours. His winkles never walked away, she was clear and positive as to that fact ; his prawns, shrimps, and little fishes did not disappear. "What did his creatures feed on then ?" we asked. Quaker lady replied, that her son gave them little atoms of raw meat, and they all, including the anemones, lived and *throve upon them*. *We put in little atoms of raw meat, and watched.* Our prawns stepped up to them

on the tips of those long legs of theirs, which gave them just the jaunty air of walking on stilts, and after butting at them with their feelers, started off in a hurry, as if the atoms had butted in return: our winkles walked over them, making no account of them; our tiny fishes swam up to them, eyed them with that peculiar air of astonished imbecility which characterizes the glance of a fish, and then appeared to puff a little water at them, which caused the atoms to recede backwards from them; our crabs, as they were generally fighting, had, I suppose, no time to notice them at all; my live cornelian, which I so call because I cannot make up my mind to think that it was the sea-quirt, of course took no notice of them, for besides being "sans eyes, sans ears, sans teeth, sans everything," it was growing a small bit of sea weed on its lee side, which perhaps occupied what little attention it had to spare; and as its mouth was scarcely a larger hole than the prick of a pin, it clearly did not require butcher's meat for its sustenance.

But another doctor came on the scene, in the person of a lady who had studied natural history, and lived among naturalists for years. "Feed them, my dear!" she exclaimed, when I told her what a trouble it was to get the tiny bits of meat for them; "why, don't you know that they live *entirely* on the animalculæ in the water?" "But our Quaker acquaintance tells us that her son feeds his anemones," I replied. "All nonsense!" she answered energetically; "they put out their feelers and clasp any foreign body that comes into contact with them, but they do not eat it; they feed on the animalculæ. I have myself often watched them, with a fine microscope, attracting the animalculæ by means of the little motion they cause in the water by the movement of their feelers, and when a sufficient number are sticking to them, they draw them in and *receive nourishment* from their bodies." Here was *conflicting* evidence! We followed both advisers. *My mother kept a number of anemones, and fed them*

not at all. I kept a few with other zoophytes, and fed them with bits of fish and meat. Also, as fast as I found little animals, such as winkles, whelks, cockles, and tiny fishes, I put them in, and they shortly disappeared. I then had a gauze veil fastened over the top of my tub, and that enabled me to keep my winkles, and shell-fish generally; but the minute prawns, and those little things which I have called sea-imps, regularly disappeared; the whelks always died in a few days, and a smell as of a fishmonger's shop advertising me of the fact, I used to search for their dead bodies and throw them out. Once or twice I found a whelk or a cockle sticking to an anemone, that is, the latter had drawn it in; but as the shell appeared as if it would cut the tender creature, I drew it out. This no doubt was wrong, for I now know that the anemone lives not only on animalculæ, but on "foreign bodies" also.

Well, to make a long story short, I got tired of constantly supplying my tub with fresh varieties, and at last it contained nothing but a few winkles and a dozen superb anemones, consisting of the althea, the sea daisy, and some varieties of the sea carnation.

These last I bought of a fisherman, who I was told was in the habit of going out and dredging for rocks, which he brought up with these creatures attached to them. They were ten times handsomer and three times as large as a land carnation. They lived very happily in my tub; so did my mother's possessions live happily in her three glass pickle bottles, and her one tin milk can: the former bought of the village lollipop merchant, the latter of the village dairyman. And now the question arose, how should we carry our property home? It was living, healthy, brilliant of colour, sportive of disposition; but then, we always gave it three or four fresh bottles of sea water every tide. Did we intend to have water from the sea for our property when we had got it safely to London?—Certainly not; for I had read in a little book called "*Rural Adornments*," that a certain gentle-

man, from a chemical analysis, had compounded some artificial sea water, in which his anemones had lived and been as happy as in their native element. Notwithstanding, as our maid suggested that we had some empty wine bottles with us, which might be packed full just as well as empty, we had them filled with sea water, and then my mother had her bottles corked, and put her milk-can into a basket; as for me, I got my dressing-box entirely divested of its contents, and then fitted into it eight empty jam pots, into each of which I put one anemone with a little water; and I packed my weed into a basket, each frond growing on its own fragment of rock, or piece of shell. Could any thing more have been demanded by the most exacting zoophytes!

We set off for the steamer, in one of the open carriages of the island, and lest my zoophytes should die for want of air, I carried the dressing-case on my knee, with the lid open. It certainly was a trouble, but who would not take trouble on behalf of animals of such interest!

We reached the Ryde Pier, and here I allowed my box to be put on the truck with the other luggage. It was a fresh day, and I am bound to say that I did not notice my anemones during the short voyage. I did not, indeed, think of them again till our maid brought the box to the door of the railway carriage where we were sitting, and declared, with just pride, that she had never had it out of her arms all the time she was on the steamer, and while she was looking after the luggage.

It so happened that all the way from Gosport to London we had a railway carriage to ourselves; we therefore gave our zoophytes the benefit of plenty of fresh air, for as my mother had at least a hundred, *they were of course crowded, and looked, I must admit, rather unpleasant creatures; their feelers being displayed, they appeared like a tangled mass of miniature wakes.* My zoophytes, on the contrary, looked like

specimen flowers at a rural show, where one sees them cut off short, with their stalks pushed through little holes and their heads displayed to the company.

We reached home and carried them into the house. It wanted an hour to dinner time, and we had given due notice of what we were bringing home, and had requested that certain bell glasses and fish bowls should be ready to receive our treasures. The large hamper containing the bottles of salt water was therefore unpacked, and my mother was proceeding to unload her cargo of anemones from the tin can with a silver spoon, when our two brothers came in, and after the family greetings were over, they were proudly led up to our property and desired to admire it.

I had my suspicions that our treasures would not be appreciated, and therefore was not unprepared for the exclamation, "I suppose we are not going to dine, mamma, till these—a hem!—these wretches are cleared away?"

"Wretches!" exclaimed my mother. "My dear, they are the most beautiful things in the world!"

"Oh!" said one—slowly; and standing at a respectful distance, he took a cautious glance into the cans.

"Fish," said the other; "raw fish, I declare! I thought I perceived a fishy smell when I came into the room." (It is a remarkable proof of the prejudice which often warps the human mind, that we never could persuade our brothers that the anemones did not smell of fish.)

They then walked round the table in the back dining-room, where our zoophytes were, and after looking at them with an air of slight curiosity and strong disfavour, they looked at each other in a manner which said unutterable things. "I thought you would admire them so much, my dears," said my mother; who, though hurt at their dislike to her pets, could hardly help laughing. Thereupon, with filial readiness, *the elder declared that he thought the creatures would not be at all disagreeable when they were removed to*

the little greenhouse; while the younger offered the consolatory remark, that these things did not look at all more horrid than some that he had seen about a week previously at Granville. After this, they said Didn't we think the folding-doors had better be shut while we were at dinner? We said, Yes, we did; there-upon they were quickly closed. We began to dine, and the subject was dismissed.

The next day we made a beautiful arrangement, as we thought, for our anemones, and the yellow winkles, and other animals; we divided the tiny bits of rock and weed between two large bell glasses and a clean wooden tub. Into my bell glasses I put my twelve anemones, and the few other zoophytes that I had brought, and my mother put hers into the tub. My weed consisted of some very small specimens of the green laver, some pieces of that delicate little red weed (*Polysiphoniæ parasitica*), the *Corallina officinalis*, which looks slightly like coral and more like the small claws of a lobster, though with the joints multiplied manyfold; and a fine green and brown weed, whose name I have not yet ascertained.

For the first week all the zoophytes throve, though the destruction caused in the greenhouse by the salt water was disheartening, for I had read various things in the books that we consulted as to the necessity of aërating the water; accordingly, every day I spent a quarter of an hour in making it froth by taking it out in a cup and dashing it down again; every drop that touched a plant caused a whitish mark to come on the leaf, and the plants which grew close to the aquaria soon died down. Finding the mischief we were doing, we next adopted the expedient of baling out nearly all the water daily, and taking it away from the greenhouse, when we poured it from one jug to the other, till it was thoroughly pervaded with minute bubbles of air. I must admit that we found this very troublesome, but we supposed it to be necessary, therefore we made a point of doing it; but when we had preserved

the zoophytes about a week, we determined to visit the Zoological Gardens, and inspect the Aquaria there.

We found numbers of anemones, the sea-daisy, the althea, and the common crimson actinea; they looked flourishing and lively, but they were all paler in colour than ours. We inquired of the person in charge of them whether he did not find it very troublesome to aërate the water.

"Never aërate it at all," was his answer.

"What! do you leave it quite stagnant till you change it?" we asked.

"Never change it at all," was the second reply;—"never think of such a thing."

We came home resolved to give ourselves no further trouble; but two days after, coming down to breakfast, I observed that the water in one of my great glasses, which contained only three anemones and four winkles, was black, literally black and opaque. We knew this must be changed. So we sent to our chemist, and asked him to send us some artificial sea water, made according to our receipt; this shortly arriving, we threw away all the stale sea water, and put our zoophytes into the new concoction. In another week it turned black a second time, and several of the anemones appearing to be dead we threw them away. We were told afterwards that they ought to have been preserved, as they were never to be accounted dead unless they came to pieces. A great many more died. I then consulted the chemist, who said that he had no doubt it was because we had no iodine in the receipt, and he advised that some should be introduced. We said he might introduce some: we used it, and in a few days it turned the water of the most brilliant saffron colour.

We now began to grow rather weary of our pets, and we left them to themselves for a week; at the end of which time, as mine had a most unpleasant smell, I had *them and the weed* thrown away. My mother, *however, preserved her red anemones, which appeared*

to be as lively as ever ; and we saw that the aquarium contained now multitudes of young ones, no larger than a pin's head ; these, in the course of a few weeks, grew and were very amusing. They were never fed, and all that was done for them was to change the water once in ten days.

We now considered that though all the finest of our zoophytes were dead, those which remained were likely to live an indefinite period ; but we were destined to be disappointed, for a cold day coming, the stove was lighted, and in a few hours the anemones threw off their red robes, which we found floating about in the water, and remained sticking to the rock in their white under garments ; they looked so deplorably miserable, so ugly, and so sickly, that we resolved to do away with them, as the most merciful and proper course to pursue. So we threw them away, and they had led us such a life, that I must say, we were rather relieved than otherwise to find ourselves free from any further responsibility respecting them.

W. A. E.

THE FIRST STEP ON THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

“THE first step on the way to heaven!” I think I hear some anxious inquirer say : “ Oh, that must be something for me. I want to know how I may get there ; I want to know what I must do to become a Christian. Yes, dear friend, I have a message for you ; but before you listen to it, ask of God to make it His own word to your soul.

How many mistakes are made at the outset for want of taking counsel of God, and seeking direction from the Scriptures of truth ! Jesus Christ has said, “ I am the way, the truth, and the life.” If, then, we desire to find peace, and joy, and salvation, it must be by *Christ*, and by Him only. “ By the works of the law *shall no flesh living be justified.*” All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, unfit to meet the eye of a holy God. Our whole nature is defiled, and incapable of

that which is good. We are utterly helpless, under a sentence of wrath and condemnation, and our only hope is to give up all confidence in ourselves, and to accept the righteousness which divine grace has so mercifully provided for all who are willing to receive it. Salvation by works is altogether impossible—that way to heaven is for ever blocked up; but the new and living way, or salvation by grace, is open to you, to me, and to every one who will pursue it. You remember what the Israelites did when they were bitten by the serpent in the wilderness? They did not apply remedies of their own, nor go to earthly physicians; but they followed the divine direction, they looked to the brazen serpent and were made whole. So one look, one earnest believing look, at the cross of Christ, will bring back life and health to the diseased soul. “Look unto me,” says the blessed Redeemer, “and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.” Oh, how many there are who consume their precious time in unprofitable ceremonies, and outward forms; who pore over volume after volume with feverish anxiety, hoping to find rest to their souls, but despise the sacrifice which God has provided, and turn a deaf ear to the overtures of divine love! They cannot consent to owe their salvation entirely to grace, “without money and without price,” so they perish in their sins.

Oh, ye weary and heavy laden, listen again to the gracious words of Him who spake as never man spake! “Come unto me, and I will give you rest.” Are ye so deaf that ye cannot hear? so blind that ye cannot see? No, not all. Turn with me one moment, and mark that little group of restless anxious wanderers. They are struggling and toiling along, dissatisfied with their past experience, feeling that nothing yields them the plenitude of enjoyment they fondly anticipated. They are panting for something the world cannot give. They are saying imploringly, “Who will show us any good?” *Observe the effect of the Saviour’s invitation on them.*

Ah! replies one, that is not the kind of rest and satisfaction I desire. What I seek is a present good; I desire exemption from pain, from trial, from *earthly care*.

Ah! replies another, but this coming to Jesus involves the giving up my worldly pleasures—my carnal indulgences—my easily besetting sins. How can I turn my back on long-cherished habits and pursuits, to follow him!—It is impossible.

But there is one individual, the most earnest and anxious of the number, who hears the voice, and with alacrity obeys the command so gently given. At first he rushes on with bounding steps; but soon his pace slackens. The enemies of his soul—Satan and all the principalities and powers of darkness, the world and his own sinful lusts, are trying to obstruct his way. Onward, however, he still presses; “faint, yet pursuing.” His eye is riveted to the cross. He feels at every step the new and powerful attraction, and now his lips utter that piercing cry, “Lord, save me—I perish!” “Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!”

Never, never, was that petition uttered in vain. He whose Spirit inspired it *will* answer it. “*He* is mighty to save—strong to deliver.” That hand so powerful to recover, is stretched out, and lo! the powers of darkness fall back rebuked; the world and our fleshly lusts, of all our enemies the most subtle, cannot hurt a soul once taken under the Redeemer’s care. Observe the tired and weary spirit, prostrate at the foot of the cross, relieved of the burden of sin, satisfied with the assurance of Divine forgiveness, and overwhelmed with mingled emotions of penitence, love, and praise! Behold, again, the once polluted soul is “washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness,” and arrayed in a robe of spotless righteousness—the Saviour’s gift.

See the entire change. The bond slave of sin and Satan is liberated; the spirit of fear has given place to the spirit of adoption; and he rejoices because he is

“accepted in the Beloved.” To him the Saviour speaks in language the most cheering and affecting: “I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” “I am able to keep to the end that which you have committed to me.” “Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken to you.” “Fear not, for I have redeemed thee: I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.” “I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.” “Abide in me, and I in you.” “If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.” “As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.” “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” “Search the Scriptures; for they are they which testify of me.” “Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you.”

Then, that solemn prayer arises on his behalf: “Father, I pray not that thou shouldest take him out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep him from the evil; and when thou shalt gather together thine elect from the four quarters of the earth, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.” Thus spoke the Saviour, and the redeemed one arises and goes on his way rejoicing. Strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, he meets his fiercest enemies undismayed. Mark him on his way: often wearied and oppressed, by reason of the length and toilsomeness of his journey, but still sustained and strengthened by the arms of mercy which encircle him. Now all around seems dark clouds, obscuring the brightness of his earthly prospects, and the streams of creature comfort seem to be dried up; but the eye of faith is fixed on the Cross, and can discern through the mist the Sun of righteousness shining as brightly as ever. Often the old enemies of his soul assail him, and many, alas, are *his slips and falterings*! but the Lord is his shield and buckler, so that he cannot greatly fall. A little

longer must he carry about this body of sin and death ; a little longer struggle with weakness and infirmity ; but soon will the joyful summons come, and the ransomed spirit return to its native skies, to that land whose excellency and glory we are told "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Beloved reader, yours may be the experience of this ransomed child of God ; you too are toiling along the journey of life. Like him, you feel wearied and dissatisfied in the midst of the vanities and pleasures of the world. You find them all too empty, light, and unstable to meet the cravings of your immortal soul. Like him, you are grievously burdened with sin, and taken under its weight in all the helplessness of man's unaided condition. Like him, you are beset on every side by the fierce enemies of your soul, so that your spirit can obtain no rest.

The same word which brought such joy to his soul is addressed to you. Do not, I beseech you, turn a deaf ear to that voice of love and mercy. Do not refuse the salvation so freely offered. If you are weary, Christ will give you rest. If your sins are as crimson, he can make them white as snow, and present you faultless before his presence with exceeding joy.

If you are so burdened with infirmity, and so brought under the power of your fleshly lusts, that you are constrained to cry out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Christ answers, "My grace is sufficient for thee," for "my strength is made perfect in weakness." Oh, seek might from Him who is almighty, and grace while it may be found ! Lay aside your own fancied righteousness, and accept "the wedding robe" so graciously provided ; consent to fall into the open arms of a waiting Saviour, and let Him undertake for you.

Look unto Jesus ;—look NOW. This is the first step in the way to heaven :—be looking ALWAYS ; for each look will bring you nearer to the kingdom.

Oh! raise thy downcast eyes and see
 Numbers do now his throne surround;
 These were all sinners once, like thee,
 But they have full salvation found.
 Oh, yield not, then, to unbelief:
 Courage, poor soul, there yet is room!
 Though of all sinners thou art chief,
 Come quickly—burdened sinner, come!—E. W.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

OSHIELLE; or, Village Life in the Yoruba * Country. Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

SKETCHES OF A TOUR IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE. Nisbet and Co.

ALMANAC OF YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. Briscoe.

“**OSHIELLE**” is the name of a village in West Africa, and the little book bearing its name was published with the view of bringing into notice the works now going on among the negro population there and in the adjacent city of Abbeokuta. The writers (now gathering into a little band) who collect from the mass of missionary intelligence and correspondence, connected histories and consecutive accounts of particular spots in the vast missionary field, are doing very good service to the great cause of evangelizing the world; and it would be well if there were more of them, for on an examination of the works of this kind which are published from time to time, it certainly appears that nearly all concern the “Church Missionary Society;” while other societies—though now and then a good biography, or a fine and popular book of missionary travels and adventures, or experience, may help to keep them before the young of the present generation—are not rich in this particular kind of literature.

None but those who devote their time and make it their chief study to be well acquainted with the proceedings of missionary societies, can master the subject; and this is quite as much owing to the hopelessly confused materials out of which they have to draw connecting threads of information, to the dry and uninteresting manner in which the most valuable facts are often conveyed, to the habit indulged in by many missionaries of mixing their really priceless information with the most commonplace moral and religious reflections, and compressing the former into few words in order to

* Commonly designated the Slave Coast of Africa.

impress us with the latter, as to the greatness of the subject itself. It is a great pity that so few missionaries, teachers, and catechists, male or female, know how to describe their work and their pupils, and that they do not make it a study to learn how to do this as a part of their duty; for vivid, natural, and simple description of facts, of the manner of life they lead, and of the people among whom they labour, would forward the work exceedingly, and induce many who now regard it with distaste, to study it eagerly. The precious letters and journals sent off, perhaps once a month, or it may be once a year, are often more full of the missionaries' or catechists' feelings, and his pious trust in God under his discouragements, than of the events which discouraged, or the success which caused those feelings; and as long as this is the case we shall greatly need such writers as the author of the present book, and others like her, to weed the missionary field for us, and to dig, and gather, and sort, and put into shape, the information that pours in from the end of the earth, in a state of chaotic confusion. "Oshielle" is well worth reading, though not faultless in point of arrangement. It conveys a great deal of interesting information, but only one little fact that can at present be mentioned here; which is, that the expense of educating a child in its school is £3 a year. Many of the children in the West African school have been rescued from slave dealers, and some have parents now in a state of slavery; and all are in need of assistance, and grateful for it when obtained.*

"Sketches of a Tour in Egypt and Palestine" may be very interesting to the friends for whom they were written, but they scarcely merit the attention of the reading world at large.

The Editor has requested me to mention the "Almanac of the Young Women's Christian Association" in order to draw attention to the Society from which it emanates, which is formed upon the model of the Young Men's Christian Association, and will, it may be hoped, be equally useful. Its office is at 35, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars-bridge.

* If the readers of the YOUTH'S MAGAZINE would like to have a pupil educated in these West African schools, they may send postage stamps, under cover, to the Editor, and they shall be duly forwarded and acknowledged. No one is to send without a name or initial, by which the contribution can be acknowledged. Each child, when placed at a school, has a name chosen for it by its benefactors, generally the name of some well-known missionary or female teacher; each subscriber will, therefore, choose some very well-known name, and the name which has the majority of votes shall have the preference.



THE PEARL OYSTER.

THE value attached to pearls may be considered as a proof of what an unreasonable creature man is ; or it may be considered, on the other hand, as a proof that man is a reasonable creature !

An unreasonable creature to love a beautiful little thing, not so large as a pea ; that can neither feed him when he is hungry, nor cure him when he is sick, nor clothe him when he is cold, nor sing to him when he is sorrowful : just a little white bead, not transparent, nor yet quite opaque, with a glimmering lustre in it that changes while its wearer breathes ; and has no merit in the world but the merit of making lovely things look more fair ; that answers to no want in the heart, but the desire (not universally shared) to contemplate beauty ; and could command no price in the *market unless it was rare.*

But then it must be agreed, that none but reasonable creatures are conscious of such a quality as beauty; the oxen feeding in an upland pasture never stop to contemplate the view; the sheep on the clearest night never lie awake to stare at the stars. As for rarity, if the rarest of British ferns, a plant so rare and so nearly exterminated, that the very last living example of it should be growing close under the eyes of some old cow as she chewed the cud, and if that experienced animal could observe the fact, that she had never seen a leaf with just those slashes and those wrinkles in its crumpled form before, she would not, on that account, spare to tread it down, and annihilate it when she rose. Not at all,—and that no doubt is the reason why we have lost some priceless things, which if cows only knew what rareness means might still have been spared; but let our dear friends, the fern collectors, though they grieve over the stupidity of the lower creation, rejoice in the recollection that cows and quadrupeds in general never *eat* ferns, they do not search them out as delicacies, but only despise them as growing things that are not meat, relics of an age when there were no quadrupeds, and when, as might be expected from the fitness and harmony of all the works of the great Creator, there was no green thing which a quadruped could eat.

According to Bingley, the pearl muscle, or pearl oyster (*Avicula Margaritifera*), to which we are indebted for nearly all the pearls of commerce, has a flattened and somewhat circular shell, about eight inches in diameter; the part near the hinge bent or transversed, and imbricated (or covered like slates on a house), with several coats which are toothed at the edges. Some of the shells are externally of a green colour; others are chestnut, or reddish with white stripes or marks; and others whitish with green marks.

These shells are found both in the American and

Indian seas. From other authorities, we learn that considerable quantities of pearls have, in modern times, been furnished from Scotland; and that for several successive years, about the middle of the last century, the rivers of Perthshire supplied to the London market pearls to the amount of £10,000.

Eighteen hundred years ago, the pearl fisheries of Ceylon were described by Pliny; and these most probably are the same which exist there to this day, and supply the majority of the pearls worn in Europe. But Pliny, in matters which concern the observations of nature, may fairly be set aside. Those poor ancients, though they could build and carve, had not attained to the art of sticking butterflies on pins, and finding out, through a magnifying glass, how many lenses there are in their eyes. Neptune might disturb great Uranus in his orbit with impunity, and make his moons rock in their courses, it was nothing to them who had never surmised the existence of either planet; and who expected to be set on fire by every comet's tail that swept near them. And then as to bones—if an ancient philosopher found in a mine or a cavern, the bones of animals which lived when the world was young, he did not know anything about them, not even whether they were the bones of a beast or of a bird.

But to return to the notions of Pliny respecting pearls. "Pearls," he informs us, "are made of dew drops; the fish rises to the surface of the sea in the month of May, and swallows a dew drop; this is the germ of a pearl." He says, "These pearls differ according to the quality of the dew by which they are formed; if that be clear they will also be clear, but if turbid then they are turbid; if the weather be cloudy when the precious drop falls into the shell, the pearl will be pale-coloured; if the shell has received a full supply, the pearl will be large; but lightning may *cause it to shut too suddenly*, and then the pearl will

be very small ; when it thunders while the drop falls, the pearl will be a mere hollow shell of no consistency. This information, *if it is authentic*, must surely have been derived from the oyster itself, it is so minute and circumstantial, that it could only have come from head quarters.

If any circumstance was wanting in the chain of evidence, which goes to prove that Cleopatra the luxurious queen of Egypt—the serpent of old Nile—had a common and vulgar mind, it is supplied by the fact, that she dissolved and drank the exquisite pearls ; this was, perhaps, one of the most vulgar things that ever was done ; the wilful and ostentatious destruction of beautiful and rare objects, in order to show, according to the common English expression, that “ money was no object.”

Jeffries, a celebrated jeweller, decides that pearls should be either globular, or pear shaped, and that a pearl of one carat (three grains and one-fifth) is worth eight shillings ; one of two carats, four times that amount ; one of three carats, nine times, and so on in an equal proportion ; but the price set upon pearls of unusual dimensions exceeds this estimate enormously ; and pearls of extraordinary size receive a valuation upon other grounds than their weight.

The pearl which is generally considered to be the most beautiful in the world, weighs nearly twenty-eight carats. It is kept in the Museum of Zosima, in Moscow. It is described as being “ perfectly globular, and so beautifully brilliant that at first sight it appears transparent.” It was bought by Zosima at Leghorn, of a captain of an East Indian ship, and is known as the *Pellegrina*.

The actual marketable value of this pearl is not known ; but one which was not nearly so fine was bought by Pope Leo X. of a Venetian jeweller, for the *sum of £14,000* ; and the great pearl belonging to the *Shah of Persia*, which was seen by Tavernius, in 1633,

was valued at 32,000 tomans, equal to more than sixty thousand pounds of our money.

These pearls, if value is estimated in any degree by size, must be very large indeed, since the celebrated pear-shaped pearl, from Panama, which was presented to Philip II. of Spain, and is as large as a pigeon's egg, is not valued at more than four thousand pounds.

In ancient times and in oriental countries, pearls and all precious jewels commanded vastly higher prices than at present, particularly among unsettled tribes, as being the most portable and the most easily concealed of all valuables. The comparison of Job of the most precious things afforded by the earth, with the wisdom that comes from above, is therefore the more beautiful and significant. No mention (he says) shall be made of coral, or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

O. R.

THOUGHTS ON ENGLISH DERIVATIONS.

PAPER II.

IN continuing these researches, arranged in alphabetical order, into the meaning of our names of places which most frequently occur to the curious in such matters, the word Barton may furnish food for a few remarks. It occurs very frequently with some affix, such as Barton-under-Needwood, close to its neighbour, Burton-on-Trent. The signification of this local name is more fully Bowertown, or in the Ditmarsch dialect Boertun, the abode or farmhouse of the Bauer or Boor, otherwise the farmer. The Bauern of the High Dutch countries, and the Boors of the Netherlands and Cape of Good Hope are known by us under the French or Norman title of Farmers, from "*Ferme*," the holder of an enclosed (*fermé*) piece of land.

The Oxfordshire family of Fermor, once spelt "Ffermoyre" were vulgarly, but correctly, called *Färmer*. In the same way, Boarstall is not to be derived from flocks of swine, but from Bauer-stall, the cottage of the Boor or peasant. The root from which we derive these varied names, is the German "Bauer," "to build." Ruprechts Bau, or Building of Prince Rupert (often called *Robert* by contemporary writers of the Civil Wars) is one of the additions to the castle of Heidelberg, which so proudly looks down upon the celebrated University of that name, and the Neckar flowing below it. The German "Bau" is the same as the Danish "By," pronounced "Boo:" and, as Professor Warsaas (aa is pronounced "o") has remarked, (himself a Dane, and eager to extend the fame of his predatory ancestors) wherever By occurs in the names of places, as Kirby, Whitby, Thorsby, &c., *there* the "fiery-tressed Dane," as Collins calls him, has planted with success the ominous Raven standard.

The word "bower," therefore, signifies any sort of apartment or building;—the inhabitants of New York still keep up a faint remembrance of their old Dutch ancestors in the term "Bowerie:" but "bower" has become essentially a poetic word, and dedicated to the abode of the fairer sex, from the humbler maidens,

"Wha biggit (built) a *bower* on yonder brae,
And theek't (thatched) it e'er wi' rashes,"

up to the courtly dame in Scott's *Marmion*—

"Who sits in liberty and light
In fair Queen Margaret's Bower."

The word we are considering has risen in the social scale, and shaken off the less elegant associations which "boor" and "boorish" have indelibly impressed upon our minds. Why this should be, we know not, but so it is, and the fact is not unattested by a kindred witness. *Ceorl*, or *Churl*, is also Anglo-Saxon for a farmer. Charles' wain is a corruption of the farmer's or *Churl's* waggon: the constellation bearing a fanci-

ful resemblance to a cart drawn by four horses. But "churlish" is no better in its accepted meaning, in these modern days, than its coeval "boorish." We trust that times have altered for the better since the Saxon, often a serf, or born slave, with collar round his neck, followed his rudely performed husbandry, chanting as he went (as we find in old illuminated books), the Saxon "burthen,"

" God spede ye plough,
And send us corn ynow" (enough).

Bosworth Field, the scene of the fall of the tyrant Richard, and where tradition still preserves the name of the last of the House of York, in "King Richard's Well," is properly Bauersworth—the abode of the Boor or Farmer. Husband's Bosworth, a neighbour by position of Market Bosworth, has the same meaning. Bond is the Danish and Norsk word for a farmer; and "Husband" is the Owner, or "Goodman of the house." The Ekodespotes of the Greeks, the "Herus" of the Roman, and "Herr" of the Teuton or German.

Thus, when the Norwegian peasant (as Dr. Laing tells us in his "Norway") calls his Employer "Min Huusbond," or "My husband," he would greatly puzzle any Englishman, still more any English *woman*, not familiar with the original meaning of this most *important* word. The meaning of 'Worth' will be considered in its place, premising that the German "Wirth," "a Landlord," or Publican, may have a common derivation. Boston would at first sight appear to be "Bauerston" in a contracted form: but this is not the real signification of the word, reflected, as it is, in the United States, and identified for ever with the American War of Independence; *St. Botolph*, the Saxon, claims this Lincolnshire city as his own by adoption.

The trees that are embalmed oftenest in composition of local names are the beech and the birch. The beech (in German "buche") gave its name to

Buckinghamshire : and under the shade of this tree the herds of swine, fed by our Saxon ancestors, loved to gather the fattening mast : "bacon" is only "bucon," a beech or mast-fed hog. Burnham Beeches is a spot celebrated by its association with the tasteful and fastidious poet Gray. Beeching Stoke, in Wiltshire, would seem to claim the same derivation ; but the word appears to be a corruption of Beauchamp-Stoke, or the Stow (the "By" of the Dane already discussed) of the Fair Field. Similar corruptions may be traced in Leighton *Buzzard*, where Beaudesert lurks under the less musical and unmeaning Buzzard ; a sister of the better known "Beaudesert" on Cannock Chase :

"Which makes the barren wilderness to smile."

Bewley Woods in Monmouthshire, are the Beaulieu Woods — the "*Fair-place* Woods." Scoble, near Kingsbridge, South Devon, is probably a vitiated form of Boscobel, Bosco Bello, the "Fair Wood," answering to the Saxon or Danish "Gentleshaw." Bever is Belvoir, or Belvedere, the "fine view," well borne out by Bever Castle, in Rutlandshire. So important is it to keep the true meaning of words in view, and to preserve them intact from the rust of age, and the soil of every-day handling.

The Birch-tree (an ominous name to the rising generation) has also a full share in our country's local names. Berkshire is so called from the Saxon "Berroc," which flourished, it seems, particularly in that county. The Scotch "Birk" is well known to all readers of Scotch ballads (which often display, in their primitive rudeness, all the strength of masculine genius, and the touching simplicity of an instinctive tenderness of nature); the tree meets us everywhere, as the lime or linden-tree is familiar to the German reader. The Germans have their Hohenlinden, "The tall Limes ;" *their* well-known promenade at the dry and sandy *Berlin*, "*Unter den Linden*" "Under the Limes." But *the Scotch* rejoice more particularly in the "Birks of

Aberfeldie," or in the ballad of the Two Clerks of Oxenford, at the conclusion of which we are told,

" But at the gates of Paradise
That Birk grew well y-nough."

As we go northward in our isle, words which are held by the "Southron" to be Scotticisms occur more frequently. So in the Northern counties we have Brigg (as in Lincolnshire) for Bridge—in German Brücke—(so "Zweibrücke" is Gallicized into Deux-ponts)—we have Biggin for house or building—as Newbiggin—in Welsh Plas Newydd. The word will remind those who have read Scott's "Antiquary" of Edie Ochiltree's verdict on the zealous Antiquarian's supposed Roman camp. "Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I mind the biggin o't," i. e. "*I remember its building.*" So we have Bræ for brow or hill in Cheshire, as well as in "The bonnie Braes of Yarrow," or "Ye Banks and Braes of bonnie Doun." The Saxon "Bourne" or "Born" is altered into Burn, as "Otterburn"—the Otter-stream, once red with the best blood of border chivalry, the followers of the Douglas and the Percy to the death. We find

" At Otterburn began this spurne,
Upon a Monanday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain;
The Percy never went away;"

at the conclusion of the *oldest* ballad of Chevy (or Cheviot) Chase.

Burns, the great Scottish poet, derives his name from this word, for which he seems to have an affection; he makes it even a diminutive—

" See the little *burnie* play,
Wanderin' and windin' ;"

while the celebrated A'Becket owes to the Saxon Beck (in German "Bach," as "Giesbach," "the Gushing Brook") or Brook, his world-wide title. A'Becket is literally "*at the Brooklet*;" so Atwood is "At or

near the Wood ;” Stiles is more fully “ At the Stile,” and so is written in an old ballad where a gathering of neighbours is described, one of whom rejoices in the homely title of

Jacke att ye Stile.

So we have Trout-beck for Trout-stream ; Burbage (a common name) for Burr-back, the Burr or Thistle Brook ; Beckington, or Beckhampton, for “ the Farm House by the Brook.”

Brad is northern for Broad. Braddon is “ the Broad Down ;” Bradley the “ Broad Meadow ;” Bradshaw (the name of one of the Regicides) is “ Broad Wood” more intelligibly. Bar or Barr is “ Bare ;” so Bardon Hill, a granite “ tor” of Leicestershire, an outpost of the Derbyshire district, well deserves its name of the Bare Don or Hill. Barr Beacon, lower down, in Staffordshire, is doubtless the “ Bare Beacon.”

The Saxon turn for self-complacency, and good-humoured pride in possession breaks out in such words as Brighton, Albrighton, Shene, Shenstone, Wanstead, and others. Gloucester was called by the British *Caer Glouw* ; and by the Saxons “ Gloucester ” the “ Bright Camp,” was considered a faithful translation. Albert, in the same way, is All-bright : Bertha is “ Bright ;” and more complimentary names to their possessors can scarcely be invented by the most skilful in such flatteries.

“ Shene” (the German “*Schön*”—as “*Schomberg*”) and “ Wan” (in German “*Wonnig*,” the Scottish “*Bonny*”), will be considered in their proper order.

But the variety of languages, and the great diversity of habits apparent in the local names of our country, render the task of an interpreter by no means easy. The strands which compose the fabric are of a hundred different colours, and require a patient hand to *unravel*.

DR. DEANE'S GOVERNESS ;

OR, DEPENDENT AND INDEPENDENT.

CONCLUSION.

WHILE Dr. Deane's governess was ill in bed—just a little ill—and able to appreciate the comforts of being petted, and watched and waited on ; and while her young pupils, with blankets folded in their chairs, were sitting up and eating chicken broth and other agreeable dainties, Ann Salter stopped at home, and tried hard to be happy there. She felt that it was indeed unnatural to long to be away from her kindred, and that it was base to be ashamed of them and their want of refinement, when her own superior education, the nice dresses she had worn during her girlhood, as well as many a cake and cream cheese that had been sent her, to make her popular at school, were the result of their self-denial. Many a time had her grandmother gone without a new gown, and many a time had her mother walked home from market, instead of taking the coach, in order that she might have and learn all that was suitable to make her independent, and might not be laughed at or slighted by the other pupils, because her clothes were more homely and old-fashioned than theirs.

Ann Salter felt all this ; she blessed the memory of her good old grandmother ; and was very thankful to her mother, while, being a girl of real good sense, in spite of some little follies that she had given way to while in her situation as governess, she did not fail continually to keep before her mind, that as by the self-denial of others she had been made more refined and better informed, it would be great ingratitude in her to shrink from their want of refinement and despise their ignorance.

So she endeavoured not to blush when she saw her mother making out little bills for poultry, butter, and cream, which had been sent for by the neighbouring gentry ; and spelling the articles and distributing the capital letters after the manner of the uneducated. Sometimes she would say—"Why not let me make out the bills, mother ; you know I learnt accounts at school, and I could cast up the items in a very little time."

"Bless me, child," the answer would be, "I have made out the bills for forty years, and it's very seldom that there's a mistake in them."

"Mother," the daughter once ventured to remark, "you have spelt 'guinea fowl' without the 'u,' shall I put it in?"

"Why, what does it matter, child? aye, I see, I have; I was always reckoned a very good speller, but, I forget sometimes, though, I know."

"And let me mark out this second 't' in 'apricot,' mother; I wish you would let me write the bills, mother, I have nothing particular to do, just now."

"No child, I have so much *stirring* work to do, that I like the quiet of sitting down to my writing, it seems to rest my bones."

This argument was unanswerable; and after hearing it, Ann Salter went up to sit with her father, who being a little better had a talking fit upon him, and told her a vast number of somewhat queer stories, such as his own "cronies" would have received with bursts of approving laughter. There was nothing decidedly coarse in sentiment about them, but they were related with such a twang, and richness of provincial dialect, and embellished with so many broad jokes, that his daughter had difficulty in preserving her serenity of countenance, and a proper air of interest under the infliction of her father's wit.

But she was sincerely trying to be useful and contended, therefore, it was not wonderful that, without losing her own refinement of mind she gradually became habituated to the manners and customs of home, and was able to hear her mother's bad grammar with tranquillity, and listen to her father's wit, oft repeated, and always with loud laughter on his own part, as to a rather agreeable thing which showed that he was merry, and consequently improving in health.

Also, in the course of a few weeks, Mr. Dobson's visits, which at first had been to her a matter of supreme indifference, began to interest her in a certain degree, insomuch, that when her father teased and laughed at her, she could not help blushing, and feeling very uncomfortable.

She had long ago made up her mind that she never would marry him, Fanny having mainly contributed to this decision by remarking, concerning him, that "he was not a gentleman," and having followed up the disparaging assertion, by adding that he was not particularly good looking and had a sheepish air; she remembered this now, and sometimes felt angry with Fanny for having said it, and sometimes felt angry *with herself* for beginning to think otherwise; but one day *when her father*, who could now sit up by the window, and *comfort his heart* by watching the loaded wains coming in *from his harvest fields*, one particularly fine day, a day that

she often thought of afterwards, she saw him laughing quietly to himself as he looked out of the window, and when she said, "What amuses you, father?" he replied, to her confusion, "Here 's thy young man coming again."

"My young man, father? pray don't call him so," she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Well, well," answered the accommodating parent, "may be he comes to see thy mother!"

Ann Salter now recollected herself, and said with gravity, "To whom are you alluding, father?"

She said this without intending to amuse her father, far from it; and when he laughed till the tears ran down his face, she felt, at first, rather pettish, but laughter is infectious, and when the farmer, wiping his eyes, exclaimed, "O child, thy little airs are like to be the death of me," she could not help laughing too, "To whom be I alluding? that's school language, I reckon," he continued, "but don't toss up thy little chin too high, for I'm afraid he is too much of a gentleman for the like of thee."

"Too much of a gentleman!" the word struck Ann Salter forcibly; what, did Fanny object to him as not a gentleman, and her father as too much a gentleman?

"If you please, Miss, Mr. Dobson has stepped in to tea, and it is just upon five o'clock," said Emily, appearing some time after, "and your mother says you are to come down and make tea."

Mr. Dobson made himself very agreeable that evening; he was intelligent and well-educated, and though very *gauche* and shy he could talk extremely well, when encouraged by an appearance of interest in the listener whom he most wished to please. Ann Salter had never condescended to make the least reply to the speech he had stammered through, while she was in the kitchen mixing the pudding, and he had found no opportunity for repeating it. The dreaded letter from Australia had arrived, and Mrs. Salter having said, that nothing in the world, not even a *barn* full of gold, should induce her to go over among those jumping kangaroos, he felt as if his hopes had received a great blow, for he had relied on her hesitating and being only induced to stay if he could persuade her daughter to like him and settle in England.

Now, whatever happened, she would not go; therefore Mr. Dobson felt low in his mind as if his chief hold and hope had been taken from him.

"Not if I was to have a barn full of gold," repeated the worthy matron, as they discussed the matter that evening.

"A barn full, mother!" said Ann Salter, "you don't know

what you are talking of ; do you know I was reading the other day that all the gold that had been brought from the gold diggings since they were first worked, would go into an omnibus—a very small omnibus."

"Sure-ly," said Mrs. Salter, amazed. "Yes," proceeded the daughter, "and in the same book I read, that all the gold now coined and in circulation in the world would go into a room twenty-five feet square."

"Well !" said Mrs. Salter, "I should judge that the man who wrote that book did not know much about gold ; for I am sure, I must have had as much money through *my* hands as would fill our great oven."

"Not gold money, mother, surely ?"

"If it was not gold, it was gold's worth," replied Mrs. Salter warmly ; "what does it matter, whether it was gold or silver, so long as they give you the same quantity of gold for it, and so long as, whether you have it in gold or notes or silver, it is of the same value ?—provided the bank you had the notes from, does not break," she added after a moment's reflection.

"But mother," Ann Salter began, "that was not exactly what I meant."

"I don't think you exactly seem to know what you mean," interrupted her mother with dignity, "if you want to persuade me that twenty shillings and one sovereign are not the same thing ! what do *you* say, Mr. Dobson ?"

Mr. Dobson hesitated and blushed ; he did not want to offend the good woman, but her head was in a fog of misapprehension and a whirl of confusion ; she saw at once, that both he and her daughter thought her wrong, and in a somewhat indignant state of mind she said that she was sure her poor dear husband must be wanting her, and she should go and sit with him. Mr. Dobson must excuse her, and Ann might call her down at supper time.

So at supper time Ann did call her down, but did not return with her to the parlour, preferring to remain with her father and read a chapter or two to him, as he lay somewhat restlessly in his bed. Mrs. Salter had quite recovered her good humour when she descended, and she found Mr. Dobson in very good humour also ; inclined to eat a plentiful supper, which was always agreeable to her, as she was naturally of a hospitable turn ; and inclined to sit and listen, or at *least* silently to gaze at her while she told some of her *longest stories* respecting her husband's illness and her own poultry-yard.

At last he rose ; the moon was shining brilliantly in at the

open door of the passage, and the white jessamine that was nailed against the door threw in a sweet perfume. Young William Dobson looked up the narrow staircase, perhaps wondering whether Ann would come down, perhaps listening to the distant sound of a voice as it came indistinctly from an upper chamber. He lingered so long at the door, that Mrs. Salter began to tell another story, and he leaned his back against the doorpost and listened, as it seemed, contentedly; all the time looking forth into the quiet farm yard, where a group of cows lay still, chewing the cud, and an old grey horse stood fast asleep by the pond, and a flock of ducks, with their heads under their wings, all huddled together looked soft and white as patches of snow in the moonshine.

"Well, I must be going," he said at last.

"Must you, Mr. William?" replied his hostess, "well, good night, give my respects to your mother."

And a very pleasant young man he is, thought the matron; attentive to his elders and sensible too; he knows when he hears a good story, and likes to listen to the end of it—not interrupt, as some folks do.

The sound of a reader's voice had given place to the sound of a sleeper's snoring, when Mrs. Salter crept softly up stairs, and Ann Salter stole lightly away to her own little room, and having shut the door, walked straight up to a certain box, and after lifting out certain neat ribbons and collars, drew from its depth her once cherished and now neglected journal. She set down her candle on the little dressing-table, put her feet on a small wooden stool, and sat with this journal on her knee for some minutes before she opened it.

"Too much of a gentleman!" she mentally ejaculated; "What could make my father say that? How strange it is that different people should see things in such different lights! well, perhaps father was right in one respect;—William Dobson's father and grandfather were as well off, and as respectable in their way as himself; but my grandfather was a labouring man by my mother's side, and my other grandfather could scarcely manage to read a chapter in the Bible, he had so little schooling. Father could not have meant that I was not equal to him in education, for though he was sent to the grammar school for years, and got on so well that the master wanted to persuade his father to send him to college, I am quite as well instructed as he, though I may not be so clever." A long pause. "Fanny certainly did try to set me against him, and I thought I did not care for him—certainly at one time I should not have cared if I had never seen him again—but, I really—I really do not see that it is any business of Fanny's!

Let me see what it was that she said—Ah! ‘Tuesday, the 1st, —Went out to walk with the children; what a sweet girl Fanny is! so refined, such a horror of every thing *second rate*; I think, however, she carries it a little too far, she thinks it quite a misfortune to have a low origin.’ Nothing about it there—‘Wednesday, the 2nd.—Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, Mrs. Sumners, and Captain Comtermere dined here to-day, as well as the visitors staying in the house—no room for me at the table,—had to dine with the children. Fanny was distressed, and said, I dare say, dear, that being accustomed to good society, you feel keenly the dulness of your present life; she was so sympathising that I could not help shedding a few tears,—I did not say anything.’ (Bah! you little goose, exclaimed the young reader, apostrophising her former self, “accustomed to good society, indeed! You! when the only dinner company you had ever known was a couple or so of your father’s grazier friends, who adjourned to the kitchen to smoke and drink beer, when they had devoured your mother’s custards and roast pig.) Thursday, the 3rd, (Ah, here it is)—‘Took a walk with the children, and Fanny accompanied us to my great joy; we went down Balcombe-lane to see how the hops were growing, and just as we came near young William Dobson’s garden, he passed on horseback, and made a low bow to me. He looked very shy, I thought, and coloured a good deal. As soon as he had passed out of hearing, Fanny exclaimed, Who *could* that man be, Annie? why he actually bowed to you; how did you get acquainted with him. He is not a gentleman, surely. I said he was a very respectable farmer and miller; that I had known him a long time, and that we were then walking among his fields. But surely, she said, he ought not to have taken the liberty of bowing—he cannot be a proper person for *us* to be acquainted with,—and I looked after him and noticed that he had on top-boots and corduroys, and that he did not look quite like a gentleman, though he rode very well. ‘I am sure, your friends would not approve of such an acquaintance,’ said Fanny. ‘I am sure they would not mind,’ I answered; and she looked quite surprised; so it is evident that her notions of what is proper — (here a few words were scratched out)—and my father’s differ widely. Just then William Dobson turned his horse and came up to us again, and spoke to me. I was so vexed on account of Fanny’s seeing it, that I hardly knew what he said, or what I answered; but I believe he asked if we would like to go *through the gate* of his hop-garden, down to Balcombe-bridge. I think he said he had the key of the lower gate in his pocket, but I know I answered shortly and coldly, and he bowed

again and went off; soon putting his horse into a gallop. I did not mean to hurt his feelings, but really, he had no right to speak to me, particularly when I had a young lady with me, nor had he any occasion to assume that look of disappointment and misery that he put on. Fanny says, she thinks he is a very sheepish looking young man, and extremely awkward."

There this wise and truly feminine record ceased for that day. Ann Salter read it carefully, and then, with great deliberation, tore it out and held it to the flame of the candle, which speedily consumed it. She afterwards searched through the remainder of her journal, and tore out and burnt several pages of similar import; then, observing that there was a great smell of burning in the room, she cautiously opened the window, and straightway a gust of wind blew the tinder of her MS. suddenly all about her floor, and her snowy counterpane. It occupied nearly half an hour to collect the bits and dispose of them safely; by this time her candle was nearly out, and she was obliged to undress by the light of the moon; but was scarcely in bed, when a shuffling noise in the passage arrested her attention—her mother was evidently making a progress through the house, trying to find out where the smell of burning came from. She opened the door, saying, "Annie, dear, did you see that the oven fire was well out afore you came to bed?" Annie, blushing, confessed that the oven was innocent of this smell, and described how it originated. Her mother withdrew. She felt ashamed of herself—she knew what she had burnt were proofs of her folly, and she felt that burning them at that time of night were proofs of her inconsiderateness. But she was young, she was tired, and she had been up since sunrise—so she shortly fell asleep, and forgot all about her journal, and even forgot the subject of it.

And what, meanwhile, became of Fanny? Why, Fanny got better, and somewhat languidly proposed to resume her duties, but Dr. Deane said neither she nor the children were well enough at present; and Fanny was secretly glad. They were to go to the sea-side for a month. On hearing this, Fanny's joy was extreme, for school was not to be thought of till their return. She was getting on very well, circumstances having assisted her; by the time they returned, Ann Salter would have been at home ten weeks. Fanny had never proposed to keep the situation open for her more than six months. Six months are twenty-five weeks—fifteen only would remain—and of those, three would be Christmas holidays. *Twelve weeks she could surely drag through; indeed, she should consider it a duty to do so, especially as her uncle*

had spoken of the matter in a religious light. Oh yes, both duty and friendship demanded of her that the twelve weeks should be spent in the conscientious discharge of her school duties.

The happy party set off for the sea-side. Fanny would have liked to call on Ann Salter beforehand, but the Doctor would not hear of it, as the complaint she had suffered from was infectious. He established his niece and the children in a pretty cottage by the sea, with an elderly servant, and promised to come over and see them whenever time permitted. At first, children and governess were extremely happy ; their appetites were keener than usual, owing as much to recent illness as to sea air, and their meals alone were a source of pleasure. Then there was the bathing, and the gathering of shells, and the climbing of cliffs, and the going out in boats ; so that the days did not seem half long enough for all their enjoyments ; but a fortnight passed over, and the weather became extremely cold and very wet, the evenings drew in rapidly, the leaves fell, sometimes it was too cold for them to bathe, and always it was too windy for them to row. They had already found more shells than they could possibly carry home, and they could not go on the cliffs, which were slippery and dangerous. They began to wish they had something to do. Fanny bought them some calico at the one little shop which the place afforded, and cut out some doll's clothes for them to make ; she also bought some twine, that Johnnie might knit a large fishing net, he having set his heart on catching a whale, in case one should visit the coast. Such a thing having once happened, it might happen again, and it was as well to be prepared !

But this work only kept the children good and contented for one long rainy day, and when they rose the next morning, and looking out, saw a rough sea, yellow with the sand that it was tearing up from the shore, all foaming and raging ; and when they saw a black sky, only diversified by great driving clouds, from which the cold sloppy rain was falling, and splashing in torrents against windows and walls, they were very peevish, and said they would rather be at home learning their lessons in the schoolroom than stop indoors there all day, and do nothing. Fanny made breakfast last as long as she could, and then she occupied them some time by choosing for the chapters which they daily read the longest she could find ; *then she had* some letters written home to their papa, and was *very particular* about the writing and the spelling, but even *these letters*—her last resource—were finished by eleven o'clock, and now what was to be done for the rest of the day?

She did not know, and the children did not know. There were no story-books, no toys, no lessons, no paint-boxes ; nothing wanted putting to rights ; there was nothing to do, nothing to make, and nothing even to spoil.

Fanny escaped into her bedroom to consider what she should do with the children for the rest of the day, and while there, she heard unmistakeable sounds, which testified that a game at romps was going on below ; the children were jumping from the chairs, and rushing about the room, and shouting and laughing with the vehemence which often follows enforced quietude. Fanny listened, and resolved to keep out of the way and ignore the noise ; but she had nothing to do herself but to watch the racing drops chase one another over the panes, and the one fishing-boat at anchor rocking and tossing upon the restless foaming waves.

"How dull it is !" thought Fanny. "I declare I shall be glad to exchange this for the schoolroom. What a noise the children make—how the floor shakes !" Then Fanny read a few hymns, then she looked out again, and so she spent an hour. At last—oh welcome sound !—she heard the clatter of knives and spoons, and a childish hurrah came up from below. Fanny ventured to descend, and found the children quiet, room somewhat dusty, confidential servant making them put it neat, and beginning to lay the cloth. Confidential servant, being a wise woman, was making a fuss about the untidiness of the room, and declaring that she could not bring in the dinner till the chairs had been dusted. She produced some of those domestic inventions called "dusters," and the children diligently polished, and rubbed, and set in order till the dinner was ready, when it was brought in with great parade, and for the next three-quarters of an hour great contentment reigned in the breasts of governess and pupils. Confidential servant then proposed, that as it was very damp and chilly, and not likely to be any finer, there should be a fire "*laid*" and lighted. Fanny consented with pleasure, and the servant, who pitied her in her heart, made the operations of taking down the coloured shavings, clearing away several spiders'-webs, and laying down the chips and coals for the fire, last as long as she could. The children, whose little hands were cold and red, were delighted to observe the operation, and sat some time, when it was lighted, warming themselves, and contented to do nothing while they basked in the heat. Fanny's head ached after the noise of the morning, and she was very thankful for this respite from tumult—but it did not last long. Shortly the loud lamentations began again, "*Nothing to do—nothing to play with—rains here all*

day—scarcely ever rains at home.” “Wish we were at home—don’t care about holidays.” “Always rains on holidays.” “Oh you pushed me!” “I didn’t.” “You did. Cousin Fanny, Johnnie pushed me.” “Oh you little tell-tale thing!”—another push, then a burst of angry tears. “Johnnie, how dare you push your sister? Come here, Sir.” Johnnie enveighed against his sister as a little coward—he hardly touched her. “You did; you pushed me very hard.” “I didn’t,” followed by a chorus of sobs and indignant tears. Then the most junior of the Deanes—always timid and inclined to tears—melted likewise, and wished she had her big doll to play with—her big doll whose eyes Johnnie poked in on his birthday.

Fanny was almost in despair, and very much inclined to cry too; when, lo! her good genius, *alias* the confidential servant, marched in. “If you please, Miss, would you like buttered toast for tea to-night?”

“Yes, Martin; anything you please,” said Fanny, utterly dispirited.

“Then, may I have the children in the kitchen to help to toast it, ma’am?” said Martin, coolly; “the kitchen here is as clean and quiet as the parlour, and they eat so much toast, that I had need of four hands instead of two if I am to toast it all.”

“They may go and help you, then, Martin,” replied Fanny, smiling; and straightway the lamentations ceased, and the combatants, now good friends, again proceeded into the kitchen, where they amused themselves for more than an hour in toasting bread, and seeing the little culinary operations that Martin was conducting at the same time.

Fanny was most thankful for this quiet hour, and as lessons were the only things she had to look to with hope as a means of passing the rainy days, she wrote home to her uncle, begging that a box of books might be sent, and some slates and maps.

The next day was quite as wet and cheerless; the third day a letter arrived. It informed Fanny that the books were packed, but as the Doctor was coming over himself on Saturday, it was thought best that he should bring them with him. Oh, weary week! rain, and damp, and idleness shared its mornings, peevishness clouded its evenings. Even the dinner and the tea did not afford the same pleasure as formerly—*want of exercise* taking away the keenness of appetite.

Saturday came, however, at last, and was a very fine day; so lovely that all grief and discontent were forgotten, and *Governess* and pupils sallied forth, in excellent temper and

light spirits, for a long ramble. The doctor was not expected till the evening; therefore, as soon as the morning dinner was despatched, they set out on another expedition, and did not arrive at the cottage till so late, that the Doctor was there before them. In arranging the specimens of shell and weed that they had brought home, and in hearing the little pieces of news from home, the evening passed very happily away, and it was not until all the children were in bed, that the painful fact was casually mentioned by the Doctor, that he had forgotten the box of books. Fanny was terribly disappointed, but, as the weather was now fine again, she could only hope that it would remain so; and, in that case, she should not want the books. But I do not intend to suspend my narrative for the sake of becoming a weather chronicler; suffice it to tell, that until the happy and much-desired day when Fanny found herself once more on the road home, the weather was sometimes fine and sometimes not fine, generally the latter; and the children and their governess reached it longing more for the schoolroom than ever they had longed for a holiday. "Oh the delight of regularity and order!" thought Fanny—"and oh what a luxury it is to have something to do!"

Fanny remained nearly in the same mind until the Christmas holidays; perhaps a continuance of somewhat dreary weather had something to do with it; perhaps the absence of visitors, and of exciting incidents, made it more easy for her to work cheerfully. Be that as it may, she felt that her duties were not disagreeable now, principle having done much for her, and habit more.

The first week of her Christmas holidays she greatly enjoyed. The second week, strange to say, she began to feel the old dismal weariness that she had suffered at the sea-side. She had lost her former taste for silly story-books, and she was strong enough now not to find it any pleasure to lie half-dreaming on the sofa, with nothing in her hand but a little bit of crotchet-edging. The third week she began to acknowledge to herself that she longed for the holidays to be over, and to perceive that she was now keeping school to please herself, and not to benefit her friend, of whom, by-the-bye, she saw unaccountably little; and the third week once over, her heart leaped for joy—she knew that now she had only one day of idleness left—three weeks and one day being the length of this recess.

"Fanny, my dear, have you seen Ann Salter lately?" asked the Doctor, as they sat at breakfast on that last morning.

"No, uncle; I have not seen her for a long while," answered Fanny, "and she has not replied to my last letter."

"I will take you over to see her to-day, if you wish it," he continued—"I shall have to pass her father's gate. He is looking better than he has done for years, and is more active than ever, I think."

Fanny felt a pang of regret. "Then, perhaps, Annie would like to come back to her situation now," she presently said: "and perhaps I ought to mention the subject to her, uncle."

"I am very well satisfied to go on as we are," said the Doctor.

"Thank you for saying so, uncle—but I took the situation expressly that it might be kept open for Annie; so it would not be fair to deprive her of it."

"What, are you in a hurry to be free again?"

"Oh, no," said Fanny, almost in tears; "but I do not wish to be ungenerous."

"Well, well!" replied the Doctor: "then tell Miss Salter that I shall be happy to see her here again to-morrow, *if she likes*."

Fanny had no question in her own mind that Annie would like to come back; and she did not notice the quiet smile with which her uncle spoke.

She rose from table, and spent a few hours in seeing that everything in the schoolroom was neat and in its place. "It is strange," she thought, with her natural simplicity, "that it is almost impossible to be contented for long together. Every day I pray that I may be free from discontent, for it always seems to me a most unamiable vice; and yet I am constantly wishing things were different. All the early part of the time that I taught the children I was longing for a change, and wishing I had not undertaken the task; then we went to the sea, and great part of that time I was pining and fretting to get home again; then there were a few happy weeks, and after that, these three uncomfortable weeks, when I have been wearied with wishing to have school again; and now, just as school was going to begin, Annie is to come back again, and take away my occupation. I wonder whether other people are as discontented as myself. I should think not. They have aspirations, of course, as one may read in so many books, but they do not seem to be ever discontented." Fanny did not know that *SOMETIMES* people call their discontent aspiration, as being a prettier word, and meaning a more *respectable thing*.

After luncheon the pony-carriage came round to the door, and Fanny, well wrapped up, stepped into it. The day had been cold, but still, and though its beauty was now over, the

cold was scarcely felt, from the absence of wind. Fanny did not dislike the drive, though, when they were within two miles of the farm, snow began to descend, and that so rapidly, that the ground was quite white in a very short time. Fanny was set down at the door of the farm, and Ann Salter and Mrs. Salter met her, and hospitably conducted her in. There was no fire in the parlour, for, as Mrs. Salter explained, they did not expect visitors in such weather, and her good man liked his meals best in the kitchen at that time of year. "But," said Mrs. Salter, "I shall have it lighted directly, Miss Fanny, and I hope you'll take a cup of tea with Annie; for I know the doctor will be at least an hour before he returns." In the meantime she made Fanny sit with her feet on the kitchen fender—and a very bright fender it was; the whole kitchen, indeed, was most clean and comfortable—and from its window you could see the snow coming down, and the church spire gradually getting a white mantle on its weather side.

"I suppose *he'll* come to-night," said Mrs. Salter, returning and addressing her daughter.

Who *he* might be Mrs. Salter did not explain, but she presently bustled out again, leaving the two girls together; whereupon Fanny unfolded her tale, and invited Ann Salter, in her uncle's name, to come back again.

Ann Salter did not say anything, but sat, looking rather foolish, while Fanny expressed her kind hope that the children would be found in good order, and perhaps improved; but when she added, "And my uncle says, he shall be happy to see you as soon as you can return," Ann Salter stammered out, "I should be very happy, dear Fanny, only I am afraid—at least, I mean, I think Mr. Dobson wishes me to stop at home."

"Mr. Dobson?" repeated Fanny, quietly.

"Yes," said Ann Salter, more bravely, "for as we are to be married at Easter, he wishes to see as much of me beforehand as he can."

Greatly to Ann Salter's relief, Fanny promptly replied—"Married to Mr. Dobson, Annie? Oh, I am so glad, so extremely glad."

"Are you, indeed?" exclaimed Ann Salter, greatly relieved. "Well, Fanny, all my friends are glad, and say I have done rightly to accept his offer. It is a great pleasure to my dear parents to have the prospect of my being settled in life—and—and besides, it is a pleasure to me."

Fanny murmured forth some congratulations.

"I was almost afraid you would not like my marrying

William Dobson," Annie continued. Fanny blushed violently, and answered, "My uncle has said several times that he would be a very suitable husband for you, and if I ever thought otherwise, it was because I did not know any better." Whereupon the girls both laughed, and each secretly felt that a weight had been removed from her breast; for Ann Salter knew the day must come when Fanny must be told of her engagement; and Fanny knew she had used what influence she possessed against Mr. Dobson, and had long regretted having done so, for she half suspected that her friend had a preference for this worthy man—besides, now she could be governess to the children as long as she pleased! So, in mutual confidence, and with many expressions of affection, the two girls passed the time, till Dr. Deane came back for Fanny, driving up to the door just as William Dobson walked up to it from the other side. Thereupon Fanny was formally introduced to him, and, to Ann Salter's secret satisfaction, held out her hand very cordially to shake that of the "man who was not a gentleman."

It was very cold, and it snowed very hard, but Fanny and her uncle were exceedingly merry under the great gig umbrella, as they drove home.

"So now, I feel really like an independent woman, for I suppose, Uncle, you will let me still be the children's governess?"

"Yes, my dear, as long as you wish it."

"As long as I wish it, Uncle. Oh, I shall always wish it—having once tasted the pleasure of independence, I shall never like to be dependent again."

"I would not be too sure of that; perhaps, like the majority of your sex, you may promise, on due persuasion, that you will 'honour and obey,' and those little words once said, what becomes of independence then?"

"I don't know," said Fanny, demurely: "I suppose it must be left behind for Dr. Deane's next governess."

THE CROWN IMPERIAL LILY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AGNES TRAURY.

Child.—Mother, see this Crown Imperial,
 Blooming rich and rare,
 Tell me why so many tear-drops
 Fill the chalice fair?

Mother.—Hast thou never mark'd the flowers
On the blooming plain ?
See, in every cup are glist'ning
Drops of pearly rain.

Child.—Yes—but soon *those* tear-drops vanish
In the sunshine clear ;
But *these* tear-drops, large as ever,
Still are glitt'ring here.

Mother.—Yonder flowers freely blossom
In the sun's bright ray ;
These must ever hide the tear-drops
None dare kiss away.

Child.—Hide their tear-drops ? dearest mother,
Pluck these lilies fair,
I would gently bear them homewards,
With a loving care.
Ne're forgetting that this flower
Teaches, how beneath a crown,
Though the brimming tears may gather,
They may never trickle down.

THE POET'S BLESSING.—UHLAND.

As I walk'd the fields among
List'ning to the skylark's song,
Toiling mid the furrows there
Stood a man with silver hair.

“ Blessings,” cried I, “ on the soil
Thus hallow'd by such pious toil,
And blessings on the wither'd hand,
Still casting seed upon the land ! ”

But his grave looks seem'd to say,
“ Poets' blessings ! what are they ?
They, like adverse Heaven's scorn,
Bring me flowers in place of corn. ”

“ Friend, the lays a poet showers
Shall not wake too many flowers,
They'll but edge thy corn with roses,
For thy little grandchild's posies. ”

HINTS ON COMPOSITION.

III.

IN this my third paper on Composition, I have to point out the beauty of simplicity; and cannot begin better than by asserting a fact which many young writers may find it difficult to believe,—namely, that simplicity is a grace which very rarely comes unbidden—without care or study; it must be sought; we must study ere we can express our thoughts with ease; we must obey certain laws if we would seem to write with freedom; we must cultivate our art if we would appear to be artless.

A studied composition means a composition not sufficiently studied; a laboured discourse is one at which the writer had not laboured enough. The sculptor in hewing out his statue should continue to work till he has removed all the signs of workmanship; he must labour on the marble cheek or brow till he has effaced in a satin smoothness, every dent and every chip of his own chisel.

“But how is this?” you will say; “we have often heard it remarked, that the more a certain essay or sermon has been laboured at, the harder and less graceful it has become; yet you would appear to assert that, if we only work long enough we are sure to attain simplicity.” You are sure to attain it *if you aim* at it, but not unless; the labour bestowed by many writers is not to attain simplicity but to make their writings pointed, witty, powerful, thoughtful, deep, weighty, and so on, and they gain their end; but the readers complain that they write with an air of constraint, and hardness, stiffness or roughness; that their sentences are too long, that their words are too long, in fact, that their works themselves are too long!

Now to be thus complained of must be very unpleasant, and it debars many a sensible writer of popularity; yet a little study and some reflection would enable all to attain the art of writing simply, an art which consists less in *adding graces* than in clearing away blemishes, and more *in the rejection* of false ornaments than the invention of *real ones*—an art which requires not so much that a man

should know a great deal, as that he should not pretend to what he does not know; and would rather forgive him for never feeling enraptured or enthusiastic than for affecting to do so when he does not.

But let me ennumerate some of the advantages of simplicity in composition. The first is, that it gives an air of truth and reality,—“You English,” said an Italian lady, “almost always speak the truth! it is quite extraordinary how truthful you are; and when you are telling lies you do it so naturally, that it is impossible not to believe you! instead of swearing, and declaring upon your honour that what you say is true, and shouting and stamping if any one should doubt you, the words are so quiet that you say, and there are so few of them, that I say to myself, Surely he would take more trouble about it if he was speaking falsely! Oh, you English have deceived me by your moderation, many times!”

If you, my young readers, will examine a few books, and listen to the conversation of half-a-dozen foreigners, you will perceive that the Italian lady was right; Englishmen, as compared with most nations of the continent, are moderate in the use of epithets; they do not rant, nor protest, nor boast, neither do they exaggerate in anything like the same degree; and this peculiarity extends itself to their literature, and gives that beautiful air of truth and reality to English fiction, and English books of personal adventure and travels, which is so great a part of their charm. Few, if any German writers excel in the possession of this beauty; you will discover the finest examples of it in your own tongue; and if, when you find yourself carried away by the sweet air of truth and nature, or the impress of reality borne by any piece of writing, you examine it, you will generally find that, first, it is not over-abundantly sprinkled with adjectives; secondly, that the metaphors employed in it are pure, and not too plentiful; thirdly, that the writer does not love hard words; nor, fourthly, long sentences; and fifthly, that he is not thinking of himself but of his subject.

But a second advantage of simplicity, is that it gains direct access to the feelings, and touches them unawares, when the most laboured appeals, and the most erudite reasoning would utterly fail. If Wordsworth had heaped all epithets of praise, and exhausted all metaphors expressive of regret on his poem “To Lucy,” he would not have given it half the

heart-touching power that it now possesses, by its tender simplicity :—

“ She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

“ A violet, by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye ;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

“ She lived unseen, a few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh !
The difference to me.”

So, in the well-known scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, where he, his “sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,” utters wild, disjointed, and self-contradictory speeches; how infinitely is the painful effect of his rant enhanced by the regretful simplicity of her quiet answers: she neither complains nor entreats—she is not eloquent, and uses no flowers of rhetoric. He, abrupt, fitful, impatient, exclaims,—

“You should not have believed me: for virtue* cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.”

She answers, “I was the more deceived.”

Simplicity is pure in taste, free from affectation, not unnatural or forced in expression, and not far-fetched, or a lover of conceits in thought. Simplicity would smile at such a piece of writing as follows, though it be the production of a writer whom many have admired without understanding, but who has done as little good to our language as to our hearts. It describes a foolish king, who was subject to occasional fits of rage,—

“He was a true image of the shamefullest mud-volcano, gurgling and skittishly simmering amid continual steamy indistinctness, with occasional terrifico-absurd mud explosions.”

* Here used for truth.

Here follows the character of Robespierre from the same pen :—

“Consider Maximilian Robespierre, for the greater part of two years what one may call autocrat of France—a poor sea-green, atrabilious formula of a man, without head, without heart or any grace, gift, or even vice beyond common, if it were not vanity, astucity, diseased vigour (which some count strength) as of a cramp. Really a most poor seagreen individual in spectacles, meant by nature for a methodist parson of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written confession, to chop fruitless shrill logic, to contend, to suspect, and ineffectually wriggle and wrestle, and on the whole to love, or to know, or to be (properly speaking) Nothing !”

Leaving this fine language to speak for itself, I now offer to your notice a sentence from an anonymous writer :—

“Nevertheless the spontaneity of those primitive effusions, those sacrifices of the maternal solicitude on the altar of the temple of peace meet not with the delicate and deferential appreciation which they merit, unless the paternal voice be heard from the centre to the circumference of the domestic radius, enforcing in a spirit of love, the gentle commands of his devoted helpmeet.”

The following examples of want of simplicity, are taken from a religious treatise, published not long ago :—

“Amid the associations of the hallowed fane,* beneficence, especially female beneficence, may, with sobriety and safety, look around for guidance and companionship.”

“High advantages may be gained from a domiciliation with erudite ecclesiastical piety. When unalloyed by sedentary indolence, by literary eccentricities, or gloomy austerity, it is singularly beneficial to female character. Seldom has the monumental tablet thrown its hallowing shade over a more harmonious combination of excellences than,” &c.

Nearly all the long words used in these quotations are blemishes, and all the roundabout modes of expression might be dispensed with advantageously. Fathers, mothers, ministers, family peace and love, the grave, and some other things treated of here, are fine things, and good things, and respectable enough things surely ; why, then, are we afraid to mention them by their names ? Why must I say, I have

* Meaning, among the clergy.

enjoyed the benefits of *maternal solicitude*, instead of remarking that I have been blessed with a mother's love? Why may I not tell you that children will not do as they are bidden unless their parents agree in teaching them obedience, instead of going through a long spasmodic accumulation of polysyllables about "primitive effusions," "deferential appreciation," and a "circumference," and a "radius," and a "helpmeet?" And why cannot I say, "a pious and learned clergyman," instead of talking about "erudite ecclesiastical piety," and putting that seven-foot-long word before it, to spell which correctly requires care and consideration.

But having spoken of the advantages of simplicity, let me try to show you how it may be attained.

One reason why young writers fail of being gracefully simple is, that they have not sufficiently studied and analyzed fine composition to be aware in what its power lies; they are not, as it were, behind the scenes; their favourite authors are as much their masters as they are the masters of the general world of readers; and they have no adequate knowledge of the causes that produce these effects in which they delight. They read something that B. has written, and it is so touching, so affecting, that before they have time to consider, they are weeping over it. Why cannot they write an affecting paper? They know a true tale, the incidents of which are quite as heartrending. They will begin. So done; but their true tale appeals too much, too uniformly, too violently to the feelings; it sets forth by announcing that the writer has something to say which would draw tears from stones, but it does not draw any from flesh; it declares that it is harrowing, but the reader refuses to be harrowed; how very hard, and they have taken great pains with it!

Now let them compare the writing of B. with their own. B. began with a few prosaic sentences, whereas they, thinking the world could not know too soon how sorry it was to be, began by prophesying that they should make it so; and B. went on with two or three dry jokes and some droll sayings, at which it was impossible not to laugh; but these, considering them to be blemishes, they carefully avoided; *and then B. having made his readers merry, stopped short, and then proceeded quite simply, and as if he scarcely saw himself how piteous was his tale, to frighten his reader a*

little, while he, as it were, knocked at the door of his heart, and then calmly showed him something which seemed to say, "What! are you laughing? Look here;" and looking, the reader was subdued unaware, and felt, for the moment, such a revulsion, as some mother, listening to and delighting in grand music, might feel if a magical echo could waft to her a sigh, and she could know that with that sigh her infant had drawn its last breath; or as some gourmand at a feast might feel if he could suddenly be aware that there was an arctic feast far up among the snows, where, congregated on an iceberg, the sated bears were mumbling over the bones of his son.

If, therefore, B. produced a powerful effect on your feelings by first making you laugh, do not consider his wit or his humorous sayings as a blemish—they are a part of his art, one of the secrets of his power; we are never so willing to weep as when we have heartily laughed; and if you examine the greatest masters of pathos you will find that they are all, without exception, witty, humorous, and possessed of a keen sense of the ludicrous; you will also find that when they turn from wit to pathos, they become calmer, they use shorter sentences, they reject the ornaments of rhetoric, they use the simplest forms of expression, they step gravely and quietly from the sunshine into the shadow, and the shadow has fallen on the readers' faces before they are aware.

They use contrast and also simplicity in order to touch our feelings; it is true that many writings affect us much, which are uniformly pathetic, but they do not exercise the same power as those beforementioned; and on examining them we shall always find that they are written with more or less simplicity. We never weep over hard words and many polysyllables, or over sentences which we get out of breath in reading, for we know that human grief does not so express itself; there is a sort of incongruity between the long words and the sobs that would tear them syllable from syllable, which is rather suggestive of ludicrous images than of sympathy.

Therefore, if you have already learned to arrange your thoughts clearly enough to insure their being understood, you must now learn to blot out your break-jaw words, *to shorten and divide your long sentences, to express your meaning without much parenthesis, to consider ad-*

jectives and epithets as on the whole evil weeds to be rooted out, and to be very careful not to set out by declaring what a wonderful, or terrible, or droll, or touching tale you have to tell us.

You must try always to bear in mind the perversity of human nature, especially while you are studying simplicity, in order to gain some influence over your readers. People are like sick children, who do not always like to be told beforehand what they are going to have for dinner. And again, like children, they cannot bear to be disappointed of what they have been promised. Therefore, never set out by promising them something *very nice*, or they will surely say it is not so nice as they were led to hope; and never tell them you will make them cry, or perhaps they will laugh derisively instead.

In writing narrative or real adventure, never hint at such a thing as incredulity on the part of the reader. Waterton did this in his "Wanderings," and was consequently not believed till other travellers had verified his narrations. "I dare say the reader finds it difficult to believe this,"—"I am afraid my humble testimony will hardly suffice to set this matter at rest,"—"I expect to meet with incredulity,"—are very dangerous things for a writer to say; they put it into people's heads to question his statements, whereas if he kept himself perfectly in the background, and said nothing about his doubts and fears, nobody would justify them. De Foe, on the contrary, is believed, because he not only appears to have full faith himself in the truth of what he relates, but he is unconscious of any audience, believing or disbelieving; he seems either to be writing things down for his own private entertainment, *and that he may not forget them*, or to be quietly relating them to some crony, as the two sit together after dinner with their feet on the fender; yet De Foe generally wrote fiction, and Waterton almost always spoke the truth. Wordsworth and Lamb may be mentioned among great masters of simplicity. Hood the poet, Basil Hall and Dr. Arnold (see his Lectures on Modern History, and on Roman History), but probably the finest examples in existence of this beauty, are the sacred *books of Ruth and of Jonah*. Borrow may be studied for his *simplicity*, but he is also so clear, powerful and brilliant, that *as a master of style* he cannot be too much examined or too *carefully noticed*; his manner of telling a story is specially

fine; he does not appear abrupt, yet he presents it to his readers without any preliminary explainings, and he is at no loss how and when to stop; he never wearies us with descriptions, and yet he has described before we know it; he is always buoyant, and therefore, his reader does not flag. Borrow has no great reasoning powers, and some of his notions are superstitious and weird; but his language is a marvel for its transparent clearness, and his description for its pure and quaint simplicity.

Basil Hall's writings are very good studies, for, besides their simplicity and clearness, they have a peculiar buoyancy, which does not arise entirely from their sentiments. The manner and style themselves are cheerful. There is no drag in the cadence, no lag in the sentence; the words dance along as merrily as the crisp little blue waves that he is so fond of describing; and yet his phraseology is so appropriate, that attention is never drawn to it, but all the reader's thoughts are left rather for his matter than for his manner.

On the other hand, Mrs. Barrett Browning's style is particularly deficient in simplicity, and some of her finest poems are seriously damaged by her love of long, hard, or uncommon words, and strange turns of speech. "The Vision of Poets," "The Fourfold Aspect," that sweet poem, "Loved Once," and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," are certainly much injured by this fault. Some of the verses in this last-named poem are with difficulty read aloud, a mouthful of words, as hard as pebbles, grating and grinding each other, must be treated with great art before they will fall into anything like a pleasant cadence.

The following lines do not appear to gain in power by their want of simplicity:—

"Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic Never,
To a Pythian height dilates you—and despair sublimates to
power?"

"From my brain the soul-wings budded—waved a flame
about my body,

Whence conventions coiled to ashes. I felt self-drawn out
as man,

From amalgamate false natures; and I saw the skies grow
ruddy

*With the deepening feet of angels, and I knew what spirits
can."*

Nor should epithets and expressions such as these be praised, though they be used by an admired poetess:—

“Do you know our voices, chanting down the Golden?—His grey eternities—Double calms of whiteness—There are left behind, Living Beloveds.’

With one of Mrs. Browning’s sonnets I conclude this paper. It succeeds, and completes, her sonnet entitled “Life.”

LOVE.

We cannot live, except thus mutually
 We alternate, aware or unaware,
 The reflex act of life : and when we bear
 Our virtue outward most impulsively,
 Most full of invocation, and to be
 Most instantly compellant, certes, there
 We live most life, whoever breathes most air,
 And counts his dying years by sun and sea.
 But when a soul, by choice and conscience, doth
 Throw out her full force on another soul,
 The conscience and the concentration both
 Make mere life, Love. For Life in perfect whole
 And aim consummated, is Love in sooth,
 As nature’s Magnet-heat rounds pole with pole.

THE GATE.

IN perusing the Scriptures we find perpetual mention of the *gate* of dwelling-houses, or cities. The reason of this frequent recurrence of the word appears to be that the *gate* was, as it still is in the East, the place of general resort for conversation and rest in the hottest part of the sultry Oriental day; or for hearing causes and examining witnesses in courts of law. From the gate all passers in and out were easily scrutinised, their business known, and news heard from strange lands. Abraham was sitting at the *door* of his tent, in the heat of the day, in the plains of Mamre, when he lifted up his eyes, and looked, and, lo, *three men stood by him*. (Genesis xviii. 2.) The same *heavenly visitors* found Lot sitting in the gate of the city, *now covered by the slimy waters of the Dead Sea*. Eli, the

aged high priest, sat on a stone by the side of the gate, when the messenger, who had fled out of the army, came into Shiloh with his clothes rent, and with earth upon his head, and made known to Israel that Hophni and Phinehas were dead, and the ark of the Lord taken. (1 Sam. iv. 18.)

The book of Proverbs concludes with the commendation of the industrious God-fearing wife — “Let her own works praise her in the gate.”

To the common custom of idling away the hotter hours of the day, David alludes (Psalm lxix. 12) when he says, “They that sit in the gate speak against me.” To this custom a very recent traveller (See Illustrated News, Feb. 21, 1857) bears witness in the following words:—

“In all hot countries, the favourite resorts of the natives during the heat of the day, are the dark, arched gateways, which almost invariably are constructed through the walls of the city. Here there is at all hours a gentle eddy of air, whose value is beyond price to the panting, languid, inhabitants; and here parties of travellers and villagers congregate to sleep or smoke the sultry portions of the day away. Perhaps few places can boast of a larger number of long, dark, black-vaulted gateways, than Beyrout, the rising capital of Syria.”

A second, and equally familiar, use of the gate of a city was to hold assemblies and courts of law there. Justice was dispensed, and cases heard, in a spot where witnesses were easiest collected, and audience most readily obtained. In turning to the Scriptures, we find Abraham purchasing a field, to bury his wife in, of Ephron the Hittite, “in the audience of the children of Heth, even of all that went in at the gate of his city.” (Gen. xxiii. 10.) Boaz, previous to marrying his kinswoman Ruth, goes up to the gate of Bethlehem to await the coming of the nearest of kin; and in the presence of the bystanders and witnesses, purchases, by a certain form, Ruth the Moabitess, to be his wife; “and all the people that were in the gate, and the elders, said, We are witnesses.” (Ruth iv. 11.)

Job (xxix. 7), when recounting his former prosperity and honour, lays especial stress upon the attention and respect paid to him at the gate, “When I went out to the gate through the city, when I prepared my seat in the street! *the young men saw me, and hid themselves: and the aged arose, and stood up. The princes refrained talking, and*

laid their hands on their mouth." One of the especial blessings attending a numerous family is referred to the same Eastern custom. The father "shall not be ashamed when he speaks with the enemies in the gate." (Psalm cxxvii. 5.) That is, the presence of a train of children will strengthen his cause, and daunt his adversary.

In the concluding chapter of the book of Proverbs, to which allusion has been already made, we find (ver. 27) the industry and economy of the notable wife commended in these words, "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land."

In the New Testament we find no mention of this two-fold use of the city gate. The gate, however, of private houses, as in the case of Lazarus in the parable, was the resort of the destitute. It was at the gate, which was called "Beautiful," of the temple repaired by Herod, that the lame man asked alms of Peter and John, and received from them a more precious gift than silver and gold. But the beauty of that gate is as nothing when compared with St. John's description of the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem (Rev. xxi. 21):—"The twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl. . . . And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there." How much then ought we to strive to improve our time and talents, that at last, for the merits of our Saviour, we may be thought worthy to dwell eternally in that happy place "where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, and pain;" where there shall be no need at its portals to administer justice, and to right the oppressed; to relieve the sick, or to feed the hungry,—“for the former things are passed away.”

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

MATLOCK.

It was a year or two ago, in the leafy month of *June*, that finding, not only my complexion, but even *my very ideas*, all smoke dried, from being long "in *populous city pent*," I determined to take a trip to

Matlock, which, as all the world knows, is a pretty little town, in the beautiful county of Derbyshire. I had only three days to spare; but if steam-engines do bring noise and smoke into our towns, they compensate for it by taking us, when we desire it, quickly away into the country. The sun may rise, to our view, out of a London chimney pot, and set in grandeur over the Orme's Head in these days. So, thanks to steam, eleven in the morning found me at the Matlock Bath Station. The very view of the high Tor told me that I should enjoy my ramble; but an Englishman's first care is his inn, and old bachelors, say what you will, fair ladies, about their miserable state, always enjoy creature comforts, and generally manage to get them too; so at once I comfortably settled myself and my carpet bag at the Old Bath Hotel, and then sallied forth into the streets to see whatever was to be seen.

A stranger is soon discovered, and ere long, guides beset me on all sides—"Caverns, sir," "Cumberland Cavern, sir," "Take you round the Heights, sir." Now if there be anything in the world I dislike, it is a guide, especially through the beauties of nature, but in Matlock every visitor deems it a duty to visit the caverns; it is a kind of necessary penance: so submitting quietly to my fate, I put myself under the care of the least importunate of the numerous candidates for the honour of conducting me.

My guide first took me to a petrifying spring, which though it cannot, like the enchanted water in the Arabian Nights, make any one who bathes in it half man and half marble, is yet a real curiosity. The explanation of its power is simple:—a stream rich in carbonic acid, dissolves in consequence much carbonate of lime in its passage down the rocks, but on a larger expanse of the water than usual, being exposed to the air, as would be the case, on the wetted *surface of anything* placed in its course. The car-

bonic acid escapes and the carbonate of lime is deposited, covering the object so placed, whatever it may be, with a superficial crust of limestone. The favourite subjects for experiment were birds' nests, rams' heads, and barristers' wigs. I could not help thinking that if one of the last was to be imbedded in some other deposit, and remain in all the pristine beauty of its form, until the hammer of the geologist, in a future phase of the world's history, revealed it to the ken of scientific eyes, it would indeed afford vast scope for many a learned lecture, until the wig of stone would occasion, perhaps, more bursts of eloquence and more elaborate reasoning, than the owner of it, in its former existence, ever displayed in his time.

Before leaving the well I took a draught of its water, which was pleasant to the taste, cold, fresh, and sparkling. My guide and I now bade adieu, for a time, to the realms of upper air, and descended one of the caverns. Of this part of my journey I shall not say much, though it was not without interest, and a certain kind of grandeur, nor indeed wholly without beauty, for the walls were often encrusted with selenite, or pendant icicle-like stalactites of carbonate of lime, and at times a vein of spar, the crystals sparkling in the torchlight, ran across our path.

It was in one little chamber whose floor was strewed with large pieces of broken spar, that my guide gave vent to a speech, which made me sigh for the days of chivalry, when the heaviest burden was light to bear for a fair ladye: but I had better return to my tale, that you too, gentle reader, may mourn over the lost gallantry of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"I makes one rule, sir," he said, "never to take a lady in here—it would be, 'Guide, will you put this in my basket, it is such a pretty crystal;' and 'I must *have this* piece of spar, guide;' and then when the *basket was quite full*, I should hear, 'Will you carry *it for me*, guide?' and so I often have had to climb

the hill, laden with two or three heavy baskets of spar." You will agree with me, ladies, that the man was unworthy of the honour done him, and will easily believe me, when I tell you, that out of respect to your sex, as soon as we were above ground, and he was of no further use to me, I dismissed him!

Even in the very town, to which I now returned, there are some plants of interest, the elegant fronds of one of our most beautiful British ferns (*Cystopteris fragilis*) are abundant; the handsome Meadow Crane's-bill was also plentiful; and a rarer, though not such a showy plant (*Cardamine impatiens*), was here very frequent. My first walk was to the Romantic rocks, as they are called; a little winding path, through a wood, immediately behind the town soon led me to them. By the road-side grew the herb Paris (*Paris quadrifolia*), with its curious whorl of four leaves, to borrow old Gerard's description, "directly set one against another, in the form of a Burgundian Crosse, or True-love Knot, for which cause, among the ancients, it hath been called Herb True-love. In the midst of the said leafe, comes forth a starre-like flowre, of an herby or grassie colour." The gooseberry was plentiful in the wood, looking like a genuine native; and at the rocks themselves, grew the yew-tree. This tree, which is common throughout the whole of the limestone district, is evidently wild; it is one I always look upon with a species of veneration—a true old English heart it has, and one which has often stood us in good stead in times of danger; all honour, therefore, to the yew-tree and to our brave soldiers, who in all ages of our country's history, have so gallantly defended our fatherland from foreign foes. The Romantic rocks well deserve their name; masses of limestone seem to have been torn from the rocks, and set up as obelisks, by no mortal power, however, unless we suppose the Titans to have torn them forth to hurl in their battle.

As I wandered about, two pretty little children, the eldest of whom was about twelve, came up and offered to guide me to the heights of Abraham:—I willingly accepted their offer. Now in all that was said about guides before, I must except children in the country, where they are still to be found, fresh in nature's simplicity; they are the best practical naturalists too, for they are fresher than we are from their Maker: love all the works of His hands.

The eldest of my little companions knew all the flowers of the neighbourhood, not by name, of course, but by sight; and she helped me much in my expedition. We wandered on together up the hill of Masson, and the children hunted diligently for flowers, especially rejoicing when they met with the curious orchides, which grew there. We found the fly orchis (*Orphrys muscifera*), the tway-blade (*Listera ovata*), and the frog orchis (*Habenaria viridis*), plentifully, the bee-orchis (*Orphrys apifera*), but not so frequently; there were also the common species, (*Orchis morio*), (*Orchis mascula*), and (*Orchis maculata*), the green-winged, early-purple, and spotted orchis, in abundance. The other plants most common were the yellow rock-rose, the greater plantain, the milkwort, and such other flowers as an elevated pasture generally yields. We went onward and soon scaled the heights of Abraham, the view from which is magnificent, and well repays the toil of climbing. The turf around was short and close, gemmed everywhere with the brilliant blossoms of the rock-rose, and the yellow mountain heart's-ease. But by this time the fine bracing air had made me feel more hungry than I had felt for months past, so that I was glad to leave even these noble heights and retrace my steps to take mine ease at mine inn. Refreshed and invigorated, and having done especial justice to the trout of the Derwent, in honour of its beauty, I felt inclined for another stroll; this time

wending my way to the river side. A ferry, of about half a minute's duration, brought me to the "Lovers' Walks." The Derwent here flows quietly, almost lazily along, but above its soft murmur rises the sound of a distant weir. On the opposite bank were the green meadows which I had just left, with the church and the houses of the town, seemingly scattered amongst the trees. Over these rose the heights, which had formed my afternoon's ramble, and above me was a steep wood, through which were many devious paths;—the paths of true love never did run smooth, we all know; and these were, I suppose, emblematical, but they all led to some beautiful spot, now a lovely glimpse of the river, and here and there pleasant seats or arbours for the happy pairs who wander here.

"Pleasant arbours not by art,
But of the trees' own inclination made,
Which knitting their rank branches part to part,
With wanton ivy-twine entrailed athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole among,
Fashioned above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng,
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong."

In the wood, lilies of the valley grew in plenty, and the rarer *Epipactis media* also: this is one of our handsomest orchides, but it was unfortunately not yet in flower. The beautiful but lazy elm moth (*Abraxas ulmata*) was very common, sailing through the air like a flake of snow.

I gained the summit very soon, and seated myself on a point of rock, known, I believe, as the Wild Cat Tor. The view from here was really grand, the quiet Derwent wound peacefully along beneath me, the heights of Abraham rose on the opposite side, and the magnificent high Tor stood boldly forth on the left; the varied foliage of the wood beneath had a lovely effect; just at my feet was a white beam tree, in full

flower, the dark yew showed forth by contrast the fresh green of the elm, and here and there the grey limestone peered out in naked grandeur. Along the top grew the buckthorn (*Rhamnus catharticus*), and the spindle-tree (*Euonymus Europæus*), the latter of which was thickly covered by the webs of the ermine moth.

As I sat dreamily here, twilight silently gathered round me, and threw her veil of hazy purple over the surrounding landscape, making loveliness still more lovely. I would willingly have said in the words of the old song, "Shades of evening, close not o'er me," but it was quite useless, so I roused myself again to action and returned, feeling brighter and better, even for one day's rambles amid nature's beauties; and who that has dwelt long in one of our large cities, where every breath of smoky air tells of man's painful toil, as well as of his wondrous powers, and where even the very flowers seem mourning for lost nature, will not sympathise with my feelings?

Mine was the sleep that needs no rocking, that night; mind and body both needed rest. I was up, however, early on the morrow, ready for another ramble, but the rain fell in torrents, so that there seemed little to be done but to watch from the window the scene of my evening's walk, and to listen to the jackdaws, and rock doves, who seemed to be murmuring querulously about the rain as well as myself. There was, clearly, nothing to be done but to wait with patience, and in the afternoon that virtue was rewarded by a burst of sunshine.

I took advantage of this to wander forth again; and now going up the village, passing the residence of the Arkwrights, and the large cotton mill belonging to them, I came at length to a curious mass of dark *rocks, on the left-hand side of the road, barren of foliage, excepting at the top, where a few pines grew.*

They looked bleak and desolate, but stood in a green meadow, which altogether tempted my fancy.

They are called the Black rocks, a well-chosen name ; they clearly ought to have a legend connected with them, and no doubt have or had ; but I could hear of none.

The rain threatened again, so my time for exploring was necessarily short ; but I found some old friends of yesterday, among the flowers, such as *Viola lutea*, and others too that I had not met with here before ; the snowy flowers of *Arenaria verna*, grew in such abundance, as to make the ground white with their blossoms, and the Mountain Shepherd's Purse (*Thlaspi alpestre*), rather a scarce and local plant, grew here abundantly. The beautiful green Forester Sphinx (*Ino Italices*), was flying about quite commonly. I had scarcely arrived in safety at the inn, before the rain began again—but the shower was not of long duration—and I was soon out again ; this time bending my steps towards the High Tor, passing under the bridge by the railway station, I came to some fields, through which a path led to the wood above ; in my way the pretty little vernal *Starwort* was again in profusion ; and the *Cystopteris* was finer than I had seen it before.

At the commencement of the wood grew the yellow dyer's-wood (*Genista tinctoria*), and amongst the limestone were the yellow, clover-like flowers of *Anthyllis vulneraria*, to which from its softness, botanists, ever a courteous race, have given the name of "Ladies' Fingers."

The pretty little *Scabiosa Columbaria* was there also in plenty.

A steep narrow path through the wood leads up gradually to the summit of the High Tor. The sun had long been hidden from the village beneath, but here it was just setting in all its glory. The bushes wetted by the

rain, sparkled in its rays, as though they were decked with diamonds; the whole air was fragrant with the delicious scent springing from the Scotch or Burner's Rose, *Rosa spinosissima*, now in full flower. In wandering over the Tor, I came to a fissure in the rock so narrow, that in many places I could put a foot on each side of it, and yet it went down to the very bottom of the cliff, which was four hundred feet above the river at its full. I could not see the termination of the rent, but on dropping a stone, I could hear it, after a long interval for such an experiment, strike against the bottom. Here and there a stone had wedged itself in between the two sides, thus forming a small natural bridge. The rocks were fringed most beautifully with the graceful *Cystopteris*.

I stayed until the last of the sun's rays had disappeared, and then finding myself cold and wet, took a quick walk through the quaint little village of Matlock, possessing beauties of its own, though not so lovely in its situation as Matlock Bath.

In returning, I passed completely under the High Tor; the river only intervening, it almost seemed to rise perpendicularly from the road; the moon had now risen, and the effect was exceedingly beautiful.

With this evening my short visit to Matlock was over, for I had determined to spend my last day in Dove-dale, and therefore bade adieu, very early the next morning, to the town of Matlock Bath.

If any of my readers be over-worked, or tired out of seeing nothing but tall chimneys and a smoky sky, I can give them no better advice than to follow my example, and try a few days' ramble on the Derbyshire hills.

THE CITY FLOWER.

FROM A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

A SISTER'S hand had laid flowers on the pillow of sickness. The offering was small, for it was plucked in a city garden; but it was precious to the invalid, for she had learned to prize the minutest thing that bore the name of flower.

Looking with pleasure on their graceful forms and delicate tints, her eye rested at length on a pale blue *Nemophyla*. The flower touched a spring in the chambers of memory; the sick room was in thought forsaken, and she was once more in her childhood's home.

She stood, as in past time she had loved to stand, on a sunny garden spot; the blue sky of summer, with its soft white clouds above her head, and the gentle flowers in their rich beauty all around her. Dear to her heart was every flower in that spacious garden, each was like a friend to her, for she had grown up among them, and they had flourished beneath her fostering care; she knew something of their mute language, and they had taught her many a lesson of high and heavenly import, speaking eloquently of Him from whose hand they came.

All were cherished, but now, in her waking dream, her chosen flowers were at her feet, and with the eye of memory she gazed intently into a luxuriant blue *Nemophyla*. Its blossoms expanded their brilliant stars before her, resting humbly on the earth, yet reflecting heaven, and the pure soft white of their delicate centres mirror the white clouds above them. Emblems of God's children upon earth, their steadfast gaze was ever heavenward, and, as it were unconsciously, they had become conformed to the object of their love. Often had the sick girl interpreted that beautiful figure, and earnestly but prayerfully had she longed that it might be realized in her.

Her eye rested again on the flower which she held in her hand, but so closely were the emblem and its reality united in her thoughts, that the poor city-grown *Nemophyla* caused a feeling of sudden pain, and almost of displeasure. Distorted and blighted, it had well-nigh lost the characteristics of the flower. Its delicate petals were of faded blue, their soft white bosoms were sullied, and their edges (not

withered from age, for the blossom was young) were torn and discoloured, as by contact with hard and uncongenial substances.

But the city flower found a voice even in its degradation, and, not in bold self-defence, but in humble palliation told its tale of sorrow.

It had not been cradled in quiet luxury, but had been obliged to struggle even for existence in a barren and uncongenial spot. It had drunk but scant supplies of the refreshing rain of heaven, and seldom had the smoke and vapour which constantly enveloped it, revealed that heaven to its view.

The voice of the delicate blossom reached the ear of her who listened in the silence of the chamber of sickness, and her heart read the lesson it taught. She thought of many who, like herself, had been nurtured in the pleasant gardens of happy Christian homes, their way hedged round, and their feet preserved from countless snares, and who now, walking a peaceful and consistent Christian course, seemed to her like the flowers of her memory.

And she thought of others, who, children of the same Heavenly Father, are treading a rough and toilsome road, contending against temptations which the more favoured ones have never encountered, and destitute of blessings which they richly enjoy.

These, like the poor city flower, may seem blighted and deformed to the eye of man, but struggling still to reflect the image of their Father in Heaven, they are known and acknowledged by Him, and woe be to those who scorn them, or cause them to be offended. For them she learned the lesson, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." And for herself, "Be not high-minded, but fear."

R. F. A.

ON SEARCHING FOR "HIDDEN TREASURE."

WE propose, in the following paper, to say a few words *on the study of Scripture*, as ~~much~~ for our own profit as *for our reader's*, we doubt not; perhaps more so. As we *write incognito*, it may not be amiss to confess that our *time is occupied with medicine rather than divinity*; and

we mention this, first, by way of excuse for imperfections, and, next, by way of removing any prejudice. An article on the study of Scripture, by a doctor, may attract attention from the very fact that the statements cannot be dismissed with an "Of course, you have time for all this, but I am otherwise engaged!" We write, moreover, for youth, knowing something of the temptations which beset the young man, and especially the student, to neglect this duty. We can sympathise with those who do not take that pleasure in the study which they know they ought. We remember the time—years, alas!—when it used to be rather a duty than a pleasure. We can only speak with trembling when we write that now it is otherwise—when we say that the duty, thank God! is oftentimes a pleasure—that the hour is not seldom found too short. It is in the hopes of encouraging some youth to persevere that we refer to matters personal and past. It is uphill work to do a thing for duty's sake alone, yet persevere, the day will dawn, the sun will rise, the clouds will disperse—read on, read patiently, read *prayerfully*, remember, it is the word of God—read hopefully—it *shall not* return void—it *shall* accomplish—it *shall* prosper. Prov. ii. 4 is a favourite passage, and apposite, it is a promise, and the words are very expressive and significant.

Not long ago a friend returned from Australia. We had not met for three years or more. He had been to the diggings, and returned, not richer (except in experience) than he went. What hardships he had undergone for the sake of finding gold! Associated with those who had no point in common, save the one desire of getting gain, he would take a claim (a piece of land so many feet square) and share with them the labour—twelve hours a-day, with rest only during meal times, four hours digging and eight hours baling water—and all this in the hope of finding gold—and with what success? Not sufficient, as it proved, to pay expenses! Then he would turn his hand to something else: stand behind the counter of a storekeeper, build a surgery for a doctor, or mix his medicines, or do anything to turn an honest penny. Then, having earned a little money, once more his hopes are kindled; he joins another party, and works again, and lives on mutton and water—*no bread, no vegetables, no tea, no spirits—mutton and water, water and mutton*, and perhaps tobacco, for ten days

together; for such is the eagerness of the diggers to be first in a new region that they often precede the storekeeper; nay, even sometimes they find themselves without food; they are, however, spell-bound. One of the party may go to the nearest settlement to buy, the rest will stay near the expected treasure. Without food, their strength fails, but they will wait twelve long hours, till he can visit the nearest settlement. At length, he comes, their hopes revive—"Now we shall soon be at work again"—but no, their comrade was too hasty; he forgot to take money in his hand. Another twelve hours of hope deferred, and then they are able to work again; four hours with the pick-axe, in the cold and wet, eight hours at the windlass baling out water, and raising the rubbish; and all this is but preparatory. The quartz lies deep; difficulties are, however, as nothing, when the prize is so great. At length the rock is found; boring, blasting—all in the wet—tunnelling, raising, crushing, washing, and much that only an eye-witness can describe, is yet to follow, with no return but that which hope inspires; and then the gain is divided, and it proves once more a loss! But the prize is great; so having health and strength, he again betakes himself to service, and earns a little more wherewith to make another attempt; and so on for three years, and with what result? Are his hopes realized? His golden dream, at the end of three years, proves to be a deficiency on the whole of about a hundred pounds. We cannot but sympathise with him, and admire his noble perseverance. He is a fine fellow, and we trust he has gained a treasure that he went out not to seek. But from him, as a gold-seeker, can we not learn something? Are not the words of Prov. ii. 4 suggestive of the reason of our often fruitless search for wisdom? Do we seek her *as* silver, and search for her *as for* hid treasures? Ah no! how often is our seeking trifling, our searching heartless; if God were not better than his promise, methinks few would find. Let us take this passage with the history of the gold-seeker as a comment when we read the Scriptures, and we shall cease to wonder that we get so little by our reading; we shall rather thankfully adore *the Giver* for the bountiful return to our faithless efforts. *Look once more at Prov. ii. 4, and crush the words with prayer, and wash them, it may be, with tears. There is no refuse here, it is all gold. That which you cannot gather*

now will come forth pure another day. "If"—(God's ifs are not like man's—they encourage; the conditions are so plain; the promise is so sure)—If thou "seekest," if thou "searchest;" seekest as for silver, searchest as for treasure—treasure, though hid, yet treasure. What treasure? Not gold—but wisdom—better than rubies—and no uncertainty. "Seek," the same word as in Matt. vii. 7, as in Matt. xiii. 45. "Seeking goodly pearls," as in Matt. xxviii. 5. "Ye seek Jesus who was crucified," as Mark xvi. 6. "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth"—it may be sorrowing, Luke ii. 45. "Seek to touch him," vi. 19. "Seek to see him," ix. 9. "Seek eternal life," Rom. ii. 7. "Seek those things which are above," Col. iii. 1. But hold! a word of warning, (Luke xiii. 24,) "Many will seek and shall not be able;" then seek her as silver. Search—a stronger term (and very appropriate, whether in reference to the gold-digger or the Scripture searcher). "Search"—stronger than John v. 39; the same as in 1 Pet. i. 10. "Search diligently."

And now, my young friend, my young brother, have you had any pleasure in the digging of this passage? We have but scratched the surface. What a rich yield is here! Pray for strength to work it, and use the means you have. You have no need for a commentary for such work as we have had together this morning. The words of Scripture—the words themselves—are the best commentary for those who, like us, have only little time. A Reference Bible, a Concordance, is all you want. The Greek Testament, Septuagint, and Greek Concordance to New Testament, are the tools we have used this morning; do not be satisfied with what we have already got—handle the pickaxe yourself, only remember these are means; keep the object in view, the treasure; read and pray.

The birds are awakening, the day dawns; I must away.

X. P.



ON LYING.

LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

You ask me to say which is the sin of all others that most easily besets us? I have long felt that, carelessness with regard to *truth*, indifference as to the solemn responsibility attaching to a departure from it, in a word—*lying* is that sin. You start perhaps, and say, “I have a great regard for truth, and hold it a grave offence to be accused of falsehood.” Nevertheless, I repeat my accusation—lying, in all its forms of direct falsehood, prevarication, insinuation, and the innumerable deceits of our corrupt nature, rendered familiar by our careless practice, and neglect of self-examination, is the besetting sin of us all; verifying the Psalmist’s lament, “All men are liars!” I will relate, in proof, my adventures of one day. Yesterday, I paid an early call on an old friend, whose little grandson was playing in the room. He lifted a flower-pot, that he had been forbidden to touch; it fell and broke.

“Oh, naughty Freddy,” said the grandmother, “who broke my flower-pot?”

“*Donny did*,” replied the little creature; too young to articulate his brother’s name, yet a liar and false accuser already. “Alas!” thought I, “how mournful a confirmation of the Scripture—“As soon as they are born they go astray, and speak lies.”

My next call was on Mrs. S. I was requested to take a seat for a few minutes, as the lady was engaged. There was a large parcel on the table close to my seat, wrapped in an old newspaper, and my eye was caught by this awful paragraph:—

“**FEARFUL DEATH.**—Considerable sensation was created in Newport on Tuesday last, at a report that a woman named Sarah Morgan had been struck dead *whilst making solemn asseveration of her innocence of a crime imputed to her.* It appeared that the unfor-

fortunate woman kept a number of fowls, and a neighbour having lost some oats, and having good ground for suspecting Morgan, charged her with the theft. This Morgan firmly denied, and called upon God to strike her deaf, dumb, and blind if she was the guilty party. She several times repeated this, and, awful to relate, from the fearful judgment of an all-wise Providence, she was immediately struck blind and speechless, and in three days expired! We sincerely hope that this solemn warning will prove beneficial to many.”—*Monmouthshire Beacon*.

Thus did an avenging God vindicate his outraged law, and, as in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, suddenly appear to execute judgment on a daring sinner. “Surely,” thought I, “this woman had been *habituated* to depart from the truth—had been *accustomed* to tell lies with impunity, or she would not have dared thus to provoke the Holy One of Israel.”

At this moment a dressmaker’s apprentice entered the room with a curtsy, and lifted the parcel. I felt constrained to address the young woman, and call her attention to the paragraph, pointing out the sin of every (even the least) departure from the truth. She remarked, with some emotion,—

“But, sir, we are *obliged* to tell *stories* in our business. If a lady wants her dress on Saturday, we *must* say it shall be done, though we know it is impossible to finish it, or she would take it elsewhere: and then we *must* find an excuse for our delay when we take it home.”

“And that excuse,” I said, “being a false one, the lady will not believe you the next time; falsehood always defeats itself; ‘A lying tongue is but for a moment.’ ”

“Indeed I am sorry, sir, but Mrs. Jones told me to promise this dress for Wednesday, and I know it can’t be ready.”

I thought it better to lay a few scriptures before

her for her own guidance, than to comment on the sin her employer had committed by putting this falsehood in her mouth, and entreated her to watch and pray against this easily besetting sin. She thanked me, and promised compliance. As she left the room I heard the lady's voice on the stairs—"Jane, if any one calls, I am not at home." (Oh, truth, sacred truth, how lightly is it trifled with!)

Mrs. S. received me with kind courtesy, and liberally responded to my request for assistance in some charitable object. At this moment a note was handed to her, the bearer waiting for an answer.

"Oh!" said she, "how inconvenient and unpleasant; an invitation to spend a long day in the country with my aunts, who have fixed on *Thursday*, when I had thought of taking my young people to an Oratorio. However, we *must* go, as the choice of a day was left to them; so write, my dear," (addressing her daughter,) "and say we shall be most happy to avail ourselves of their kind invitation." (Oh, truth, sacred truth, thus violated twice in a few minutes by one who was ready for many a good word and work!)

I now ventured to turn the conversation to the remarkable paragraph I had read in the newspaper, and added that I had pointed it out to the dress-maker.

"I am sure you have acted very kindly," said she, "those persons are in general so regardless of truth, and so ready with prevaricating excuses —"

"Dear madam," said I, "the stern declaration that 'All men are liars,' stands in the everlasting Scriptures for the humiliation of each child of fallen Adam: must we not each say, 'Are there not with *us*, even with *us*, sins against the Lord our God' in this particular? Which of us can say, 'I am pure, I am *innocent* of this great offence of speaking, acting, *insinuating* a lie?' So frequently do we stray into ~~the~~ *the* crooked path of deceit, that we tread its mazes

without dread; and each class in society pleads necessity for its sin: the necessity of securing his customers is the tradesman's plea; the necessity of politeness towards her acquaintances is the gentleman's; the necessity of obtaining relief is the beggar's; but which of these pleas will avail before 'Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity?' Oh, what need have we to pray, 'Remove from me the way of lying, and grant me thy law graciously!' From the first to the last chapter of Holy Scripture, the wrath of God is proclaimed against 'whosoever loveth and maketh a lie;' and, that none may screen their transgression under plausible excuses, it is said, (Rev. xxi. 8,) 'ALL liars,' &c. This emphatic word *All*, condemns the lie of expediency, of politeness, of urgency, as surely as the lie of malice, hatred, or self-interest. May we ever speak with cautious sincerity, remembering that 'the lying lips shall be put to silence,' but 'the lip of truth shall be established for ever!'"

Mrs. S. received these remarks with respect and attention, and when I rose to take leave, expressed an earnest hope that she should be enabled to watch carefully against all temptations to falsehood.

And now, my dear young friend, I think you will agree with me that peculiar watchfulness is needed by us all to guard against this subtle foe, a lying spirit. He who was emphatically *the truth*, spake as never man spake—the words of truth with no alloy of deception, reservation, or any of those shades of unfaithfulness which too generally deform and tarnish our intercourse with each other. May He guide us by his Spirit into the love and practice of truthfulness!

LIFE.

CALM in thy slumber, smiling secure,
 Watch'd by a mother, tender and pure,
 Angels protect thee, one of their kin,
 Guard thee from danger, keep thee from sin.

Cheerily singing, a bird on the spray,
 Thoughtless of morrow, youthfully gay ;
 Brighter days come not, haste to be wise,
 Harken to duty, look to the skies.

Grown into manhood, warily tread,
 Dangers surround thee, daintily spread,
 Luring with pleasure, tempting with pride ;
 Heed not their whisper, turn not aside.

Age cometh on thee, tottering slow,
 Nearing the churchyard, hopefully go ;
 Mourners await thee—turn'd is the sod—
 Flieth the spirit—rest thee with God.

E.

 PET WORDS.

FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE reading of a paper on Language, which appeared in the last number of the YOUTH'S MAGAZINE, suggested to my mind the somewhat curious fact, that certain words at certain periods have been endowed with a new and conventional meaning, and after being used for awhile in the cant sense, have returned gradually to their original signification.

"Proper" may be cited as one of these words. It now means, as it did anciently, "suitable," "befitting." In Shakspeare's time, and for some time afterwards, it meant "handsome," and it also meant "absurd." "A proper tale this !" "Here's proper feigning !" "Oh, proper stuff !" were expressions that implied utter incredulity on the part of the speakers, and an assertion that the tales they denominated "proper" were absurd. In its other sense, it was yet more commonly used. "Moses was hid three months of his *parents*, because they saw he was a proper child," Heb. xi. 22 ; "Henry the Eighth was a very proper man in his youth, but as he got into years he waxed gross (too stout)."

The verb "to fetch" was at one time wrested from its ordinary meaning, and made a kind of pet word to stand for all sorts of different things. Jeremy Taylor speaks of a friend of his, who, studying hard a difficult problem, was so overjoyed when he had solved it, that "he fetched divers skips." A grave doctor skipping for joy in his study, is a droll picture for the fancy, but the words in which it is told make it far more so. This once favourite word is still current among the common people—"He fetched me a slap on the face," "She fetched a deep sigh"—but, excepting in the expression, "fetching a compass," the educated portion of the community have ceased to use it in its conventional sense. We fetch pails of water, now, from the well; but we do not, as our great grandmothers did, go out "to fetch a walk."

We have now in use several pet words, on which we bestow meanings that they were never intended to bear; it is to be hoped that posterity will restore them to their proper sense. "Ridiculous" is one of these words; it has taken the place of "proper." "Who would believe such a ridiculous story!" means quite as often such an unlikely story, such an improbable story, as such a laughable story. "Idea" is another pet word, which we use instead of many a good word of our own, just as we allow tea to usurp the place that our old home-made beverages used to occupy. We use "idea" for a notion, an opinion, a sentiment. We have an idea that it will rain; we have no idea who that person is; we had an idea of going to France this year, but we changed our minds; our ideas on the subject of religion were correct. In these cases, how much better to say—We are of opinion that it will rain; we do not know who that person is; we had an intention of going to France; our religious belief was correct.

The word "*public*" is a pet with us at present, and a very ugly pet. They abused the minds of the public—the public ARE respectfully informed—it can be no longer overlooked by the public. "Men," "mankind," and "the people," are far better words. "The minds of men" has a dignity that the minds "of the public" will never reach.

It is remarkable how such vulgarisms creep into the language of the educated, and how difficult it is to discern their vulgarity when the ear has become accustomed to them. "I was quite knocked up," says many a refined

Englishwoman ; but let her read Mrs. Beecher Stowe's commentary on this expression, and never use it again. "The duchess," says this good woman, "the duchess would have come to see us, but that she was quite knocked up with the previous day's exertions—our friends here often make use of this expression ; they mean by it, no doubt, what we mean when we say we are 'quite *used up*.'" Mrs. Stowe's commentaries and comparisons are perfectly fair ; they only open our eyes to the extreme vulgarity of an expression which has crept into good society.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

1. THE STAR AND THE CLOUD. Run and Read Library. Simpkin and Marshall.

2. MILLIE'S JOURNAL. Joseph Masters.

3. FAMILY PRAYERS. Wertheim and Mackintosh.

4. LOUIS CLIFFORD V. Wertheim and Mackintosh.

5. VOCAL GYMNASTICS. John Churchill, New Burlington-street.

6. BIBLE-CLASS NOTES ON HEBREW. Wertheim and Mackintosh.

7. BOYS' OWN TEXT-BOOK. John Farquhar Shaw, 27, Southampton-row.

8. THE CONVERT. Run and Read Library. Simpkin and Marshall.

9. THE THREE GATHERINGS. Padow, Edinburgh ; Hamilton and Adams, London.

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD is an American tale, and has the same merits and the same defects which characterize so many of its class ; there is always some curious description of manners which comes in by the way, and is by no means what the author relies on as a means of interesting ; there is generally some fine glimpse of the luxuriant nature and the half-wild woodland, which is refreshing to dwellers in a land every inch of which "belongs to somebody ;" there are brave and fearless women who, though lovely and *delicate*, can "guide the house," take lonely journeys, sometimes can undertake mercantile speculations ; and there is a *healthy tone of feeling*, which is unconscious that there

should be any degradation in doing our duty in the station in which God caused us to be born, or to which He is pleased that we should descend. But, on the other hand, in an American tale there is always, or nearly always, a little girl who has a lover, and what is more wonderful, it seems to be thought quite natural that the said little girl's lover should be a hero of the highest sort, that they should see little of each other during her childhood, perhaps only meet twice, but that her astonishing beauty and merit should make it impossible that he should ever forget: accordingly, in ten, twelve, or fourteen years, as the case may be, he appears again and marries her. But this is not all; in spite of the wonderful, and sometimes real refinement of the little girl and of her hero, she talks, and he talks, and all the characters about her talk, the most lamentable English that can be imagined; she fills her lovely mouth with slang, and utters her always just, and often pious sentiments, in a dialect that an English maidservant would be ashamed of; and to crown the whole, there is an obvious difference between her language and those of the lower classes, specimens of whom are introduced, and, as a set-off to her supposed elegance of diction, made to utter their thoughts in the jargon used in those parts; which, in spite of the author's pride in his heroine, and reprobation of bad English, is not half so offensive as that used by that fair creature herself.

There is no need to blame this book for its superfluity of adventure and change, or for its improbability; we in England can match it and its compeers, and we do both match and overpass it in many instances; but when a book contains no sentiments that its writer has cause to blush for, what a pity it is that the characters should express themselves in such language as this!

Here the gay and graceful youth of good education talks to his sister, the heroine:—

“Dear sister Carrie, I know this is all your doing.”

“By no means, Charlie!”

“Yes; don't you remember, the day we came home from school, and Harry and I felt so bad when we heard of all the trouble here, how you took us into the northern room and talked so to us?”

“Yes, I remember, Charlie. But what of that?”

“You see, I felt clear downhearted. I never before had a thought that we should, any of us, have to contrive for

ourselves. You know how it was always said, that as soon as we were all of age, each of us was to have a large estate to go upon. There was all Ma's property at Hazleton, and Pa's west farms, all so valuable! You know how we used to talk! Well, when you told us how it was, and that these were all gone, didn't I feel bad? But your talk 'cured me up;' I soon began to see that a man or boy ought to learn to take care of himself."

One lady talks to another.—"One can get along with a man, say, like Crampton, when you get used to his ways; but if Folger is what Crampton says he is, why then he has got ways that one can't so well get along with. I know you couldn't, and I know I couldn't; but, O dear, do tell quick all about it, for you look so pale, you 'most frighten me to death!"

Here the respectable storekeeper, whose language is supposed to be in strong contrast to all this elegance, utters his mind thus:—

"I'll tell you what it is, neighbours; this can't be, no *how*. That man go into their nasty old prison! Hush up, hush up; no! no! . . . I must sit down, for I get so worried a-goin' about this big city o' yourn, I'm 'most *tuckered* out."

Here the proud mother of the hero, whose awe-struck servants call her "my lady," and who loves to feel that her ancestors were among the *élite* of the old country, speaks of her grandchildren.—"The children are young, and very cross and troublesome, and they are out at board, where the parents can see them when they feel like it."

This expression from the lips of the personage just described, is much more unpleasant than the conversation of the husbandman and his wife over their dying cow.

"I guess, husband, you won't think it best to buy any more critters of any kind, that have anything the matter on 'em."

"I shan't, I tell you; I'm done now buying sick critters; it's an unsartain business. I'm done, onst for all. Her skin, though, will bring 'most half what I gin for her; that's somethin'."

"The sentiments of the hero, aged 17, are truly American. He says, after his first interview with the heroine, who is now 14,—*"Well, that rock (whereon they sat) I shall never forget. I spent the happiest time there I ever had in my*

life. When Bill* came, I just jumped on the pony, and rode home. I said nothing *to the old folks*, for they did not know *her*, and could understand nothing about it: but how can I see her again?" The person addressed might well answer,—“Oh, la me! Mr. Clarence, how you do go on!” and she then informs him, when he proposes to call at the school where his lady-love is receiving her education, that though there would be no harm in his calling, yet the “*Madam* being particular about sich things, would want to know if you was a relative.” “No, I would not have you go there for nothin’, you might get your feelin’s hurt; for the *Madam* is a *high piece* they say, and makes all mind her.”

There is one very interesting and well-sustained character in this book, that, namely, of an old store-keeper, whose childlike tenderness of heart, generosity, and general notions of doing business, are very interesting and amusing. The quantity of vulgar language is however so great a defect, that neither the good moral of the book, nor any beauty that it may contain, can compensate for it. It is always dangerous to reprint these American books, lest the queer phrases and strange slang in which they abound should be naturalized here, and corrupt the fountain of the English tongue. We are coining more than enough of this article ourselves, and it passes current in circles where it never ought to be received at all; it is almost a pity that we should also be overrun with base coin from our transatlantic neighbours. “We have *annexed* your language, sir,” said a Yankee to an Englishman not long ago; but let us hope that we are not going to return the compliment.

MILLIE’S JOURNAL is a very pretty and touching little narrative, contained in a series of letters from a young girl, who emigrates with her parents, to her benefactress in England. It also contains some useful details as to the most essential requisites for the comfort of emigrants on their voyage to New Orleans; and besides its value as being perfectly authentic, there are some descriptions of American life and scenery, and some reflections on the contrast they present to England, that would probably not have

* Bill was a boy whom he employed to find his pony, which he had let loose; accordingly, the sagacious animal had “concluded to take a bite.”

occurred to any one in other circumstances than those in which the young writer found herself.

In a letter, dated Macomb, Illinois, she says:—

“ . . . You would be surprised how little flowers are cultivated or cared for here! The wild flowers and plants in the woods are very beautiful, but many a man possessing *thousands* has not anything on his land in the shape of a flower-bed. They would think the land lying too dormant, eager as they are to earn every cent (or half-penny) within their reach. The women here are, I must say, *wonderfully* lazy, even the poorest. They often marry at fifteen, and by the time they are four-and-twenty look as old as Englishwomen of forty. I am surprised to see such young-looking girls mothers of, perhaps, several children. It is thought nothing of to get a divorce, even a year or two after marriage, for the least disagreement. It is the remedy for everything, and, done in haste, is often bitterly repented of. I think the cooking here very nasty—an immense lump of lard is always mixed up with the potatoes and beans in cooking them. . . . The thunder-storms here are terrific—you can hardly see any high house without a lightning conductor. On a dark night, I have got accustomed to see everything around illuminated for five minutes together sometimes, by the lightning, as clearly as if it was bright daylight. Every night it lightens, more or less, and the storms of wind are fearful beyond description. . . . The changeable weather here is very unwholesome and trying to new-comers. The night is now as cold as any English December night, while often in the day it is as hot as the hottest summer day is there. The thermometer was 114 degs. in the shade some days last month.”

In another letter she adds:—

“The cold here is intense now; I hardly know how we shall exist through the middle of winter, when, I am told, the sheets on the beds freeze in the night with the breath, so that they have to be thawed and dried at the fire before the beds can be made the next morning! This, too, in a bedroom with a fire, for it is impossible to sleep without one. We hope, now Macomb is a ‘city,’ the roads and streets will be improved—the mud is dreadful now. I *attempted* to go across the square one day, and sank over *the tops* of my boots, and expected to lose my overshoes *every step* entirely. I have got some choice Shanghai

chickens, which I call mine, here at the farm, and, wanting to fetch some Indian corn to feed them with from the other side of the yard, had to wade across in my brother's boots.

"Coming home yesterday by the road the mud and water were over the horses' knees! My walks over that bleak moor were very dreary sometimes. It is nothing uncommon for people driving out in the prairies to die of cold, as the cattle do very often. They feel a stupor coming over them, and a sleepiness, and death comes unawares. Macomb is a considerable place; I should think there are nearly 2,000 inhabitants, and it is increasing daily. Christmas is approaching fast—mine will be a lonely one. Oh, that some kind hand would extend to us the blessing of a church where we could enjoy our own service, and have a clergyman to teach us, as many do have even in this distant land, thanks to the exertions of kind friends at home as well as here."

A good deal of useful information is embodied in the editorial notes which are appended to this little narrative, and, altogether, it is a pleasant and somewhat unusual production, considering the position in life which has evidently been held by its writer.

MR. CHAMPNEY'S BOOK OF FAMILY PRAYERS FOR A FORTNIGHT seems to answer very well to his own description in his preface of what such manuals should be. The prayers, it may be mentioned, are decidedly shorter than most in common use; but there are very few forms in circulation which *err* in this respect, though, probably, many which weary the attention by their too great length. These are, as their author remarks, written with special reference to families which contain young children. "It is a singular fact," he remarks, "that very few books of family devotion contain petitions on behalf of the children of the family. Of nearly twenty which the author possesses, that of the late Mr. Thornton is the only exception, and even *his* italic paragraphs on this subject are less applicable to the very young than to those who are of an age to pray for themselves. Suitable prayers and thanksgivings on behalf of the little ones whom Jesus welcomed and blessed, will be found in nearly all the forms in this manual." These few words will serve to indicate the nature of the little book in question. The prayers seem to be simple, earnest, and appropriate.

LOUIS CLIFFORD V., ON THE EFFECTS OF EARLY EDUCATION. This little account of the death of a child, who only reached the age of six years and three months, cannot be recommended as fit to be put into the hands of children, or as placing religion (as exhibited in the conduct of religious people) in an amiable light.

Little Louis, it appears, was born in London, and when not quite four years of age was sent to stay with an aunt and other relatives at Paddington, for the benefit of his health, which was very delicate. The reader is informed, with unnecessary openness (specially considering that the parents still survive), that his father was not a religious man, but that his aunt took great pleasure in teaching the child some of the great truths of the Bible. One day, when Clifford's aunt had been telling him a story from the Bible, she said to him, "What I have been telling you now, I am quite sure you must have heard from your papa; he must have told you." "No," replied Clifford, "he never told me anything about it; why," added he, "papa does not know anything about the Bible, he never reads it." At another time he was speaking of Putney-heath, where his papa had often taken him before he came to stay at Paddington, and he was describing it as a very lovely place, where there were trees, and flowers, and ponds, and fish, and a great many beautiful things. "And," said he, "I will ask papa to take you and Mrs. N. there with me when the fine weather comes; I was there with papa some time ago, on a Sunday." His aunt, being much surprised to hear it, said, "I am astonished, Clifford, to hear that your papa took you there on a Sunday; I can scarcely tell how to believe it; I wonder that the railway-carriage had not upset, and killed the both of you; and then, what would have become of you?" After hesitating a little while, and evidently wishing to find some excuse for his father, he replied, "Papa did not know any better." "You do not appear to understand," continued his aunt, "that it is highly sinful to spend the Sunday in worldly pleasures, for when the law was delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai, God said, in the fourth commandment, 'Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day.' We ought, therefore, to spend it more particularly in God's service. Moreover, it will be to our own advantage to do so, for there are many beautiful promises in the Bible attached to the proper observance of

the Sabbath : one is in the 56th chapter of the prophecy by Isaiah, 2nd verse. I will repeat it to you, 'Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.' So, if your papa proposes to take you to Putney-heath on any similar excursion with him again on that holy day, I hope you will tell him how delighted you would be to go at any other time, but that you would rather not go on a Sunday.' Little Clifford was very fond of his parents, and would always try to hide their faults *if he found that* they had done anything wrong, or that was not in accordance with the Bible."

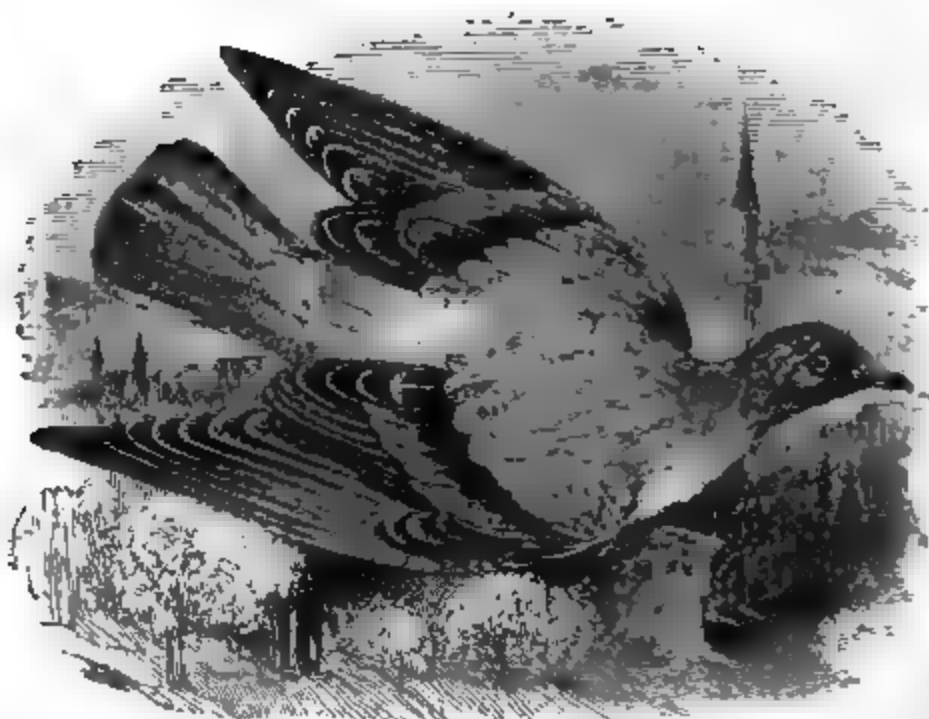
This extract speaks for itself; so much of the instruction there given as the child could understand, had better not have been given at all; the aunt should have been contented to find this young child under her charge, and full liberty given her to teach him whatever she pleased, without departing so far from propriety and sound morality as to point out the father's faults to the infant son; specially she should not have expressed wonder that the train was not upset in consequence of the Sunday excursion, when she must have known, as well as her little charge knew, that many trains run every Sunday many times; but God is not pleased to punish those who go by them, either on business or pleasure, with sudden death in consequence of their fault. "Why do you think that your papa is not religious?" asks his aunt, a few pages further on; "does he not pray?" "Yes," said Clifford, "he prays; but not often." By this he meant, that his papa did not retire during the day-time for private devotion, but merely said his prayers night and morning. And in still worse taste and feeling the writer continues, "What makes Clifford's remarks respecting his papa the *more interesting* is, that he is naturally very amiable, truthful, domesticated, and devoted to his family, and is one who would pass generally for a blameless character; but for many years past, he has, to the great grief of some of his relatives, given up his time almost entirely to the pursuit of science, and has, it is to be feared, to a considerable extent neglected the study of the Scriptures, and private as well as public devotion; this the poor little boy was not *ignorant of*, and although extremely fond of his papa, was *quite aware of* his want of life and energy as a Christian."

It would have been difficult for him to have remained ignorant of the fact or opinion when it had been carefully instilled into his mind, but there seems to have been as little need to have pointed out the father's faults to a child whom he loved, as there is now to give them to the world.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS professes to be a guide for stammerers, and others who suffer from certain minor peculiarities of utterance. It contains some curious information relating to the habit of stammering, and it appears that the writer founds his plan for relieving it mainly on the belief, that it rarely results from a physical defect in the mouth or throat, but is generally the result of weakness after severe illness during childhood, which, leaving the little speaker unable to exert his usual strength of voice, induces him to attempt supplying the deficiency by increased action of the tongue and lips; "and in this way he acquires the habit of relying more upon the articulation of words in the mouth, and less upon the voluntary action of the lungs in vocalizing the breath. Thus," says the writer, "he inverts the natural order, and by making articulation of greater importance than vocalization, his speech becomes weak and irregular. He increases the mischief, moreover, as he regains his strength, for as he does this his muscles of articulation become more and more confirmed in his bad habits, and he is a confirmed stammerer, if he has passed beyond the age when he can readily *imitate* a correct speaker."

When the habit does not arise from illness, it appears to be generally the result of imitation, conscious or unconscious. The case of a boy of eight years of age is adduced, who acquired it permanently from mocking a schoolfellow, and who grew to full age without being able to throw it off, his annoyance and concern being naturally increased by the consciousness that he had brought it upon himself by his own folly. The defect treated of in "Vocal Gymnastics" being somewhat rare, there is little need to describe the methods proposed for its cure; but it cannot be too widely known that, if this writer is correct in his opinion, children ought never to be placed under the care of nurses, masters, or *clergymen*, who labour under it; nor should they ever be *suffered to imitate* it when accidentally heard.

The remainder of the Reviews stands over till next month, for want of space.



THE AMERICAN WILD PIGEON.

MAMMA," said a little boy, "what a number of things there are in the world!"

"A number of things," replied his mother, "do you mean living things? Yes, certainly there are; but what made you think of that just now?"

"Because," he answered, "I have been trying for a long time to keep this window-pane clear of flies; I have caught twenty and put them out, but more and more keep flying in. Oh, really, what a number of things there are in the world! Mamma, don't you think it very odd that there should be so many more flies in the world than there are men and women?"

The mother, who was reading, merely smiled; some person who was present observed—"You must not call anything 'odd' that God ordains. If there were as many men and women in the world as there are

flies and gnats in this one county of Yorkshire, they must all die, for there is not food enough for them to feed upon."

So ended this little colloquy; but who has not entertained this child's thought, and some time or other exclaimed, "What a number of things there are in the world!"

What a number, indeed! It has been calculated, that if a single pair of herrings could enjoy immunity from animals of prey, their progeny in twenty years, multiplying at the actual rate that herrings now do, would form a solid mass as large as this globe.

The salmon, when she swims out again to sea, after leaving her nursery in the river, is followed next spring by her 20,000 young; the wheat-fly becomes the parent in one season of 23,000 caterpillars; there are so many gudgeons in the Thames, that one angler will sometimes take from forty to fifty dozen in a day; and there are so many locusts in the great Arabian swarms, that when blown into the sea, and flung back again by the tide, their bodies have formed a bank fifty miles long and ten feet high. The shell beach of Herm (one of the smallest of the Channel Islands) extends, we read, about three quarters of a mile, and is one mass of shells unintermixed with either pebbles or sand. "Dig with your arm deep as you may," said a writer who was familiar with this beach, "there is still nothing but shells, minute perfect shells and fragments of larger shells. The minute shells are extremely pretty, and may be gathered in millions. . . . I have spent a long summer's noon much to my mind in Herm, wandering on the shell beach, lying upon it, digging my hands an arm's length down, and sifting, and examining, and pocketing."

What an astonishing picture of the multitude of *living things* which could form such a beach is here *presented!* but we find it difficult to be so much surprised at the notion of multitude and minuteness, as

with multitude and magnitude. Major Hamilton Smith's description of the Springbok conveys a vivid picture of the numbers of this animal which exist in Central Africa,—numbers probably not exceeding the amount of a few swarms of gnats, or the four hundred thousand eggs of the prolific tench, but more formidable to man, and more impressive, as being able to cover his whole horizon to its utmost verge. "The springbok resides," says the Major, "on the plains of South Africa, to an unknown distance in the interior, in flocks, assembling in vast herds, and migrating from North to South, and back with the monsoon. These migrations, which are said to take place in their most numerous form only at the interval of several years, cause as complete a laying waste of the country as the visitation of the locust."

"The lion has been seen to migrate and walk in the midst of the compressed phalanx, with only as much room between him and his victims as the fears of those immediately around could procure by pressing outwards. The foremost of these vast columns are fat, and the rear exceedingly lean while the direction continues one way; but with the change of the monsoon, when they return towards the north, the rear become the leaders, and fatten in their turn, leaving the others to starve or be devoured by the numerous enemies who follow their march."

In Thompson's Travels in Africa, a letter from a settler is printed, in which he says:—"It is scarcely possible for a person passing over some of the extensive tracts of the interior, and admiring that elegant antelope, the springbok, thinly scattered over the plains, and bounding in playful innocence, to figure to himself that these ornaments of the desert can often become as destructive as the locusts themselves.

"The incredible numbers which sometimes pour in from the north during protracted droughts, distress the farmer inconceivably. Any attempt at numerical

computation would be vain, and by trying to come near the truth, the writer would subject himself, in the eyes of those who have no knowledge of the country, to a suspicion that he was availing himself of a traveller's assumed privilege. Yet it is well known in the interior, that on the approach of the *tret-bokken*, as the migratory swarms are called, the grazier makes up his mind to look for pasture for his flocks elsewhere, and considers himself entirely dispossessed of his lands until heavy rains fall.

The immense desert tracts between Orange River and the colony of the Cape westward of the Zeekoe River, though destitute of permanent springs, and therefore uninhabitable by human beings for any length of time, are, notwithstanding, interspersed with stagnant pools, and *vleys*, or natural reservoirs of brackish water, which, however bad, satisfies the game. In these endless plains the springboks multiply undisturbed by the hunter (except when occasionally the Bojesman destroys a few with his poisoned arrows), until the country literally swarms with them, when, perhaps one year out of four or five, a lasting drought leaves the pools exhausted and parches up a soil naturally inclined to sterility. Thus want, principally of water, drives those myriads of animals either to the Orange River or to the Colony, where they intrude in the manner described. But when the thunder-clouds burst on the parched-up country, the swarms again retreat to their more sterile but peaceful and secluded plains."

Mr. Pringle once passed through a migratory swarm scattered over the grassy plains near the Little Fish River. He could not profess to estimate their numbers—he says they *whitened*, or rather *speckled* the country as far as the eye could reach. A gentleman riding with him, better acquainted than himself with *such scenes*, affirmed that *within view* there could not be less than 25,000 or 30,000.

More wonderful still, if possible, are the multitudes

of the [pigeon tribe, one type of which heads this paper. Of the migratory pigeon of North America, Wilson gives the following extraordinary sketch:—
“The most remarkable characteristic of these birds,” he says, “is their associating together, both in their migrations and also during the period of incubation, in such prodigious numbers as almost to surpass belief, and which has no parallel among any other of the feathered tribes on the face of the earth, with which naturalists are acquainted.

“These migrations appear to be undertaken rather in quest of food than merely to avoid the cold of the climate, since we find them lingering in the northern regions around Hudson’s Bay, so late as December, and since their appearance is so casual and irregular, sometimes not visiting certain districts for several years in any considerable numbers, while at other times they are innumerable. I have witnessed these migrations in the Genessee county, often in Pennsylvania, and also in various parts of Virginia, with amazement; but all that I have seen of them were mere straggling parties, when compared with the congregated millions which I have since beheld in our Western forests, in the states of Ohio, Kentucky, and the Indiana territory. These fertile and extensive regions abound with the nutritious beech-nut, which constitutes the chief food of the wild pigeon. In seasons when these nuts are abundant, corresponding multitudes of pigeons may be confidently expected. It sometimes happens, that having consumed the whole produce of the beech-trees in an extensive district, they discover another at the distance of perhaps sixty or eighty miles, to which they regularly repair every morning, and return as regularly in the course of the day, or in the evening, to their place of general rendezvous, or, as it is usually called, the roosting-place. These roosting-places are always in the woods, and sometimes occupy a large extent of forest. When they have frequented one of these places for some time,

the appearance it presents is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their dung; all the tender grass and underwood destroyed; the surface strewn with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another; and the trees themselves for thousands of acres killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. The marks of this desolation remain for many years, and numerous places could be pointed out, where for a long period scarce a single vegetable made its appearance."

Wilson thus describes a breeding-place not far from Shelbyville, in the state of Kentucky:—"The pigeons," he says, "made their first appearance there about the 10th of April, and left it altogether, with their young, before the 25th of May. As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left the nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants, from all parts of the adjacent country, came with waggons, axes, beds, cooking utensils; many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without shouting in his ear. The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards, and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure; while from twenty feet upwards to the top of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, with the frequent crash of falling timber, for now the axe-men were at work, cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and contriving to fell them

in such a manner that in their descent they would bring down several others ; by which means the felling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs little inferior in size to the old birds, and almost one mass of fat. On some single trees, upwards of one hundred nests were found, each containing one young only ; it was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions, from the frequent fall of large branches, broken down by the weight of the multitudes above, and which in the descent often destroyed numbers of the birds themselves."

He afterwards thus describes the return of the pigeons to their breeding-place after their daily meal :—
"They were flying with great steadiness and rapidity, at a height beyond gun-shot, in several strata deep, and so close together, that could shot have reached them, one discharge could not have failed of bringing down several individuals. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of this vast procession extended, seemingly everywhere equally crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would last, I took out my watch to note the time, and sat down to observe them. It was then half-past one ; I sat for more than an hour, but, instead of a diminution of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to increase both in numbers and rapidity ; and anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I crossed the Kentucky river, at which time the living torrents above my head seemed as numerous and as extensive as ever. . . . The vast quantity of mast which these multitudes consume is a serious loss to the bears, pigs, squirrels, and others dependent on the fruits of the forest. I have taken from the crop of a single wild pigeon, a good handful of the kernels of beech-nuts intermixed with acorns and chesnuts. To form a rough estimate of the daily consumption of one of *these immense flocks*, let us first attempt to calculate

the numbers of that above mentioned as passing between Frankfort and the Indiana territory. If we suppose this column to have been one mile in breadth (and I believe it to have been much more), and that it moved at the rate of one mile per minute, four hours, the time it continued passing would make its whole length two hundred and forty miles. Again, supposing that each square yard of this moving body comprehended three pigeons, the square yards in the whole space, multiplied by three, would give two thousand two hundred and thirty millions, two hundred and twenty-two thousand pigeons!—an almost inconceivable multitude, and yet probably far below the actual amount. Computing each of these to consume half-a-pint of mast daily, the whole quantity at this rate would equal seventeen millions, four hundred and twenty-four thousand bushels per day! Heaven has wisely and graciously given to these birds rapidity of flight and a disposition to range over vast uncultivated tracts of the earth, otherwise they must have perished in the districts where they resided, or have devoured the whole productions of agriculture, as well as those of the forests.”

The carrier-dove is a variety of the wild pigeon, which is gifted with an extraordinary attachment to its birth-place, especially if it have reared young there. This attachment induces it, if captured and taken to a distance, to return to the beloved locality so soon as it shall be set at liberty. “When this is the case,” says Goldsmith, “its passion for its native spot directs all its motions. It is seen upon these occasions flying directly into the clouds to an amazing height, and then, with the greatest certainty and exactness, directing itself by some surprising instinct, towards home. By what marks they discover the place, by what chart *they are guided in the right way*, is to us utterly unknown, but their exact velocity has been ascertained by experiments such as the following:—A gentleman

sent a pigeon by coach to Bury St. Edmunds, and along with it a note desiring that the pigeon, two days after its arrival there, might be thrown up precisely when the clock struck nine in the morning. This was accordingly done, and the pigeon arrived in London, and flew into the Bell Inn in Bishopsgate-street at half-an-hour past eleven of the same morning, having flown 72 miles in the space of two hours and a-half. Another pigeon performed a distance of eighty-three miles in three hours and seven minutes.

DEBORAH'S BOOK.

WHEN I was a little child, I thought what a good thing it would be if I could set out on a pilgrimage. I had been reading the "Pilgrim's Progress," and had specially pondered over the account of the wicket gate. The wonderful book which contains this description, and the picture of it, I had read up in a garret in the house of an old lady, to whom I was paying a visit; an old lady who never came down after breakfast till twelve o'clock, who dined at one, drank tea at five, and after that dozed and dreamed in her easy chair. She lived by the sea-side, and was of kin to my mother. I had been sent alone to her. She did not like children, as she told my parents, therefore she could not ask any of my numerous brothers or sisters to visit her at the same time; but I was a quiet little thing, "shod with velvet," and contented to sit still and dream over my book; besides, when I worked I could thread my own needle, and the last child that she had invited to stay with her was always teasing her to ring the bell for Deborah to come in and thread her needle. This had made a deep impression on the old lady, and she would often say, "If I have rung the bell once for Deborah to come in and thread that child's needle, I have rung it fifty times, my dear." "Indeed!"

my mother would reply; and add, with pretty maternal pride, "my little girls are all particularly clever with their needle."

"So they are, my dear," our aged relation would answer; and she once added, "As for this little thing, she mended my gloves the other day like a woman, and then came up to me and said, so prettily, 'Are these stitches small enough do you think, Mrs. Wells? there's rather a long one here, but I can pull it out if you like.' 'Yes, my dear,' said I, 'that will do.' I couldn't see one of 'em without my spectacles! You may send her to me and welcome, Fanny, if you like. I dare say the sea air will do her good—a poor little agueish thing." So I was sent, or rather brought over, by my father, together with my knitting and my netting, my little work-box, my story-books, and my "Peep of day." I felt what a fine thing it was to go out on a visit, and what a matter of rejoicing it was that my cheeks were not round and rosy, like the cheeks of my brothers and sisters; besides, mamma had put a new blue veil on my bonnet, to shade me from the sun, and had given me a parasol—a thing that I had never possessed before, for I was only six years old. Therefore, as I said, a natural elation resulting from conscious ill-health, and some new property, took entire possession of my little heart; and as I sat in the gig by papa's side, I drew myself up as much as I could, and hoped the passers-by, seeing me with my veil and my parasol, would think I was a grown-up lady.

Mamma had given me five things to remember, and had counted them over to me on the fingers of my hand, after she had put my new gloves on.

I was never to forget to say my prayers; I was to write to her twice a-week; I was always to change my shoes when I came in from a walk; I was to keep my room very tidy; and (greatest charge of all as I thought at the time) I was honestly to tell the housemaid, when I was sent up to bed, that mamma did not wish me to put out my own candle. I was very anxious to persuade mamma that I could put it out myself, therefore she was the more urgent in impressing upon me that she would not allow it; and, in taking leave of her, and during the drive to the sea, I *thought* very much (when I was not thinking of my veil and my parasol) about that candle.

We reached the house. Mrs. Wells did not come out to

meet us, but received us rather cordially, though she reminded my father that he had promised to be in time for dinner, and that he was full ten minutes late; he made some trifling excuse, we sat down to this early meal, and very shortly after my father took his leave. Then, as I well remember, my relative rang the bell, and sent for Deborah. Deborah, a rough red-cheeked young woman, came in, and her mistress addressed her with, "Now, Deborah, I hope you havn't forgotten my orders about the garret."

"No, ma'am," said Deborah, "and I've scrubbed it and dusted it, and laid out the half-crown you gave me for toys; and if Miss makes all the noise she can there, you'll never hear her."

"That's right, Deborah," replied my relative, languidly. "Go up with Miss Rosamond, and show her the room—there, go away, my dear, till tea-time."

So I went up stairs demurely, not the less so because Deborah kept looking at me; and when we got into the garret I found it perfectly empty, literally empty of furniture, excepting that there was one ottoman footstool on the floor, which was heaped with paper parcels.

"Well now," said Deborah, addressing herself, "didn't I say over and over again that I would contrive a table for this child—what a head I have;" and so saying, she flounced out of the room, bringing back, in a few minutes, the smooth lid of a very large deal box, and two light bedroom chairs. Setting them some distance apart, she laid the flat lid on their seats, and it made a capital table, just the right height for me to sit before on the ottoman. She quickly picked up the parcels, and laying them on my table, exclaimed, "There, Missy, now see if that is not a good half-crown's worth. Mistress said you were to play up here, and when I told her that there was nothing to play with, she said I might go to the shop *down town*, and lay out half-a-crown. See here!"

I opened the parcels, and found in one, to my great joy, a dozen Dutch-dolls, with lanky legs, and high plaited hair, fastened with the conventional golden comb that Dutch-dolls always wear; in another I found a toy-box of pewter tea-things, and a similar box of lambs upon a moveable stretcher; and in two more was a quantity of doll's furniture. I was exceedingly content, the more so when

Deborah, going out again, presently appeared with a band-box full of odds and ends, with which she said I might dress my dolls, and two books, with pictures in them. These last, she said, I might look at as often as I liked, but I must not tear them; they were hers. So saying, she left me, and if ever I was happy in my life I was happy then. All by myself, plenty of new toys, a table on purpose for me, and a little window which, when I stood upon my ottoman and looked out, showed me the long waste of salmon-coloured sand, and the bathing machines left high and dry, and the green sea tumbling at a distance; and the happy little shrimpers with their nets, whose absolute duty it was to do what all children long to do as a pleasure—take off their shoes and stockings, and splash about in the warm salt water. What delight to have all these things, and quiet to observe them in, and leisure to enjoy them. The nursery at home had plenty of toys in it, but there were two babies there, who must not be awakened by any games of play while they slept, and when they were awake it always resounded with such laughing and jumping, such pushing and running, such crying, quarrelling, and making it up again (unhappily for this divided world a more easy thing in childhood than afterwards), that there was no time for enjoying play, and no quiet for reading even the prettiest story. “Master John, be quiet, your shouting goes through my head—Oh, deary me, Miss Mary, do sit down and keep quiet—Miss Alice, if you can’t leave off that crying I really must call your mamma,” were the constant complaints heard in our nursery; but childhood, on the whole, is a happy time, though a cross nurse does now and then overshadow it with gloom.

Well, there I was. In due time I was called down to tea, and asked whether I liked my playroom. I said I did, and that I was very happy. My relation answered as if to be contented and happy was a merit—“Good child.” After that she gave me some shrimps, and when tea was over sent me out for a walk on the beach. The servant who walked with me was as silent as her mistress. I came home, went to bed, and got up again the next day, still feeling very happy; but the quietude of everything around me was working its due and natural effect in making me *quieter still*. To meet it, and to harmonize with it, I did *not talk aloud to my Dutch-dolls, nor scold them in imita-*

tion of our nurse's accents ; but I whispered to them, and moved about my play-room noiselessly. "Are you happy, my dear?" asked my relation again, when I came down to dinner, and I answered again, "Yes, ma'am." And so several days passed, and the servants, as well as the mistress, praised me, and called me the best and the quietest child that ever came into a house—no trouble at all, and as neat as a nun! But I was beginning to be strangely in want of change. I wished my sister Bella, or even my noisy brother Tom, could see my twelve dolls, all dressed in the grandest gowns possible, and could help me to dry the sea-weeds that I brought in from the sea-beach. On the fourth day I bethought myself of the two books, and I well remember taking one of them to the little open window, laying it down on the sill, and opening it. What a curious picture! A man with a heavy burden on his back, standing before a high gate, and over the gate a scroll. "Knock" was written upon the scroll, "and it shall be opened unto you." The man seemed to be considering whether he would knock, and a number of angel faces were looking out from among the clouds to see whether he would.

I looked at that picture a long time, then began one by one to examine the numerous woodcuts which adorned the book. There were lions, and hobgoblins, and giants, and angels, and martyrs, and there was the river flowing before the golden gates—nothing that could awe the imagination, and take hold on the spirit of a child was wanting.

Specially I remember dwelling, with childish reverence, on the picture of the river, and the pilgrim entering into its depths, and pondering over the strange, and to me unintelligible meaning, of the beautiful words—

"Now there was a great calm at that time in the river, therefore Mr, Standfast, when he was about half-way in, he stood awhile, and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither ; and he said—

" 'This river hath been a terror to many ; yea the thoughts of it also have often frightened me : now methinks I stand easy : my foot is fixed upon that upon which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan.

" 'The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold ; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and the conduct that awaits me on the other side, doth lie as

glowing coal at my heart. . . . I have formerly lived by hearsay and by faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself.

“‘I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there have I coveted to set my foot too.’”

Extraordinary words! their pathos and their sweetness reached into my heart even at that early day, though their meaning was shrouded in the veil that gathers round the path of childhood. I hung over the picture, and hoped the man with the solemn face would get safely to that golden gate; but I was very much afraid for him, the river looked so deep. I looked at the angel who stooped above him in the air with a crown in his hand. No doubt he would soon put it on. Then I read the last few pages, beginning with how the pilgrims reach the land of Beulah, “where the sun shineth night and day.” What a wonderful river! I supposed it must be a long way off, perhaps not in England at all, and England was a large place; but I thought I should like to find it some day, and did not know that “some day” I inevitably should.

That night, when Deborah was curling my hair, I said to her, “Deborah, does Mrs. Wells know you have got that book about the pilgrims?” “Can’t say,” replied Deborah, “may be she does, may be not.”

I replied, “Then hadn’t you better tell her?”

“Bless the child, why?” said Deborah.

I am not sure that I explained why, or perfectly knew why, but I had an impression that nobody else had such a book, but only Deborah; and probably my remarks made her see this, for I distinctly remember her declaring that Mr. Pipe, the bookseller *down town*, had a great many copies of that very book, that she was sure of it, and that she herself had seen them.

My next question I remember clearly, owing, perhaps, to her making me repeat it several times. It was—“Have you ever seen the wicket gate?”

Deborah stood as if bewildered when I repeated the query. At last, her face suddenly cleared, and she exclaimed, “Bless the child, I thought she meant the *real thing*, that I did! Yes, my pretty; I’ve seen it, to be sure, and a *very pretty picture* it is—Christian just a-going to knock

at the door, and ever so many angels looking on. Hold your head still, Miss Rosamond—how the sea air does take your hair out of curl!”

“Then,” said I, “you have only seen the picture just the same as I have.”

I do not remember what followed, excepting that, as Deborah clearly had not seen the wicket gate, I began to inquire whether anybody in the neighbourhood had seen it, and whether Mr. Pipe had seen it, or had ever been to look for it.

Deborah to all and each of my questions replied, that she did not believe anybody had seen it, or had been to look for it; that if anybody knew anything about it, she should judge Mr. Pipe did, for she often saw him reading in his shop as she went by, and everybody said he was a very religious man. Deborah, in answer to my urgent questions, was induced to say that she judged the wicket gate must be a long way off; and when I inquired whether it was farther off than Dungeness, that is to say, more than ten miles off, she said, “Yes, it must be a deal farther, I think.” Moreover, she drew my curtains, and placed me in bed, and kissing me, added, that I was a little girl, and need not to trouble my head about any wicket gate, nor nothing of the sort; that I should find out what it all meant when I was older, but she could not explain it to me now, as I was not able to understand it.

Children do not lie awake to think of anything, however wonderful. At least I never did, nor did I ever know a child who did, excepting in a book. I fell asleep, and after that, two or three mornings passed, during which I was absorbed in my book, and full of wonder as to whether I ought not to go on pilgrimage too. In my exceeding simplicity of mind, I began to save pieces of bread from my meals, and sugar-plums and cake that had been given me, to take with me on the journey; and, as being found quite trustworthy, I was now allowed every day to go out on the beach by myself, or to play in the little belt of wood behind my relative's house, I spent hours in speculating as to whether the lions were not so far off that one could not hear them roar if those waves would leave off surging and splashing among the pebbles; and whether if I did set out on pilgrimage, Evangelist would be likely to come and show me the way.

One night, while Deborah was again curling my hair, I looked at the red glowing clouds piled up in the glorious west, and reflecting their splendour upon the sea, and I remember certain things that she and I said together. I have no doubt that she had no intention of conveying a false impression to my mind, though she certainly did so; for I recollect asking her distinctly, whether she thought I might go on a pilgrimage. Whereupon she answered, "Surely, surely, Miss Rosamond."

I might then!

She also told me that the narrow road along which Christian went, and which led to the city of the golden gates, was the road that we all ought to walk in; and, without at all explaining the allegory, she proceeded to say that it led to heaven.

I went to bed resolved to go on pilgrimage, and when, the next morning, I was told to put on my bonnet and tippet, to go out and play as usual, I took all the pieces of bread that I had saved, and my favourite Dutch-doll with a red frock, that I thought I could not part with, and went out.

I went through the garden, and into the little belt of wood. Here I sat down, and began to ponder. Assuredly, the wonderful story had said that there was but one way to get to heaven, and that was through the wicket gate. How should I, oh, how should I find this wicket gate. I think that, in my perplexity and fear lest it was my own fault that I could not find the gate, I began to cry; certainly I have a sort of recollection that my eyes were dazzled and dim, and that when they cleared, some small brown object, which stood at my feet, upon a dwarf fox-glove, suddenly spread open a pair of lovely blue wings. A butterfly! Oh, the most beautiful little butterfly in the world. All thoughts of pilgrimage fled away as it fluttered its wings and floated off to another flower, drawing me after it as surely as many a pretty thing of no higher worth has drawn older hearts from their thoughts of pilgrimage. I ran after it, stopped again and saw it settle, close up, and show me once more those brown wings, mottled with silver, and shaded off into the softest fawn colour. I was close to it, and took off my veil, my blue veil, which I always wore, hoping to catch it, but it flew away again; and presently, as I looked, I saw two

butterflies instead of one—my beauty had met with a companion—and they were fluttering together towards the great down which lay behind the wood.

To this place I followed, and running after them over a few yards of short grass, I came to a deep hollow, full of ferns, and edged with camomile, bird's-eye, and dwarf thistles. There, basking in the sun, some hanging to the leaves with folded wings, some spreading them to the light and warmth, I counted blue butterflies by tens and by twenties, and in breathless ecstasy stood considering how I should appropriate some of them, and get them to live happily in my veil, with some flowers, and my splendid dutch-doll, in her red damask gown, for their lady and queen.

About an hour was probably passed in catching a sufficient number for my purpose. It was difficult to do this without hurting them, and as fast as I captured one with my veil others escaped; at last I had about a dozen, and collecting some of the prettiest red and white flowers, and setting my doll among them, I tied up the veil with its own strings, and not doubting that the butterflies must be proud and happy in such a splendid prison, I emerged from the hollow, and set my feet again upon the open down; but this winding hollow was a long one—I had followed it probably for half a mile—and when I came up again there was a green hill between me and the sea, and I did not exactly know where I was; so I turned in the other direction, and I well remember the sudden surprise, amazement I may say, with which I saw one of the commonest sights possible—namely, a narrow path, in which I was standing, and which, with many windings and meanderings, led away over the open grass, and lost itself in the distance among confused outlines of the swelling hills. Could this be the narrow way?

I cannot say that I was satisfied by any means to think that it was, but my mind was filled with childish awe, and I went a little way along it till, casting my eyes not more than half-a-mile before me, I saw,—oh wonderful! almost terrible sight! it was so convincing, and brought the dreamy wonder so near,—I saw, toiling on before me, a man with a burden on his back; a man that now I should call a pedlar; but then it *was*, and could only be, a pilgrim. So then, this *was* the narrow path; and in the plenitude.

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of my infantine simplicity, I wondered whether the people *down town* knew of it; and I went on, still carefully carrying my pretty blue flutterers, for perhaps a mile, when, to my utter confusion, the path branched into three—three distinct paths—and what was more, the pilgrim whom I was following had descended into a hollow, and had disappeared.

Which of these three paths, then, should I follow? One of them seemed to lead back again towards the town; a second I thought was rather too wide and too straight; so I chose the third for my little feet, especially as I thought it was the one in which I had last seen the pedlar—I mean the pilgrim—I hope he may have been one.

Not to make my story too long, I wandered about till grass began to be mingled with ferns, and ferns gave place to ling, then in full blossom; at last my path fairly ended, and before me rose a sandy beach, crowned with dwarf oaks, and sprinkled with foxgloves and furze. I had quite lost my way, and my path had been swallowed up in verdure. I was in a great perplexity; and, after climbing to the top of the bank, I looked around, and found myself at the brink of a great open place, part down, part heath, intersected with many paths, but no one more like than another to the path that led to the wicket gate. I looked back and saw several better tracks, but could not even be sure which was the one that I had come by; so large, and so smooth, and so uniform was the waste of grass which, owing to my having attained an elevated spot, was now lying spread before me.

It may have then been about noonday, and I had perhaps been out about three hours; so I was neither tired nor hungry as yet, and kept wandering about in search of the way. At last I saw an elderly gentleman coming towards me on a little pony. He certainly was not a pilgrim; and yet I rejoiced to see him. Mamma had never told me not to look for the wicket gate, therefore, however strange it may appear, I certainly had no consciousness of doing wrong. I had been crying a little before he appeared, as not knowing what to do, nor where to turn; and when he approached I was considering what I should say, when he saved me the trouble, and exclaimed, not without a look of surprise, "Where is your nurse, little girl?"

"Nurse is at home with mamma," I replied.

"And what are you doing here all by yourself?" he asked.

I replied in all simplicity, "If you please, I am looking for the wicket gate."

"The wicket gate! Humph. Well," shading his eyes and staring around, "I don't see one. Is it a white gate?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know! You are a very little girl to be finding your way by yourself in such a place as this. Do you know which side of the heath it is on?"

"No, sir."

"Well, well," rejoined my questioner with great impatience. "Do you know where it leads to?"

"Oh yes, sir; it leads to heaven." Here at least was one question that I could answer; but never shall I forget the face of blank amazement with which he heard me. I was rather frightened at it, and began to explain, in a great hurry, that I had read in the "Pilgrim's Progress" about the wicket gate, and that Deborah had said I might go on pilgrimage; and after this incoherent account, I began to cry piteously, and begged the gentleman, if he could not show me the way to the gate, to tell me the way home, because my relative would be so angry, so very angry, if I was late for dinner.

He had descended from his pony, and now asked abruptly, "How old are you, child?"

"Six years and a half," I replied, sobbing.

"Six years and a half," was his not very proper answer; "and looking out for heaven already!" but being now really alarmed as to whether I should ever find either the gate or my home again, I cried and sobbed heartily, till he sat down on the bank, and taking me on his knee, began to wipe my eyes with his silk pocket handkerchief, and assure me that he would soon take me home again, for that he knew the way quite well—we were not more than two miles from the beach, and so I need not cry, for we should set off home as soon as I could leave off sobbing.

Thereupon, being at ease in my mind, and perfectly satisfied in the good company of the elderly gentleman, he and I "fell into easy discourse" together. He seemed anxious to investigate this rather strange fancy, and he asked me *what I had intended to eat on my pilgrimage.* I showed

him the various pieces of stale bread and bun that I had saved, and he fell into explosions of loud laughter, which left his face crimson, and his eyes full of tears ; but he must have been a very kind elderly gentleman, for he shortly after set me on his little pony, and as he led it homewards over the down, he not only assured me that we should be back in time for dinner, but he took a great deal of pains to impress on my mind that I was never to try to go on Pilgrimage again while I was staying at the sea-side, nor afterwards without consulting my mamma. I promised that I would not ; and in a very short space of time, as it seemed to me, we came down to the beach, and found ourselves at my relative's gate. Here, as I well remember, my dread of being late induced me to beg my new friend not to leave me till I had ascertained that dinner was not ready ; so he left his pony at the gate, and came up to the door. His ring at the bell was soon answered ; he explained to the maid that I had lost my way on the downs, and he had brought me home. I was comforted with the assurance that I was just in time for dinner, so I gratefully kissed my new friend and took leave of him.

Thus ended my first attempt at Pilgrimage, leaving nothing behind it but a veil full of blue butterflies. I know it was a childish attempt, but I believe it was sincere ; it had something of that faith about it which made the patriarch content long since to "go forth, not knowing whither he went ;" but it was an ignorant faith, and one that would not give up all ; it must need carry a doll with it for comfort and admiration by the way, and it could not help gathering butterflies, things too lovely and too precious, as it seemed, to be passed by. To the follies of our childhood, and for its faults and its shortcomings, He will be tender who knows the heart of a child ; but if since childhood, setting forth on pilgrimage, we have striven to take with us the goods and the delights of this world ; if we have turned back again, lest our friends should be displeased ; if we have wavered because any laughed at us, let us pray, not only that he "would forgive us our trespasses," but that he would "pardon the iniquity of our holy things."

ON PROPER NAMES.

IT is a singular fact, that the word "Black" in compounds is the same with the German "Bleich," which signifies not only "Bleak," or exposed in situation, but "*pale*." Blackheath is not the Black, but the Bleak heath: Blackstone (which gives a name to the industrious compiler of the Commentaries) is the *Bleak* or Exposed Stone. Blackmore, the *Bleak*moor. Even in Prussia there is a desolate region called Blachfeld, or the Bleak field—while the "Black countries," or coal district of South Staffordshire, is a modern name, growing out of the uses of the modern age. Coals were usually called *Sea-coal*, as coming by sea from Newcastle to London, and an edict was once published against their use. "A sea-coal fire," now so common, was once the luxury that a bright *wood*-fire, compact of tough roots and logs, is to most of us. Shakspeare, in his lines on Winter, says—

" Now Tom brings logs into the hall,"

but the less picturesque coalscuttle has nearly everywhere taken the place of the cheerful crackle of the log.

No one would have, perhaps, suspected that "black" and "bleech" were so nearly related. Yet a "bleaching-field" is ground laid apart for making linen *white* and clean; and close to Rugeley, in Staffordshire, forming one of the many boundary marks of the town, is a field called the *Whit'ning* (or Bleaching) Field. So much for proving that black is sometimes *white*.

Another affix still remains in this alphabetical discussion, of very frequent occurrence—Burg. "Burg" is not to be confounded with "Berg," which means a "mountain;" but is best derived from "borgen," to "*conceal*." The Ker of the Breton, the Caer of the

Welsh, and the Burg of the Teuton, all served to the same purpose. In these fastnesses, surrounded by ramparts of earth, were preserved the most precious effects of these wild nations—their wives, their children, and their cattle.

“Borg” is, again, a “surety” in the German tongue, or “pledge.” The word is variously spelt, indeed, but easily to be traced under various orthographies of Borg, Burg, Bury, and Borough. The Celtic “don” is usually of the same meaning. Edinburgh was once Dun Edin, the “Maiden Castle,” which proudly resisted all invaders; so a town in France assumed the title of La Pucelle on the same high pretensions. We have in Wales, Dinas Bran, or the Castle of the Raven, Bran being the real name of the chieftain whom the Romans latinized into Brennus. Bran is also, we may add, an epithet of *black* hounds, whether Scotch or Irish, from their swarthy hue. But, as we have said, the word admits of great variety of spelling, and as the great Shakspeare spelt his “time-honoured” name in three separate ways in his last Will and Testament, so we must not be surprised on finding that Thornborough, Bury St. Edmunds, and Sedberg are all composed of one and the selfsame stock. Broughton, a common name, *may* also mean the Town on the Brow of the Hill, as Broughton Malherbie (“the Bad Shelter”), which lies high up on the “Back Bone” of Kent, and sheltered, bleakly at the best, the predecessors of Sir Henry Wotton, the patron of the youthful poet Milton. Again, Silbury, the great turfy Tumulus (or Monumental Mound) of the Marlborough Downs, perhaps unexceeded in its huge height, depth, and circumference, is doubtless Sellbarre, the “Great Barrow” of the wondering Saxons, as they spread their conquests from Hampshire, *further and further* inland. A place in Somersetshire, *called Elbarrow*, is the Celtic Aillbarrow, the Lofty-barrow. So “Aill” is a justly deserved title of a little *island* towering 900 feet above the Irish sea. Ailsea

Crag has the same meaning, the word Crag (in Breton "Karreg,") being one of the few Celtic words that we retain. Strange, that so strong a division of speech should exist between the old and the new possessors of our island, and that the two streams of speech should still flow on with so little commingling!

Berwick has also a distinct meaning. Berwick-on-Tweed is the Bury-wick or "General Cemetery" of that border country, or "Debateable Land."

Beverley, a favourite name for heroes in tales of our grandfathers' days, carries us back to times far older, when the Mason-Beaver built with his broad tail his accurate mud hut, as neat as any wigwam of Sioux or Iroquois Indian, by the still waters of the unfrequented stream. Brailwood, on the borders of Berks and Wilts, near Hungerford, boasts a Norman origin, the word "Brail" being said to mean "Firewood" in *Norman* French, although it is not to be found in modern French dictionaries — although "*la rouge braise de feu*" is still not extinct. The name of Brackenbury, immortalized in Clarence's speech, (K. Henry VI. Shaksp.,) comes from the "Bracken" or fern cut and collected in bundles for various purposes, whether for fire or in lieu of straw, by the cottagers of those wild neighbourhoods. The broom, with its yellow clusters, and dark green slender sprays, the darling of the Scotch, so singularly alive to Natural Beauty, under the title of

"The bonnie, bonnie broom,"

gives its name to Bromwickham, or Birmingham, vulgarly known by the too-familiar epithet, bordering on contempt, of "Brummagem." How unlike, the smoke, and the din, and the stir, and clank of wheels, in that busiest centre of busy England, and the old hilly pastures, where the broom once opened its thick golden blossoms in the May of the year! A *Norman* chief, as he lay in concealment before a besieged castle, chose it as his badge, and fixed it in his steel

casque as a sign to his liegemen. He has done what man can do to ennoble this wild plant; and the name of Geoffrey Plantagenet (*Plante genêt*; or in Latin, *Planta genistæ*) has no fellow in the rolls of bygone chivalry.

Garden flowers have indeed, peaceful as they look, led on to "feats of broil and battle;" the York and Lancaster rose is still a badge of civil feuds, at length merged in one. France had once the lily on her war-standards: but the humble broom, growing wild in sandy wastes, has, we have seen, been raised to the same "bad eminence" with her more carefully-tended sisters.

Caer, as we have just remarked, is the Celtic term for our Burg. We have Caer Caradoc, the fortress of the great Caratach or Caractacus, a precipitous height encircled with rings of ramparts, in Shropshire, and Gaer Hill, in Somerset; both counties that have been long Ungallicized.

Caerlioun, or Caerlion, the City of the Legion, was once the name of Chester, in Roman times, as it was the fabled city and capital of the mysterious Arthur, and his Round Table.

Mention is made of this city, supposed to be Exeter, by Nennius in his history of the Britons: "The ninth (slaughter of the Saxons) was at the City of the Legion, which is called 'Cair Lion.'" We find again the Saxon monosyllable "York" cut down from the grander Roman Eboracum, the Welsh *Caer Ebrauc*. Gloucester was once (we have said) Caer Gloyw. Cirencester, Asser, the historian of Alfred, tells us, was called by the Britons, Cair Cori, by the Romans, Corinium. In Brittany, the prefix Ker, as in Kerlo, Keratray, is as common as Caer in Wales: and it adds another to the distinguishing marks of a Breton, generally so famous *in the navies* of modern France, which exist in the *old rhyme*—

"By Pol, Tre, and Pen,
You shall know the Cornish men."

Lord Herbert of Cherbury derived his title from a Saxon and Cymric compound of Bury with Caer;—and we have but to look over the water, and we see a formidable rival of Portsmouth and Plymouth in the gigantic dockyards of Cherbourg, where the same name is Gallicized by its geographical position.

“Camp” is another word, which, although it occurs in French names, such as Fécamp, (written “Fackham” in an autograph account of the escape of Charles 2nd to France,) yet is not what it seems. Its derivation is not the Latin Campus, “a plain,” as we see it in the Campagna of Rome, and the Champagne district of France, or in our Shakspeare—

“Daylight and Champain (level ground) discover not more.”

The true source is the German “Kampfen,” “to fight”—and the common name “Kemp,” or “Kempe,” in reality means “a warrior,” and “kemperie men,” the fighting men, or retainers of their lord. So in the ballad of King Estmere, preserved in the first volume of Bishop Percy’s Reliques, we have—

“They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forth of the town,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With Kempes many one.”

And so we talk of a Roman or British *Camp*, and of the Camp at Aldershatt, which by no means lies on a plain, but on an exposed and lofty heath in Hampshire.

The Saxon Cald (in German, Kalt), for Cold or Bleak, is of constant recurrence. We have Colton, the Cold Town or Enclosure; Caltrop or Calthorpe (in German, Kaltdorf), the cold or bleak Farm-house; and akin to such commonly occurring names we have Chilcot, Chilton, and the Chiltern Hundreds, the favourite séjour accepted so often by retiring Members of Parliament. *Caldecote Castle*, a fine ruin in Monmouthshire, not

far from Chepstow, is the same with Chilcote, although old-fashioned spelling helps to disguise the fact, and render the task of discovery more difficult. Indeed, the uncouth spelling of our ancestors is a perpetual stumbling block: and many will sympathise with the unpoetical person who returned Chaucer, "the well of English undefiled," to the literary man who lent it him, with this cold remark, "Well; there is a very great amount of bad spelling in that book." "Chipping," or "Cheping," is the same as "Market-place," sometimes occurring alone, as "Chepstow." Chipping Norton and Market Harborough are but Saxon and French affixes of the same meaning. A pedlar is still called a "Marchant" by the Scotch, and "Marchander" in French is to haggle, and make bargains. To buy a thing "good cheap" is the Old English for the modern French "*à bon marché*." "To chop and change" is to buy and sell, and a *Horse-couper* in Northern England, is a buyer of horses. The common name "Chapman," in German "*Kaufmann*," a buyer or seller, usually a buyer, has degenerated into the vulgar "Chap;" and the capital of the Danes, a nation who have lent us so much of their speech unsuspected by most Englishmen, is called by them *Kjöbenhavn*, or the "Harbour of Merchants."

E. R. P.

HINTS ON COMPOSITION.

HAVING attempted to explain the necessity of clearness in style, and the beauty of simplicity, I have now to attempt a description of what Power is. Power results not from manner alone, it is the appropriate garb of forcible matter. This we may easily prove to ourselves by observing, that if weak and trifling thoughts, and lukewarm feelings are expressed in grand and majestic

language and stately periods, they appear verbose, affected, exaggerated, or absolutely ludicrous; and this is so well understood, that all humorous writers make use of silly thoughts wedded to such grand language, in order to strike the reader with a sense of their incongruity, and so to make him laugh. Let us, then, be careful not to expect to impress others with a sense of power by the use of forcible words, for "there is here but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous."

By remembering what expressions we are in the habit of using when we read any powerful piece of writing, we shall at once find what feelings within us are appealed to by it. "How striking this is," we often say; by which we mean, how completely it accords with our *experience*; we feel its force, the man is right, he has put our own opinion into words. "How natural this is;"—by which we mean, how TRUE to human nature, how like what people *would do* in such circumstances, and how like what we should do. "How wonderful this is!" by which we mean, not that it *has* been so with us, or that it *would* be, but that it *might* be; it shows us some of the depths of human passion, some of the sublimities of human speculation, some of the varying shades of human character, some of the acuteness of human reason that we never saw, never knew, never suspected before; but which we accept immediately, as somewhat which has been brought up for us from a deeper part of our own souls than we have learned to penetrate.

Writers who are properly called powerful, get the name, then, because they have us in their power: they are able to impress us with a sense of the grandeur of their theme, or the greatness of their hero; they can make us acknowledge the truth of what they advance, or feel its beauty.

They generally feel intensely attracted towards the party, the person, or the thing that they write upon, and they know how to draw others into their train and make them revolve around it as round a sun. They can make us sympathise with their scorn because we see that it is real; they can make us share their loves and their hatreds, because these are as cordial; they can make us agree with them in opinion, more (sometimes) because they, the powerful writers and intense feelers, hold it, than because it is a just and good opinion. They are the real kings and priests, and the true leaders of mankind. How careful should we be, then,—

we the governed, to choose good governors, and to exercise all our powers to discover whether they are leading us aright.

There is not one of us that has been gifted by God with any activity of mind, any keenness of feeling, or any sense of beauty, that has not, at some time or other, come under the dominion of a powerful mind. The greater soul has approached the lesser and has obscured it in its shadow, as the greater body rolling through the heavens casts her shade upon the face of the less; but when this world wheeling on, withdraws her shadow, the face of the moon is seen precisely as it was before; not one earthly tinge is felt; no colouring from our skies or our fields is there. The comparison, then, ceases here; for the lesser soul is not left, like the "lesser light," as it was,—there is a new colouring on it, a change, perhaps for the better, perhaps for the worse; some new knowledge, some new opinion, or some new feeling has been imparted while it passed through the shadow, and coming out, it is almost certain to use that knowledge, act on that opinion, and bear the impress of that feeling evermore.

If we look into the story of the world as thus into our own story, we find it only another version of the same; nations and people go from time to time into such shadows, cast by the great of their day, and they come out changed often in opinion, in habits, and in feeling, sometimes even in language; for if this Poet, or Historian, or Satirist be a word coiner, they accept and use his coinage ever after.

Poets, Historians, Philosophers, Satirists, and Moralists, govern the spirits of those whose hands guide the helm of the civilized world.

Almost all we have that we did not receive from a Divine Giver, was found out for us and given to us by them. To the Poets we can trace, if we will take the trouble, some of our best, and a few of our most mistaken maxims,—certain of the holiest, the most daring, and the most gentle rules that bear sway over us. From our Historians we get some of our profoundest speculations on human nature; we have learned to be humble, as perceiving how frail men and nations are; we have, also, learned to be patient, and not *exacting*, considering how many hindrances beset our race, *and how many misfortunes impede it in its slow struggles after advancement*; but we have also learned from these *same historians*, some of the most inveterate and abiding of

our prejudices, and drawn from them some of the most unreasonable of our deductions.

As for the Philosophers, they have brought out for us all the greatest wonders of the world of nature and of mind; they have dug up for us some marvellous truths, and have done us thus very good service, though they have left us to clear away the clay that clung to those truths,—the errors that they found embedded with them in the deep places where they went to dig.

Then come the Satirists, and the Moralists; the one governs by ridiculing us as we are, the other by showing us what we should be. We cannot bear either picture; we shrink from the jeering caricature of the one, and try hard to reform those faults that it points out; and we are always hopelessly longing to attain those good and true attributes which are held out of our reach by the other.

What we should be without all this powerful influence thus brought to bear on us from all sides, we may discover by noting what those nations are which have no great men, no literature, and no grand poetry; when we have done this, we shall still grumble a little, perhaps, to think that we are the slaves of the pen; but we must either be the *governed* or the *governing*, and when we have settled which of the two we are, as we can do, I think, very easily, we shall be wise if we make up our minds that we will choose good governors, and so be governed well.

Now since power consists in matter more than in manner, it is certain that we cannot, by merely catching a cadence, or repeating a stride, learn to write with power. Yet it is also observable, that nearly all powerful thinkers reflect their thoughts in their style, and by studying them you may preserve yourself from being pointless, diffuse, tiresome, or flippant, also from other of those defects which rob many respectable writings of their force.

There are some arts which almost all powerful writers use consciously or unconsciously; one of the most obvious is, the art of repeating words so as to increase their force, or to call the reader's attention to the sense which may have become difficult for him to follow.

A very short and simple illustration of this art, is found in the following lines from Pope's *Essay on Man*; and in giving them, I venture to call your attention to the fact, *that these little remarks are on STYLE* (an intellectual and

not a moral subject); therefore, I hope to propose both models to be admired, and warnings to be shunned, without being thought to advocate or to reprobate the *opinions* of the several writers mentioned.

Here you will observe, that the repetition of the little word "Go!" adds great force to the scorn expressed by the Poet, for a pride in mere conventional nobility of descent :

"Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long;
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards,
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!"

These lines contain many beauties; in the first place the voice naturally and inevitably dwells on the important words, as you will observe in your reference to them. It dwells specially on the scornful word "pretend," and in the next line on the words "fathers" and "fools," where alliteration is called in to add yet more force to the sentiment. The succeeding line is also as perfect as possible in composition, so much so that whoever reads it *must* read it well, and that is no small praise.

Equally pointed, though not in other respects as fine, are the concluding lines of another portion of the Essay, where the Poet attempts "to vindicate the ways of God to Man."

"All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

Here, in order that the repetition may not pall on the ear, the pause is varied in every line; and this oneness in variety charms the cultivated ear. Versification is in itself one branch of the art of repetition, the recurring form and the echoing syllable at the end, serving to give power to the varying sentiment, and to round the distinct portions into one harmonious whole.

"*The Rhyme of the Duchess May*," by Mrs. Browning, *derives some of its uncommon power from its repeated refrain, supposed to record the slow tolling of a bell, going on*

while its writer read the old legend. This monotonous repetition serves to add more force than could have been produced by any other means, and is an interruption which also gives beauty.

“Down she knelt at her Lord’s knee, and she looked up silently,—

Toll slowly,

And he kissed her twice and thrice for that look within her eyes

Which he could not bear to see.

“Quoth he, ‘Get thee from this strife—and the sweet saints bless thy life,’

Toll slowly,

‘In this hour I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed,
But no more of my noble wife.’

“Quoth she, ‘Meekly have I done all thy biddings under sun,’

Toll slowly,

‘But by all my womanhood, which is proved so true and good,

I will never do this ONE.

“ ‘Now by womanhood’s degree, and by wifhood’s verity,’

Toll slowly,

‘In this hour if thou hast need of thy noble red-roan steed,
Thou hast also need of me.’

“ ‘So the sweet saints with me be,’ (did she utter solemnly,)

Toll slowly,

‘If a man this eventide, on this castle-wall will ride,
He shall ride the same with *me*.’ ”

The fine Sonnet by Drummond, of Hawthornden, may be cited as a proof of the value of a repeated word:—

“I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays ;”

and after enumerating many things that he is equally well convinced of, he recurs to the first expression,—

“I KNOW there’s nothing lighter than vain praise.”

Then, with that self-deprecating pathos which makes this well-known sonnet almost unrivalled, he adds:—

“ This *all* cannot me move,
But that, alas, I both must sing and love.”

But leaving repetition, let us pass to antithesis; this, when not too lavishly used, gives great force to good writing—and here, perhaps, I may be permitted to mention an inspired writer, and instance St. Paul, “ who became all things to all men,” as a great master of style. In the sixth chapter of his second epistle to the Corinthians, we have, from the first verse to the tenth, a splendid example of power, raising itself to the sublimest heights, and climbing, by the aid of repetition, till it throws that aside and takes to the most daring and perfect antithesis.

“ In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in watchings, in fastings ;

“ By pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left,

“ By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report : as deceivers, and yet true ;

“ As unknown, and yet well known ; as dying, and behold we live ;

“ As chastened, and not killed ; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing ; as poor, yet making many rich ; as having nothing, yet possessing ALL THINGS.”

Having quoted the finest example extant of this beauty, I will not weaken its force by adding any secular specimen, but pass on to Contrast as a common means used for heightening the power of good writing. Thus, Bacon says of Kings—

“ Of all kinds of men, God is the least beholden unto them ; for he doth most for them, and they do ordinarily least for him.”

And again,—

“Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God’s power.”

Cowper’s parallel between the French infidel philosopher and the religious English peasant, is almost equally fine:—

“O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He, praised for ages yet perhaps to come;
She, never heard of half a mile from home;
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers;
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.”

Contrast is, also, well used in the following lines, from Tupper:—

“As the water from a fountain riseth and sinketh to its level,
Ceaselessly toileth justice to equalize the lots of men:
For habit, and hope, and ignorance, and the being but one of a multitude,
And strength of reason in the sage, and dulness of feeling in the fool,
And the light elasticity of courage, and the calm resignation of meekness,
And the stout endurance of decision, and the weak carelessness of apathy,
And helps invisible but real, and ministerings not unfelt;
Angelic aid with worldly discomfiture, bodily loss with the soul’s gain;
Secret griefs, and silent joys, thorns in the flesh and cordials for the spirit,
(Short of the insuperable barrier dividing innocence from guilt,—)
Go far to level all things, by the gracious rule of compensation.”

A due regard, also, to brevity, and a terse mode of expression, are always the accompaniments of power; as well as a distinct and steady urging forward of the writer’s mind towards his goal, which he never loses sight of: no *incidental beauty* met with, as a hedge flower might be, by the

way, will justify a pause in order that it may be gathered and admired; in other words, no beauty that does not essentially belong to the subject can be admitted, because power is constant progress; action is evident throbbing through all the periods, sometimes there is hurry, indeed, generally, there is "furious driving" towards the end, but if there is a pause it is more like the pause between lightning and thunder, a pause of expectancy, than a pause for rest, like the pausing of people who stop to admire on the right hand and on the left, and who peep through gaps in hedges to see how the daisies and buttercups are growing on the further side.

Sometimes in a short composition, this leading on and moving forward to the goal is very distinctly felt; it would be difficult, in the lines which follow, to stop short before reaching the climax.

These beautiful verses were written by Byron on the death of Henry Kirke White :—

"Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing ;
 The spoiler came and all thy promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
 Ah ! what a noble heart was there undone,
 When science' self destroy'd her favorite son :
 Yes ! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sow'd the seed, but death has reap'd the fruit.
 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
 —So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
 He nursed the pinion that impell'd the steel ;
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
 Drank the last life-drop from his bleeding breast."

It is easy to enumerate the names of powerful writers, but to give sentences in prose or verse, sufficiently short for this purpose, and yet long enough to exhibit the characteristic *power*, would be very difficult. I must content myself by *enumerating* some specimens of a forcible or striking style,

which may be found in books to which most people have access :—

Macaulay's account of the rebellion of Monmouth ; also, his parallel between the Cavaliers and the Puritans.

Macaulay's concluding sentence in his essay on Warren Hastings, beginning, "With all his faults, and they were neither few nor small."

Walter Scott's description of the death of Napoleon.

Spencer's description of the cave of Despayre. Book I. Canto 9, from the 33rd verse to the 47th, when all the subtle and dreary reasoning being over, Despayre tells the knight, "Death is the end of life, die soone, O Farie's sonne."

Milton's waking of the fallen Angel after his nine days' astonishment in the nether flood.

Dickens's ride of the Roman Catholic gentleman towards his burning house, his alighting at the Maypole inn, and going on to climb the smouldering ruins. Dickens's description of the storm at Yarmouth.

Bacon's essay of Kings, of Truth, and of Death, though the latter is, perhaps, more wise than powerful, and sometimes loses force from its exquisite beauty, as in these instances :—

"Therefore what is more heavy than evil fame deserved ? or likewise, who can see worse days than he that yet living doth follow at the funeral of his own reputation ?

"I have laid up many hopes that I am privileged from that kind of mourning, and could wish the like peace to all those with whom I wage love."

This is the more touching as those "laid-up hopes were not fulfilled."

It is generally asserted that Pascal's letters are remarkably powerful in style and thought. Certain portions of the writings of Ruskin, in spite of occasional mannerism and inconsistency, must also be considered to possess great power ; we see this in the results that have followed from them, even if we do not, ourselves, feel the truth of his reasoning or the justness of his strictures. This short sentence from his Pre-Raphaelitism contains just and forcible thoughts on a subject that is much written on now-a-days, and generally by those that take quite a different, and by no means, as it seems to me, so healthy a view of it :—

"It may be proved, with much certainty, that God intends *no man to live in this world without working* : but it seems

to me no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written, 'in the sweat of thy brow,' but it was never written, 'in the breaking of thy heart,' thou shalt eat bread: and I find that, as on the one hand, infinite misery is caused by idle people, who both fail in doing what was appointed for them to do, and set in motion various springs of mischief in matters in which they should have had no concern; so, on the other hand, no small misery is caused by overworked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves, and force upon others of work itself. Were it not so, I believe, the fact of their being unhappy, is, in itself, a violation of divine law, and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now, in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: they must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or rather knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it. So that, in order that a man may be happy, it is necessary that he should not only be capable of his work, but a good judge of his work."

The justness and sensible clearness of the thought is what gives power to the foregoing extract; the one which follows, on a lighthouse at sea, derives nearly as much of its majesty from the fine pauses, as from the sublime imagery:—

" Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame—
Shines on that inextinguishable light.

" It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

" The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

“The sea bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings, and winds, and solitary cries,
Blinded and madden'd by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare and dies.

“A new Prometheus, chain'd upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

“‘Sail on!’ it says, ‘sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!’”

Again, the following sonnet (a translation) derives its power from the intense feeling it discloses—the idea is taken from the Redeemer's words—“Behold, I stand at the door and knock:”—

“Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach; and oh, to heaven how lost.
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chill'd the bleeding wounds upon thy feet;
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
‘Soul from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock, and wait for thee!’
And oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,
‘To-morrow we will open,’ I replied;
And when the morrow came, I answered still, ‘To-morrow.’”

By the study of fine models, such as have been adduced, and by a general acquaintance with powerful compositions, it is possible to avoid some of the faults of weak writers, but I must reiterate that I do not wish to encourage the hope in myself or you, that by study we can acquire power as we can acquire clearness and simplicity—this is simply and entirely impossible, we cannot make ourselves feel intensely, nor admire fervently, nor learn to be nobly disdainful, or generously self-forgetful, or ardently patriotic. If we *do these things by NATURE*, then this strength of our nature

will reflect itself in the force of our words, and impress all that we write with the stamp of power. If we catch the reflection of this power from others, and repeat it ever so distinctly, there will still be one thing wanting that will rob our writing of its merit,—it will want the essential attribute of originality.



LINES SENT WITH A PLANT CALLED
SPEEDWELL.

DEARLY-LOVED, this flower I send thee
Loves in lowly haunts to dwell,
May its name through life attend thee,
Ever whispering, "Speed-thee-well."

"Speed-thee-well," when joy aboundeth,
When thy cup of bliss o'erflows,
When thy harp of triumph soundeth
Truce to anxious, heartfelt woes.

"Speed-thee-well," when cares perplexing,
Restless doubts, and needless fears,
All thy onward pathway vexing,
Blind thee with unwilling tears.

"Speed-thee-well," in hours of sorrow,
When, reluctant to depart,
"Hope deferr'd until the morrow"
Maketh sick thy fainting heart.

"Speed-thee-well," to Him betake thee
Who delights to answer prayer,
Him who never will forsake thee,
Take thy grief, and leave it there.

And when death's dark shadow falling,
 Shrouding all thy path in gloom,
 Every sense and nerve appalling
 Warns of man's relentless doom—

Lean on Him whose strength is mighty
 To sustain life's parting knell;
 By his rod and staff supported
 Through the valley, "Speed-thee-well."

Others give to those they cherish,
 "Hearts-ease" or "Forget-me-not,"
 Would their love grow cold or perish
 Friends being sad, or they forgot?

But couldst thou grow tired of loving,
 Or dull sorrow with thee dwell,
 Still of changeless love the token,
 This should whisper, "Speed-thee-well."

M.



LETTER TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,—I wrote to you in a former letter on the duty of taking upon yourself the vows of your Baptism. Having now done this in the solemn rite of Confirmation, I hope you will not delay to renew the dedication of yourself to the Lord, at his holy table, by partaking of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

I know that many of your age think they are too young to become communicants. They regard the

sacrament of the Lord's Supper as something so awfully solemn, as to be dangerous to such weak Christians as they feel themselves to be. They fear lest they should bring guilt upon their consciences by eating and drinking unworthily; or that, by turning back, and acting inconsistently afterwards, they may do themselves harm, rather than get good, by having taken this bold and decided step.

Now, that there is something right and reasonable in this fear of profaning the Lord's Supper, I do not deny; for it is, indeed, a very great offence against God to presume to eat of it without solemn self-examination as to our previous fitness, so as to "*discern the Lord's body*;" that is, honour the memorial of his sacrifice and death for us. But I fear there is a great deal of ignorance and unbelief usually concealed under this excuse. The fact is, that the best Christians feel themselves unworthy of such a privilege; as is beautifully expressed in the Communion Service—
"We do not presume to come to this thy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy." The true believer does not come to this holy ordinance, trusting to his own fitness or worthiness to receive it. The righteousness of Christ is the "marriage garment," which we must put on by faith, in order to be prepared for this sacred feast. When we are arrayed in this robe, and thus made "accepted in the Beloved," we have nothing to apprehend, but everything to hope for, at the Lord's gracious hands.

Here let me quote the earnest words of a young Christian, written several years ago, in a letter to a friend, about her own age, soon after her Confirmation:—
"*If you do, indeed, truly repent you of your sins; if you feel from your inmost soul, that the remem-*

brance of them is grievous unto you, and the burden of them intolerable; if you heartily desire to renounce them all; if you hate them every one, even the dearest; if you love your Saviour, and want to love him more, and have your faith in him strengthened; if you intend, by the grace of God, and the blessed influences of his Spirit, to lead a new life, walking from henceforth in his holy ways; then, surely, you are the very person to come:—for *you* was this precious feast instituted. Do not say you are too unworthy; for you are the very sinner he invites. “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you;” and he gives you this assurance, “Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.” “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.” “Let him come to me and drink.” And are not *you*, my love, weary and heavy laden? Do not you desire to come to your Saviour? not, when he invites, nay, entreats you to come? I know you do, and this is the very means whereby you may more effectually approach him. This is what he has himself appointed for that very purpose. Oh! draw near with faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort. View your dying Redeemer extended upon the cross for you; look upon him, and mourn; look upon him, and love!” These glowing words, coming from the pen of a pious girl of sixteen, who, within a few months after the date of her letter, entered into the rest of her beloved Lord, will, I trust, carry conviction to your mind more than anything I could say to you. But I would further impress this important subject upon you by the following considerations.

You are just setting out on your journey heavenwards, and need strength and refreshment for the way. When Elijah was sleeping in the wilderness, on his way to Horeb, an angel came and awoke him with the words, “Arise and eat;” and again, the second time, “Arise and eat; because the journey is too

great for thee. And he arose, and did eat and drink; and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights." (1 Kings xix. 5—8.) When Ishmael was fainting with thirst, an angel appeared to direct him to a well of water. (Gen. xxi. 15—19.) The holy Communion is a feast in the wilderness, a well of living water. It is a quickening, refreshing, comforting, and strengthening ordinance. When received with faith, we "feed upon Christ in our hearts." We "spiritually eat the flesh of Christ and drink his blood; we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us; we are one with Christ, and Christ with us."

You are a young soldier of Christ, and have probably many a battle to fight with your besetting sins. The world is in arms against you. You need to "put on the whole armour of God," in order to overcome your spiritual enemies. Here, then, is the armoury where you may be equipped for the fight. Here you may get the red-cross "shield of faith," fixed firmly upon your arm. Here the "helmet of salvation" is fitted to the brow. Here the "shoes of peace" will be fastened upon your feet. Come, then, and "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and then you will have nothing to fear from all your foes.

In coming to the Lord's Supper expect to receive the promised blessing. You cannot expect too much, if you only look for what the Lord promises to give. Has He not said, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it"? "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled"? You cannot come too often, if you come desiring to meet with the Lord Jesus, and "hungering and thirsting for his righteousness," his grace, and blessing.

But do not imagine that the mere act of communicating is of itself any atonement for sin, or imparts *any* holiness to the soul. That is a superstitious *notion*, not far removed from the errors of Popery. *There is nothing in the ordinance, except for the*

believer. Believe, and you receive Christ. But come to the table without faith, and you receive only a few crumbs of bread, and a few drops of wine. But I correct myself. Is that all? No, alas! you receive condemnation. "You eat and drink damnation," i. e. the awful guilt of profaning the sacramental representation of so great a mystery as the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But, my dear young friend, be not deterred by a sense of the *weakness* of your faith, if it is *real*. If you are truly looking unto Jesus, and can say, "I feel that I am a great sinner, but I know that Christ Jesus is a great Saviour;" this is enough. As one, who questioned as to her motive for wishing to come to the Lord's table, replied, "Because I am so very helpless;" so, if the weakness of your faith brings you to Jesus in this ordinance, crying, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief;" he will accept your weak faith, and acknowledge your spirit of lowly self-renunciation as the strongest claim upon his regard.

A word I must add respecting your preparation for the holy Communion. I would not lay much stress upon the use of any form of prayers and preparatory exercises; for there is nothing more injurious than too much *formality* in religion, producing a spirit of bondage, too often mistaken for the spirit of piety. But, at the same time, it is proper that every communicant should, from time to time, remember the injunction of the apostle (1 Cor. xi. 28):—"Let a man *examine* himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." Look closely, then, on such occasions, into the depths of your own heart. Cultivate a livelier *sense of sin*, and sorrow for its commission. Exercise *faith* in the atoning sacrifice of Christ. Seek to have your love to God enkindled afresh by dwelling upon his love to you, in giving his dear Son to die for you. Realize the presence of the Lord Jesus as standing and *feeding his people* with his own flesh and blood.

Think of him as seated on the right hand of God in heaven, and there pleading for you with his Father. Let your thoughts arise from earth to heaven, and join "with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, in praising and magnifying the glorious name" of our Triune Jehovah.

Cultivate, also, *love to the brethren*. It is a feast of charity: a holy communion with all the saints on earth and in heaven. See that your heart is flowing out in cordial affection towards your fellow Christians—your brethren and sisters in Jesus. Thus invite others to come along with you in the way to heaven. In the language of a German hymn—

" Come, children, let us go !
We travel hand in hand ;
Each in his brother finds his joy
In this wild stranger land.
As children let us be,
Nor by the way fall out,
The angels guard us round about,
And help us brotherly."

I will only add my fervent prayer, that you may reap much benefit for your soul from this sacred feast; that you may "sit down under the shadow of Jesus with delight, and his fruit may be sweet to your taste;" and that each succeeding communion may find you making progress in the way to heaven;—more humbled for your sins, more devoted to the Lord, more closely conformed to his image, and more determined, by his grace, to live entirely to his glory.

I remain, my dear Euphemia,
Your affectionate godfather,

R. W.



REVIEWS.

THE REASON WHY. Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row.

HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUNG PROTESTANTS. Religious Tract Society.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE. Religious Tract Society.

THE CONVENT. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

MAMMA'S LESSONS ABOUT JESUS. Wertheim and Macintosh.

THE THREE GATHERINGS. Edinburgh: A. and D. Padon.

THE REASON WHY. Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row. This book contains a great amount of information in a small compass; but it is, in some parts, very loosely and carelessly written; and the author does not seem to have perfectly made up his mind, whether he is addressing the young, and conveying facts which will satisfy their minds, or whether he is, addressing the well informed and intelligent, and merely setting the knowledge they already possess in good order for them. This is apparent from the amount of knowledge, that he will take for granted in one page, as already in the possession of his reader, while in the next, he informs him of a fact the most simple, with elaborate care. There are, however some inaccuracies which should not be allowed to remain through another edition. Thus in page 101, we read:—

“At what rate of velocity does the light of the stars travel?”

“At the same velocity as all other light. And yet there are stars so distant, that, although the light of the sun reaches the earth in eight minutes and a half, it requires *hundreds of years* to bring their light to us.”

Hundreds of years! only hundreds of years!—The little boys and girls who learn Pinnock's catechisms know better than that, and all the children of larger growth who peep into the pretty Handbooks of Astronomy, or dabble in the elementary works of Nichol and his compeers, think they have seen, somewhere, a stronger statement respecting *those same stars*.

But in the same page with this piece of information stands the following question :—

“What is the point of heat at which bodies become luminous?”

“The point of heat at which the eye begins to discover luminosity has been estimated at 1,000 degrees.”

A thousand degrees of what? If I tell you that London contains a thousand times as many inhabitants as Littleton Parva, but at the same time keep the population of Littleton Parva a secret, how are you to find out by that means what is the population of London?

So, if I say a thousand degrees of heat, I must also tell you what degree I start from, and by whose scale I will compute my degrees. The Centigrade thermometer only counts one hundred degrees between Fahrenheit's freezing point and his boiling point of water—yet he calls the first 32°, and the second 212°.

Shall we begin then at zero, and taking one thousand of Fahrenheit's degrees, say at the thousandth, “There a body would become luminous”? or shall we take the vast French scale, and beginning at freezing point and mounting through its whole height ten times told, say, “Here a body would become luminous”?

But we now pass beyond the children and come to intelligent readers. On their behoof a few questions on Actinism are asked and answered in a very unsatisfactory manner. The sun's rays we, perhaps, know contain light, heat, and actinism; and it is not too much to suppose that we are, also, aware of the fact that it is mainly the actinic power of the sunbeam, which causes the growth and expansion of vegetable life; accordingly, in the spring this power or quality is found to be most active, and as the season advances and the light and heat increase, actinism declines.

But how loosely is this power or quality described and defined; I wish, perhaps, to know whether it is the sunbeam alone which contains actinism, or whether it resides, also, in reflected light, or even in artificial light.

“What is Actinism?”

“Actinism is the chemical property of light.”

“Why does silver tarnish when exposed to light?”

“Because of the actinic or chemical power of the rays of the sun.”

But it tarnishes, also, when not exposed to the light!

I, John Samuel Wilcox have seen a silver teapot, which was given to me as a testimonial by my fellow townsmen, (in consequence of my having left them before I ought to have done, having been scarcely any use while I stayed,) I have seen it, I say, drawn out of the box where my wife keeps it, wrapped in wash leather, and quite yellow and unpleasant to look at, from the tarnish that disfigured it. I am, also, informed that now we burn gas in our dining parlour, the silver used at table requires much more careful cleaning than before; and also, that the picture-frames hanging in the room, will not stand gas light, is there then any actinism in gas light? I wish to know, but the author of "The Reason Why" does not tell me.

Possibly I may know something respecting the mode of taking pictures by means of actinic influence on preparations of silver (commonly called photography), which will enable me to answer the question, whether actinism is an essential property of all light, reflected, artificial, and solar; or whether it is only a property of the sunbeam—if I do not, "The Reason Why" will not tell me.

Far more carefully written, and more full is the description of Ozone.

"What is Ozone?"

"Ozone is an atmospheric element, recently discovered, and respecting which differences of opinion prevail. It is generally supposed to be oxygen in a state of great strength, constituting a variety of form or condition."

"Why do we know that electricity contributes to the formation of Ozone?"

"Because careful observations have established the fact, that the proportion of Ozone in the atmosphere is relative to the amount of electricity."

"What are the properties of Ozone?"

"It displays an extraordinary power in the neutralization of putrefactions, rapidly and thoroughly counteracting poisonous exhalations; it is the most powerful of all disinfectants."

NOTE.—Schobien, the discoverer of Ozone, inclines to the opinion that it is a *new chemical element*. Whatever it may be, there can be no doubt that it plays an important part in the economy of nature. Its absence has been marked by pestilential ravages, as in the cholera visitation; and to its *excess* are attributed epidemics, such as influenza. It was

found, during the last visitation of cholera, that the fumigation of houses with sulphur had a remarkable efficacy in preventing the spread of the contagion. The combustion of sulphur ozonized the atmosphere; the same result occurs through the emission of *phosphoric vapours*; ozone is also developed by the electricity evolved by the electrical machine, and in the greater *electrical phenomena of nature*.

The smell imparted to the air during an electric storm, is identical with that which occurs in the vicinity of an electrical apparatus—it is a fresh and sulphurous odour. The opinion is gaining ground that the respiration of animals and the combustion of matter are sources of ozone, and that plants produce it when under the influence of the direct rays of the sun. It is, also, believed to be produced by water, when the sun's rays fall upon it. The most recent opinion respecting ozone is, that it is electrized oxygen.

HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUNG PROTESTANTS. — This collection of sketches is beautifully written, the subjects have been felicitously chosen, and treated with more than ordinary grace and care.

As usual, when books on History are written to serve a cause, *however good a cause*, there is something to regret. In the first place one regrets the title, because it seems to threaten a degree of *one-sidedness* which is not found in the body of the work; though there is found enough to show that the amiable author was looking out for facts which would serve to strengthen the Protestant cause. Now the Protestant cause seems to us, who love it, to be THE cause of truth, of reason, and of mercy—with its welfare seem to be bound up the hope of liberty, and the possibility of progress. It belongs to us, for our ancestors died to defend it; we belong to it, for it has mainly contributed to make us what we are. Let us write the history of the Protestant cause, then, precisely as it is, for it will bear this treatment at our hands. We are the children of Protestantism; has it not, as our mother, nursed us, and toiled for us, and taught us? What, if she had faults, we do not love her the less for that; we are not afraid to look her in the face, and see that it is a human face, though it be touched with the impress of the divine. Why, then, should we be in the least afraid *to know all the early history of Protestantism*, and to let *our children know it*, to show them plainly that “the monk *who shook the world*” had a fierce and violent temper, that

he bravely or rashly broke his vow of celibacy, because it was an ensnaring vow, and married a nun? Why should they not know, as a sad and humbling fact, that persecution was not confined to the Roman Catholics, but that while they slew, and burned, and banished their thousands continually, the Protestants burned or banished their tens once and again, when they could? Why should they not know that even in theory, religious persecution was advocated by some of the Reformers? Surely it is better that the truth should be made familiar to them, as children, than that after considering the different characters in the great drama of the Reformation, as so many personifications of abstract virtue, courage, and blameless singleness of heart, they should discover, with a shock, that after all they were but men of "like passions with ourselves," and sometimes of very violent passions, that they did and said things which God has doubtless forgiven, but which we have no right to *excuse*; that like Luther they were sometimes violent and boastful; like Cranmer, they were sometimes cowardly and wavering; like Calvin, they were sometimes dogmatical and tyrannical; and that like several more, they sometimes exhibited that persecuting spirit which they had not been able to leave behind them in the Church that they had abjured.

There is really nothing to regret in these beautiful tales, but that a little more was not told; for instance, that the character of Luther was not drawn in a more life-like manner, with his faults as well as his virtues; and, perhaps, that the beautiful sketch of the Nun of Jouarre, was not balanced with a fuller account of her youth and youthful feelings.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE, THE SULTANS, THE TERRITORY, AND THE PEOPLE.—This book is not written for youth, but rather may be considered as a comprehensive and careful digest of Ottoman history, prepared for those who may not have leisure for extended study, or money to purchase expensive works. Considering the more than ordinary interest which attaches to Turkish history, and the fact that prophecy has sketched it out from the dawn of its religion and its power, which St. John heard predicted in heaven, when a voice said to the sixth angel that had the trumpet, "*Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates,*" to its decline and utter failure.

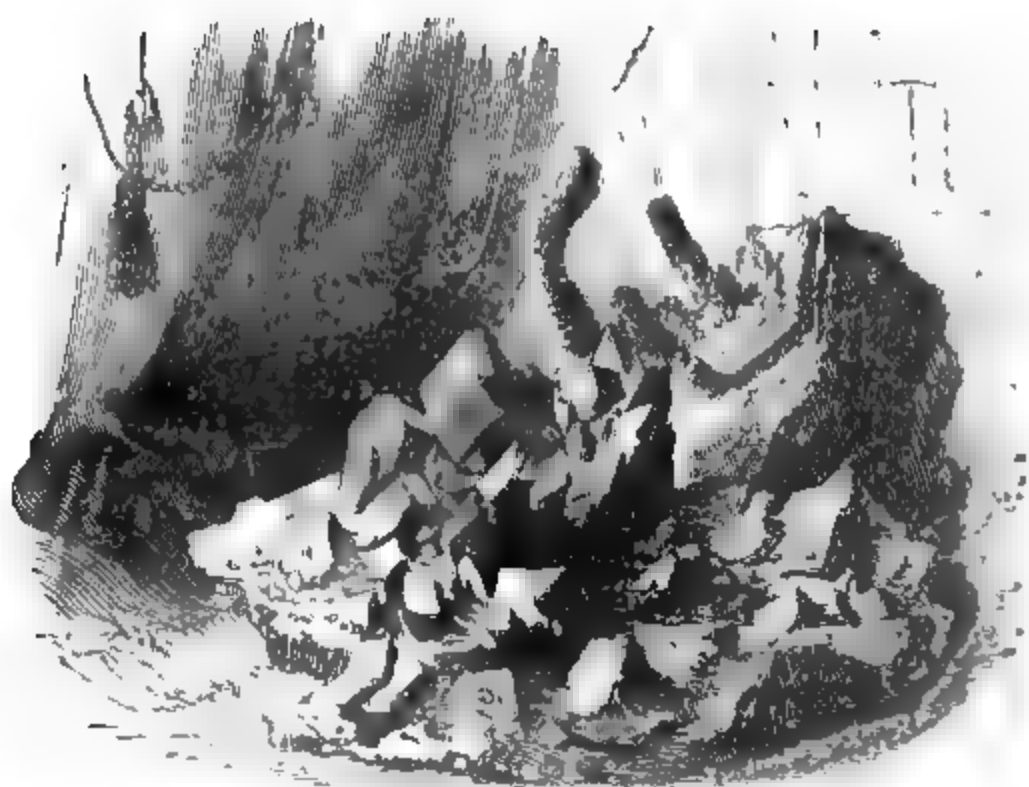
first-fruits shall be gathered of a greater number who shall at last dwell together in a holy union, in 'the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven.'

THE CONVENT. Run and Read Library.—This volume will assist to sustain the good reputation of the series to which it belongs. It claims to be founded on fact, and this being the case, the romantic adventures, and hair-breadth escapes of the two young nuns, who constitute its heroines, must not be objected to, but rather received with the recollection that "truth is strange,—stranger than fiction."

MAMMA'S LESSONS ABOUT JESUS is a very simply written series of lessons, printed in a good clear type, and likely to be useful. It contains the history of thirty-four incidents in the Redeemer's life, and is calculated to form a desirable reading book for children; not only because it is level to a child's comprehension, but because, as before mentioned, the type is particularly good. Many young children suffer very much from reading small type; the more finely the brain is organized, the more commonly is a feeling of sickness or giddiness induced by long poring over minute signs; this fact seems to be scarcely observed, or increasingly neglected, in the present day.

THE THREE GATHERINGS.—This interesting little book is divided into three portions, as its name implies. The first historical, as relating to fulfilled prophecy; the second actual, as now in course of accomplishment; the third prophetic. It contains some valuable practical hints, and is written clearly and forcibly.





ORES OF IRON.

Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they find it.

Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone.—*Job xxviii. 1, 2.*

ALL the ores at present used in the manufacture of iron," says the author of *Useful Arts and Manufactures of Great Britain*, "fall under two great divisions; the one including ores in which the iron is united with oxygen, and containing scarcely any other substance; and the other, comprising those in which the oxide of iron is in union with carbonic acid, and is mixed with clay-lime and other earths."

The first kind of ore, that, namely, in which the iron is united with oxygen, is by far the purest and richest in metal; it is chiefly found in the primitive rocks, and comprises magnetic

iron ore, such as is brought from Roslagen, in Sweden, and varieties of native oxide of iron, called iron glance, specular, and micaceous iron ore; there is also the red ironstone, found in great abundance near Ulverstone, in Lancashire, and used for the manufacture of iron wire.

But the second division is that from which the main quantity of iron is obtained, for though its ores are very far from being so rich and pure as those of the first class, it is found in portions of the earth's strata that yield fuel for smelting it. The primitive rocks, as we know, yield no coal; ores, therefore, that are found in them must be carried far from the pit's mouth ere they can be smelted; thus the expense of their manufacture is so greatly increased as often to make it better worth while to work the iron ore, and ironstone that runs through strata of the carboniferous order, than to blast primitive rocks in search of it. "The *clay ironstone*," says the same author, "is the substance from which Staffordshire, Shropshire, Wales, Derbyshire, and Scotland, produce such enormous quantities of iron; and not only are these districts furnished with abundant iron ore and coal, but, generally, at no great distance there is the limestone for fluxing the ore, sandstone for building, and refractory iron clays for the furnace. The ironstone usually occurs in horizontal strata, subject, however, to the same inclination as the other strata which it accompanies. It is generally found imbedded in schistus, more or less compact, which moulders away when exposed to the air. The ironstone is met with under two different forms, in regularly connected strata called *bands*, and in strata of detached stone, formed in distinct masses, from the size of a small bullet to that of lumps of several hundred pounds weight. The small and middling-sized stones, which generally have a *flat ovular* form, are called *ball-stones*; those of *greater weight* are named *lunkers*. In Staffordshire,

a variety of local names are applied to the ironstone ; when found in beds or seams, the miners call it *blue flats*, *blue clist*, and *white-stone* ; when it is found in balls or lumps, imbedded in clay, the different qualities are expressed in terms which will convey little or no meaning to the reader, such as *clunch*, *binds*, *iron-stone-bearer*, *pennyearth*, *quibbin-stone*, and *poor robin*."

The first operation to which the ore is subjected after it is raised from the mine or pit, is that of roasting—a very unsavoury mess it must be. It is prepared thus : a piece of ground is made perfectly level, and strewed with small coal to the depth of about half a foot ; then the lumps of ironstone are imbedded in this to the height of about twenty inches, and coal is sifted over them till the surface is again level ; the process is then repeated till a great pyramid is formed, and the whole is lighted by applying hot coals to the lowest stratum. The pyramid ignites very slowly, and does not go out till all the small coal is burnt, when it cools slowly, taking several days to accomplish this process.

It is then generally put into a cold blast-furnace, that is, one in which blasts of cold air are made use of in order to excite combustion. Some of these furnaces are of very large dimensions ; those used in Wales are said to be the largest in the world, and when working will contain at least 150 tons of ore and fuel. It takes three weeks of incessant burning to heat a new furnace up to the point when it will be fit to receive the ore. The quantity of coke required for a large Welsh furnace, such as has been mentioned above, is about 99,000 pounds weight.* "When we reflect," says Mr. Musket, "that this vast body of ignited matter is replaced every third day when the furnace is properly at work, a notion may be formed

* 198,000 pounds of splint coal are required for the making of this quantity of coke.

of the immense quantity of materials required, as also the consequent industry exerted to supply one or more furnaces for the space of a year."

But the enormous consumption of *fuel* is not the only consumption that should engage our attention, for it has been calculated that an *ordinary* cold-blast furnace consumes as much air as is required for the respiration of 200,000 persons!

In the year 1740 the quantity of iron manufactured in England and Wales was estimated at 17,350 tons. In 1840 the quantity reported as made, before a Committee of the House of Commons, was 1,500,000 tons, of which 268,328 were exported as iron, and 14,995 in the further manufactured state of hardware, while upwards of 1,000,000 tons remained for home consumption.

It should be remembered that this vast quantity of iron is exclusive of all that is manufactured into steel. We IMPORT nearly all the iron used for this purpose, some from Dannemora, in Sweden, some from Madras. The processes used for heating, hardening, and tempering steel require extraordinary delicacy, care, and judgment. By careful observation it has been found that steel, when heated in the air to a temperature of 430°, assumes, by combination with oxygen, a particular hue, or thin film of coloured oxide spreading over it; and experience has shown which particular colours indicate the temper required for different articles. The respective temperatures at which the colours are assumed were laid down by Mr. Stodart, and are as follows:—

	Deg.	Temper required for
Pale straw yellow . . .	430	Lancets.
Darker yellow . . .	450	Razors.
Shade darker . . .	470	Penknives.
<i>Still darker</i>	490	Chisels, shears for cutting iron.
<i>Brown yellow</i> . . .	500	Axes, &c.

	Deg.	Temper required for
Yellow tinged with purple	520	Table-knives and cloth shears.
Light purple	530	Swords and watch-springs.
Dark blue	570	Small fine saws.
Paler blue	590	Large saws.
Blue with tinge of green	630	Too soft a temper for steel instruments.

Iron and steel were used very soon after the deluge. Jabin, king of Canaan, we read, had 900 chariots of iron. Aikin, in his antiquarian history of iron, says :—"These chariots were probably war-carts, with, perhaps, scythes attached to the axles of their wheels, such as were in use by the sovereigns of Assyria and Mesopotamia, and whose charge on level ground could not fail of being extremely formidable to infantry, of which the Israelitish armies, before the appointment of kings, appear entirely to have consisted." But though the Jews appear to have used iron and steel extensively, *bright iron* being frequently mentioned, probably steel, and sometimes the word itself being used,* it would seem, that among other ancient nations bronze was preferred both for armour and for household use; for while the Prophet celebrates the bright iron of the Tyrian market, saying, "Dan also and Javan, going to and fro occupied in thy fairs; *bright iron*, cassia, and calamus, were in thy market;" and, "with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs"—the Greek word used to designate a smith's calling signified a worker in bronze; and it was not till the time of Æschylus that steel became sufficiently abundant in Greece to supersede the use of bronze for swords.† This preference existed also in the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. "It is true," says Aikin, "that iron instruments may have

* 2 Samuel xxii. 35,—“a bow of steel.”

† See Aikin.

been destroyed by rust during their long sepulture of near seventeen centuries, but if such ever existed, the wonder and difficulty still remain, how bronze and iron should ever be considered as equally applicable to the same uses. In all the Latin writers, *ferrum*, iron, is the most common name for a sword, but the swords which have been found in these towns are of bronze, as, also, the points of spears. Pole-axes, and other sacrificing instruments, forty in number, some with cutting edges, and all of bronze, were discovered."

But if the ancients differed from us in some of their usages, we have lately copied one of them, which we call a modern improvement, and vaunt our iron beds, without recollecting how many centuries ago an iron bedstead was slept on by Og, the King of Bashan.



MISS MAGGIE.



SOME twenty years ago, when I was little more than half my present age, I was secretary to a nobleman, Lord L—. Being quite young at the time, I was glad of any amusement which should relieve the *ennui* I occasionally felt in this good old gentleman's society, who was somewhat of an invalid, averse to company, and of evangelical principles. I disliked all his peculiarities, and the last not the least. Nevertheless, being of a cheerful disposition, and fond of reading, for which I had ample leisure, I was seldom entirely without resources for pleasure. I had the faculty—call it enviable if you will—of abstracting myself from the remarks of my noble friend, without appearing to do so, and by a solemn nod every now and then, or a look of fixed melancholy, while he told long stories of his friends' deathbeds, or descanted on the

follies of the present day I eventually won from him the approving remark—"Whenever I talk to *you*, Spenser, *you're* not too proud or too wise to give your attention to an old man," &c. &c.

S—— Castle, Lord L——'s country residence, was situated near a small town, which I, of course, used constantly to pass through in our drives, and as Lord L—— fancied the open air, and that I drove him more carefully than any one else to his favourite haunt, the Banker's, I used, about twice a week, to take the whip from the coachman's hand, and drive the old earl; sitting in the pony chaise, holding the reins, while he held those endless discussions with Mr. Dowding, who, besides that he was the principal man of business in the county, was also a great hand at all the charities, and, no doubt, spent many a miserable hour with his lordship, trying to make him understand to what amount the Church Missionary Society was in debt, and how far the Bible Society, or whatever it might be, was in advance of so and so. I used to be very tired, at first, of sitting so long at the Bank door, with no occupation but that of whisking the flies off the poneys' ears with my whip, or counting how many men went into the public-house opposite; but about the sixth morning that I was stationed at this spot, I happened to glance at the upper windows of the Bank-house, and a pretty little girl who was looking out at the moment, dropped a worsted ball, quite unintentionally I believe, into the carriage; a moment after she was out of the street door, and had darted to my side: "Give it me, please, as quick as you can, here's nurse coming; please be quick,"—at the same time a stern looking youngish woman followed her, exclaiming, "Miss Maggie, I'm ashamed of you, indeed I am; no bonnet nor tippet on, and coming out in this unruly manner. For shame, Miss Maggie! come in, this instant."

The little girl thus addressed, who was a remarkably pretty child, of apparently seven years old, shrugged her shoulders, and snatching the ball from my hands with a nod, saying, "I've seen you before, Mister, when you came; good-bye!" ran into the house as fast as she had run out, leaving me with a smile on my face, which remained there, I believe, till Lord L—— came out. The next day. I made no objection to taking the reins again, though it was to go to the Banker's; and I even went so far on the

following Sunday as to look if Miss Maggie was at church in her papa's pew. There she was, sure enough, the pretty soul! and paying far less attention to her book than to me, upon whom she smiled most brilliantly, giving me an undaunted nod in the face of his lordship, as she walked past our pew after service.

I was naturally fond of children; but I believe Miss Maggie would soon have slipped out of my mind had she not shown such extraordinary affection for me. No sooner did we stop at the Bank door than Miss Maggie would run to the nursery window at the sound of the wheels, and tap and nod to me and kiss her hand. If the windows were open I used to hear the sharp tones of her nurse, "Miss Maggie, put on your pinafore—Miss Maggie, get your task—Miss Maggie, put on your bonnet and go to school." Sometimes in my walks I used to meet her returning from school with her little brother and sister; but though I had sweetmeats for the two younger children, I had not a word to say to any one but Miss Maggie; she was such a dear little creature! It rather pleased me when I thought about it, that she and her nurse were at such loggerheads, and that this little Banker's daughter was so misguided an individual; whatever quarrels she had with other people, she always had the sweetest smiles for me, and would, in defiance of all reprimands, rush out of the house when I appeared, to pat the poneys' heads, and offer them choice apples out of her papa's spacious garden, for the Banker's garden was a capital one, and his wall-fruits rivalled Lord L——'s own.

I asked his lordship one day if Mrs. Dowding was not a pretty woman; he said he believed she had been considered so, but had very indifferent health; and I remember he went on to say, "It matters little, Spenser, whether Mrs. Dowding is handsome. Her heart is in the right place, where her treasure is; she and her husband have always been at the head of any good work among the townsfolk in helping the poor, and bringing them to a knowledge of the Saviour, by establishing Sunday-schools, and urging them to search the Scriptures. Mr. Bolton tells me, Mrs. Dowding wishes nothing so much for her children as that they should grow up in the beauty of holiness."

"Well," I said hastily, "I don't know how they'll grow—but they're most lovely children now. For I couldn't

bear any religious remarks, they vexed me, and I had an unaccountable aversion to pious people, when it is considered that all my best friends (even in a worldly point of view) had been of the excellent of the earth. I secretly hoped that Mrs. Dowding would not make the little girl "good," as I termed it, for I was afraid that, in trying to make her "good," she would succeed in making her disagreeable.

One day, Lord L—— being ill, I went for him to the Banker's, and had a discourse with that gentleman on money matters, during which time I could not help listening to the sound of little feet over the room pattering up and down; and when, through the glass door which opened into the garden, I presently espied my favourite knocking down some plums with a stick, I forgot business and called out, "Why, there she is!" Mr. Dowding jumped up, electrified.—"Not Mrs. Smith's hen, I hope; how many times have I threatened to have its neck wrung, for scratching up my flower beds!" He ran to the window, and I then explained that no offending hen was in sight, it was his sweet little daughter I had noticed. We were soon walking round the garden, Mr. Dowding taking my arm, and Miss Maggie stuffing my unwilling hands with the nasty half-ripe plums. "Now, papa, it's no use saying I'm a naughty child, and picking and stealing: nurse always says I'm the worst of the family, I'm always getting the plums, 'cause I love plums and I get them for my doll; and when my doll doesn't fancy them I eat them myself; but mamma says, such children as I am are ——." Here Mr. Dowding stopped her:—"Maggie! don't you know what the eighth commandment says?" "Thou shalt not steal," was the prompt rejoinder; then, in a lower tone, to me, "I make my doll knock down the plums, sometimes, only a stick's better; but mamma says it's always sinful if I'm told not, so I don't, if I think she's looking, unless we're very hungry." Here Mr. Dowding, who seemed more sorrowful than amused, interposed—"Hush, my child, I must talk to you by-and-by; now run away,—Mr. Spenser and I are discussing a little business matter; run away, my child."

At the word "run away," Miss Maggie squeezed my hand tighter in her own, and whispered, "Pray eat one, my dear, dear friend with the grey poney; I love you so much, and when mamma wasn't look-

ing, at church on Sunday, I laughed at you, and jumped on the hassock, but you didn't see me; and nurse poked me, she was in the pew behind, so I was obliged to get down; but I never put down the text though, and I told Johnny not to tell." "Little darling," I whispered. A few days after this, Lord L—— fancied he should like to go to Wales for a change, so we left the Castle, and didn't return for a year, and I found Miss Maggie grown prettier and more rebellious than ever; she told me she was a very naughty child, and her nurse told me the same; she said she was such a graceless child. But I thought she was badly managed, and told nurse so before them all, and that Maggie had the sweetest, brightest temper in the world. I dined, now and then, with Mr. and Mrs. Dowding, and used to meet Mr. Bolton, the rector, there. The conversation was often on religious subjects, and to avoid joining in it I was glad enough to call Miss Maggie to me at dessert, to sit on my knee and show me her toys, and used to hate the nurse when she came in and said, "Miss Maggie, come to bed, it's eight o'clock." But, when she was ten years old, my little pet was sent to school, and then I only saw her in the holidays, if we happened to be at the Castle.

Her father, for Mrs. Dowding died the second year of my residence with Lord L——, was an excellent man, only he did not seem to know how to manage children; for when Master John went to Harrow, and little Ellen and Miss Maggie were left alone with their nurse, they would have had it much their own way but for her efforts to subject them; and yet he would have his little daughter with him. Often, at church, as I sat in the great square pew opposite to theirs, did I see strange goings on, while Mr. Dowding sat with his arms folded and his eyes fixed on the preacher. Miss Maggie would talk on her fingers to me, "her dear, dear Mr. Spenser," as she called me, and give her quiet sister a poke, or a sly slap, to keep her awake. I never smiled, it is true, very broadly, but I never attempted to tell the child she was in the wrong; nor did I ever tell her that because her papa did not reprimand her for such behaviour, it was not just as reprehensible. Mr. Dowding liked me *very well at first*, I had reason to think, because I had a *clear head for business*, and came to his meaning in five *minutes*, when his lordship would have been an hour; *but afterwards*, I think, he fancied I was a kind friend to

his motherless children, and he even recommended some religious works to my notice; and when Lord L—— was once confined to his bed for a month, Mr. Dowding begged me to dine with him every Sunday, after afternoon service. I remember, on the fine Sunday evenings, how Miss Maggie used to rush out, after saying her catechism to her nurse, and throw herself beside me in a garden chair, and beg me to tell her some of those “pretty stories.” They were fairy tales, and I used to love to see her eye brighten as I came to some interesting account of a bad giant, or a good genius, or a reckless dwarf; and she would take my hand and kiss me, and say, “Ah, my dear Mr. Spenser, I like this better than a Bible story, but I like *you* best of all.”

It was about this time, when my visits to my little friend were, doubtless, exercising a bad influence over her, that, in consequence of some property being left me by the death of a distant relative, I abruptly threw up my situation with Lord L——, and determined to travel. I longed to see the world, and to escape from a life of comparative inaction, and from a companion whose views of life were too narrow, as I termed it, to meet mine. The good old earl gave me some excellent advice at parting, and I heard him out with as much complacency as I could command. He told me how much he should miss my cheerful society, how much he should regret me for his own sake; he exhorted me to remember my Creator in the days of my youth, and not to forget that riches make to themselves wings and fly away. I remember he spoke of durable riches, of a treasure in the heavens that fadeth not. “I am an old man, Spenser,” he said, “and we may never meet again in this world.”

“Indeed, I think we shall, my dear lord,” I answered hastily. “We shall meet often, or I’m mistaken, and talk over by-gones. I hope you will live many years yet.”

He would have added much more, I believe, in the same pious strain, but I thought I had heard enough, so with the utmost good humour I turned the conversation, telling him that I assuredly should not leave England for more than a couple of years or so. I was determined he shouldn’t bother me at the last minute with religious remarks. I ran down to Mr. Dowding’s to bid my favourite good-by; she was then, I think, nearly thirteen years old. I can distinctly recall her, as she stood in the garden, with her white frock and dark rose-coloured sash, and her bright curls falling

over her neck. "Miss Maggie," said the shrill voice of her nurse, "here's the gentleman come to bid you good-bye." She looked round a moment, to see in which room I was—all the sitting rooms opened with bay windows into the garden—and then rushed towards me.—"Going, are you, my *dear* Mr. Spenser? I am very, very sorry. I shall write you a letter from school, and I shall, oh! I shall remember you always. Give me two kisses. Good-bye; good-bye. I wish the years were all over, and I was grown up and I could do as I liked. I shouldn't learn those nasty lessons, and I shouldn't," she whispered in a coaxing voice, through her tears, "I shouldn't have to read good books, except on Sundays." I remember laughing a little, and saying, "What would your papa say?" when she quickly resumed, "No one is better than you are, or kinder, or more good-tempered to me, and I never saw you reading good books, or talking about your — about missionaries, and good people, and things; and — but come back very quick, and I shall not forget you; and you'll write me a long letter, and tell me all about the pretty things you see." So I went away.

The good old earl was right; he did not live till my return to England. I became involved in railway speculations in America, and was obliged to reside there for some years: and though on my first leaving him this excellent man addressed to me some affectionate letters, they were written in such a religious spirit, and altogether treated of subjects in which I took so little interest, that I answered briefly, and as his health declined so did our correspondence. I used to wonder, in the excitement of my present life, how I *could* have "got over" the time, as I expressed it, with that prosy old gentleman; how I could have borne with *himself* all day and every day, so good-naturedly, when now I found even a letter from him once a month such a trouble. But youth puts up with a good deal, I used to argue, and I always expected advancement. Now and then I had a long crossed letter from Miss Maggie, which I used to answer promptly, until she left school, when she wrote me a few affectionate lines, saying, her papa hoped whenever I came *to England* I should stay with them, but he thought now *she was his housekeeper* she must leave off scribbling; and *she urged me to recommend her some books if I did not come myself, and she would read them for my sake.* For

two years I heard nothing of my favourite, except from an acquaintance who came over in the same vessel to America in which I returned to England: he said he had met a Miss Dowding in the north, and she was a charming girl,—very high spirits, very impetuous, and extremely pretty,—quite the life of the parties. I remarked that her father was a very serious man, and I didn't suppose he approved of much gaiety. "I don't know anything about Mr. Dowding," said my acquaintance, "but his daughter has no stiffness about her, and no nonsense; and is very fond of balls, and likes the races, let me tell you, better than going to church." I laughed, and thought of old days: but I need not repeat all the remarks of my companion, suffice it to state, that they led me to the pleasant belief that my too fascinating child friend was as free from "cant," as I pleased to call it, as unfettered by bigotry as ever. How I longed for the days to be over, that I might once more stand on English ground! As we neared the shores of England, and I remembered all the disappointments and anxieties of the last eight years, they seemed to have belonged to another state of existence; and now I came home a rich and prosperous man, and I said to myself, "Soul, thou hast much good laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." And I *was* merry; it was delightful, rushing about from place to place, seeing old friends, shaking them by the hand, and hearing them say how well I looked, and congratulating me on my prosperity.

But Miss Maggie! ah, now for Miss Maggie; for my little friend would sympathize with me more than all. I longed for the days when I could talk to her as familiarly as of yore, and tell her all my adventures—her "dear Mr. Spenser,"—*she* would understand me.

It was a lovely morning in August, when I at last threw my business to the winds and determined to go to L——.

I had been in Scotland for two months after my arrival in my own country. I had refrained from writing to Mr. Dowding, hoping for a speedy re-acquaintance with him, and the sort of welcome an unexpected and long absent friend meets with, and which he loves to meet with. As my horse and chaise drove into the inn yard, that very inn yard opposite the Bank, where I had so often counted the hours, I burst into a sort of half-laugh, and rushed across the yard actually with a bound. I was disappointed, but not much so, when a stupid-

looking housemaid, who answered the door, said her master was out for a few days; "but Miss Dowding is at home, sir; will you call again?" "No," I answered, "I came to see *Miss Dowding*; take my card: no, say—say an old friend wishes to see her."

The servant put a chair for me, and stared a good deal as I walked towards the open window and sauntered out. "Will I say an *old* friend, sir?"

"My good woman, anything you please; but ask Miss Dowding to come as soon as convenient. Where is nurse?" "I'll be fetching her;" and she disappeared at last: whilst, to beguile the time, I sauntered out and took a plum from that very tree that my little pet used to impoverish twelve years before "for her doll," as she said, bless her!—and of whose fruit she loved to press into my somewhat unwilling palm, as loving me better than her doll." I laughed as I remembered the wry faces with which I used to munch her ill-gotten booty, and wish the half-ripe things were at the bottom of the sea, or in a pie dish with plenty of sugar over them.

The sun was shining very brightly, and I picked a little grey silk neckerchief which had fallen on the grass under the tree; doubtless, then "*Miss Maggie*" *still* affected unripe plums—it was *her* neckerchief.

When about three or four minutes had passed, I got so impatient that I rang the drawing-room bell. It was answered again by the same stupid-looking servant.

"What's your pleasure?" she said.

"Is the nurse within?"

"No, indeed; she's stepped over the way to Mr. Harper's to buy some darning needles, and I don't know what all; but she'll be back in five minutes. And Miss Ellen is out too—leastwise, she's gone up stairs to take off her bonnet, and I've been and told her there's a stranger in the garden, making free with the plums; and she'll be down in a few minutes, sir. Take a seat, sir; you're quite welcome."

"But where's Miss Maggie, then? Isn't *she* at home?" A gloom came over me. Was she still visiting her friends in the north; and was I to be disappointed after all, and *only* see Ellen! "It's *Miss Maggie* I wanted to see."

The servant's countenance assumed a blank expression of surprise.

"*Miss Maggie*, sir?"

"Yes, yes," I exclaimed, now out of all patience: "Miss Maggie—Miss Dowding—Miss Margaret—whatever you call her! I called to see Miss Maggie."

The young woman stared at me—"Miss MAGGIE, sir! *Miss Maggie's DEAD, if you please, sir!*"

We two stared at each other a moment, her eyes with a falling tear in them, mine wide open, blank, and wild. I took my hat then, and walked out of the house without one word, and I have never been near it since. "*Dead, if you please, sir!*"—As I passed out of the little town, taking, unconsciously, the road towards the Castle, I remember an organ boy followed me begging for pence; he was playing a tune, the air seemed nothing but "*Dead, if you please, sir: Miss Maggie, sir, dead if you please, sir.*" I turned furiously round to the boy,—"*How dare you follow me?*"—he shrunk away, abashed.

I never shed a single tear to the memory of Miss Maggie, but she haunted me night and day. Remorse seemed to hold me in iron chains. That child over whom I had once so much influence—who had throughout our intercourse shown such unbounded admiration for my very word and tone—what had I done for *her*? Never once had I tried to use my influence for good. Never once had I, to whom she would have listened, checked her in her unruly or disobedient course. Never once had I, in writing to this child, told her of anything better than the life of worldly enjoyment she talked of leading when she should be grown up, and her dear Mr. Spenser come back again. Never once, when as she got older, and as it seemed to me more thoughtful and serious, had I, in advising her what to read, told her of *any* but frivolous and sometimes of decidedly irreligious books.

But why should the thought of past responsibility haunt *me*? She had a father—I was only a friend. She had advisers—I was only a suggester. She had people around her—I was a long way off. But remorse heeded none of my excuses, and "*Miss Maggie,*"—a sound once full of sweetness in my ears, was now more bitter than death.

Oh, lost opportunities! Oh, mercies a thousand times abused! Oh, blessings turned to curses! How could I bear!

And let not the reader suppose that I was ignorant of what was *right*. I had all my lifetime lived in an *atmosphere of piety*, and all my life had tried to get out of it

influence. Among all those "good people" whom I disliked and tried to avoid, I had found one little girl, who was ready to hold the world and present enjoyment with me, and I had gloried in her allegiance. A little girl—dead now—too willing to go down the broad road with me, because *I* went—because *I* was so good, and kind, and generous, and went to church, and didn't mind when she cheated her nurse, and disobeyed her papa;—who went in the broad road with me because I showed her it was so sweet, and went there too, and left those dull people behind. —"Dead now!"

But I have done. You who read this story, short and pleasant as your lives may have been, may, like Miss Maggie, among many pious friends have one such as I was, whose influence is exerting as baneful an effect as mine did on my "Miss Maggie."

You are old enough to choose between the pleasure of this one's society and that better way which your better friends point out.

Choose you the right way—*now*.

To those who are older, and are influencing the young to evil and not for good—God grant you a better mind, and time to undo the evil, that you may not feel as I did when they told me that the child I had so loved I should look upon no more!

It is true that, in after years, I came to know that there is pardon for sinners such as I was,—that even for those who have made light of His word and despised His reproof, there is, through Christ, forgiveness that He may be feared. But for *her*!—I know not—for whom I never prayed, seeing it was too late. So I must "let that alone for ever."

Z. A.



THE MARINE AQUARIUM; AND, HOW TO ESTABLISH ONE.

MADAM,—There appeared in a recent number of the *YOUTH'S MAGAZINE* an amusingly written description of a lady's unsuccessful endeavours to establish a marine aquarium. Many of your readers may desire to possess one; some of them will soon, perhaps, have an opportunity of stocking it themselves. Summer heat and Mrs. P. have begun to remind Paterfamilias that the time is approaching for the annual trip to the sea-side; and there is hardly one of the favourite watering-places where his young people may not find sea-weeds and animals suitable for their purpose. And he will doubtless agree with me that, as they step from rock to rock, and lift the wet, hanging fronds of the bladder-fucus in search of the creatures concealed beneath their cool shade, with the great, glorious old sea before them, and at their backs the ocean-worn cliffs, in which, perchance, are discernible the fossil remains of animals long since obliterated from the face of the earth, they may read in the rock-pools, between tide-marks, a better and more profitable lesson than the listless perusal, on a fashionable promenade, of three volumes per diem of "thrilling interest" or false sentimentality could possibly impart. A page of Nature's own book is laid open before them, and what though that book be the second volume of the series—the sequel to the volume of Revelation—no matter in what part they open it, each page contains a chapter telling of a Creator's wisdom—a chapter which, though in fitting harmony with others, is nevertheless complete, and may be studied by itself.

It is somewhat remarkable, that about the time

when your fair correspondent was collecting the unfortunate zoophytes, which so speedily became a disgusting mass of corruption, I obtained *from the very same locality*, some specimens which, in their miniature ocean, still ornament my drawing-room, and afford me, in watching their singular forms and habits, a delightful and intellectual recreation. They were placed in their crystal palace (or prison) in the month of August, 1856, and the water, which since then has not been changed, is as bright and pure as ever. The animal-flowers contract themselves into buds, and expand into blossoms, of hues as gorgeous as at first; the rich crimson of the fruit-like *mesembryanthemum*, the dazzling orange disk and white tentacles of *Sagartia venusta*, the delicate pink of the little *S. rosea*, and the clear, transparent white of *Bunodes clavata*, being exquisitely displayed on a background of emerald-green sea-plants, of indigenous growth, which cover the stones to which the animals have attached themselves.

Adhering to the side of the tank, and standing out horizontally from it, a tawny *S. dianthus* spreads its feathery tuft, whilst pendant near it droop the long, drab, purple-tipped tentacles of *Anthea cereus*, an anemone which, though rather sensitive to change of temperature, is worth keeping on account of its graceful appearance. A purple star-fish wanders from place to place, and often makes the circuit of his domain in the course of a few hours. Poor fellow! he has been sadly maligned by the naturalists—he has been accused of wounding anemones, absorbing molluscs out of their shells, &c.—but I have never found him guilty of such misdemeanours; in fact, a lively blenny (who, by-the-by, is so tame that he will leap from the water like a trout to take food from my fingers) spends half his time in contact with him, and receives no injury. At the gravelly bottom, affixed to the shell of a long defunct whelk, two serpulæ show

their red coronals at the orifices of their twisted tubes, and a tiny madrepor, depositing his internal shell, or skeleton of mushroom-coral, exists, without power of locomotion, at the foot of a piece of rock. A little hermit-crab, selected for his mild disposition (there is a marked individuality of character even amongst these lower animals), is appointed scavenger-general to the community, and is assisted in his duties by a score of trochi, periwinkles and small limpets, who clean the windows, and get rid of the vegetable refuse.

As I am writing with my bowl near me, I will just go and look at my *Echinus*, and describe him. Why! he is gone! What can have become of him? Oh! I see. He is an artful fellow, this "sea-urchin" or "sea-hedgehog," and has a habit of playing at hide-and-seek with his master, by covering himself with pieces of weed, &c., which he holds fast by means of hair-like suckers, extended from minute holes in his thorny shield. A few days ago he shouldered an *Anthea*, and carried it about for some time; but on this occasion he had been overcunning, as tricky individuals often are. He had clothed himself in a coating of pebbles, which, however natural a disguise they might have been when he was crawling on the mimic beach, are likely to excite suspicion when seen climbing up a sheet of glass.

Probably I do not admire my tank and its occupants the less, that I have bestowed much care and attention upon them.

Enjoyment is always heightened in proportion to the difficulties we have surmounted in attaining to it. But, having acquired the experience necessary to success, one naturally asks one's self the question, "How could I have found any difficulty at all?"

Fearing that W. A. E.'s able letter may deter some of your young readers from experimenting on the possibility of keeping marine animals in tanks or bowls without changing the water in which they live,

I add a few practical suggestions, which, if carefully attended to, will, I think, enable them to maintain in their homes, far away from the sea, in the smoky metropolis, or the inland country town, illustrations of that wondrous balance of existence which evidences design in creation, and, consequently, an intelligent Creator.

For the history and philosophy of the Aquarium, I must refer them to the works of Mr. Gosse and others; but in case they may be unacquainted with the principles which are called into play, I will briefly mention that the air dissolved in water is found to consist of about twenty-nine parts of oxygen and seventy-one of nitrogen. This oxygen, by the respiration of fish, is converted into carbonic acid, a gas fatal to animal life; but "plants absorb the carbonic acid, and appropriating and solidifying the carbon of the gaseous compound for the construction of their proper tissues, eliminate the oxygen ready again to sustain the health of fish." *

A propagating-glass turned upside down, and fitted with a wooden stand or foot, makes a convenient and inexpensive tank to commence with; and, in order that my instructions may be the more definite and comprehensible, I shall restrict myself to a description of this form of vessel.

Procure, then, one of these bowls, from fourteen to eighteen inches in diameter, at the bottom of it spread three or four quarts of small shingle (not sand), previously *well* washed, and place in the centre a rough block of granite, or any non-metallic rock, which should stand up in it six or eight inches. A solid lump of stone is far handsomer and more tasteful than the formal arches made of cement, or of stones built together, which are sometimes used, and is, besides, *less likely* to impregnate the water with injurious

* Mr. Warrington's Lecture at the Royal Institution, March 27, '867.

salts. The lime contained in plaster and cement is sure to cause the death of some of the animals, and is very difficult to be got rid of, even after many months soaking in water.

A bowl of the above-mentioned size will hold from four to six gallons. Fill it to within three inches of the brim with *real*, not artificial sea-water. The latter, being destitute of the animalcules which are the principal food of the anemones, &c., is not in a condition fit for the support of marine animals until it has been prepared for their reception by sea-weed in a growing state having been first kept in it; and this process of preparation I have generally found to require a much longer time than that mentioned by Mr. Gosse.*

The water of the ocean teems with minute organisms—animal and vegetable—and is consequently ready for immediate use; and as this can be procured in London for 6*d.* per gallon, of Mr. Lloyd, 19 and 20, Portland-road, Regent's-park,† it is not much more expensive than the artificial, which costs 4*d.* per gallon, and gives in unskilful hands but unsatisfactory results.

Your bowl is now ready to receive some of its future inhabitants. First place in it two pieces of the common green weed, *Enteromorpha intestinalis*, *E. compressa*, or *Ulva latissima*, (the first is the best, but either will do),—growing on stones about as broad as a crown-piece. The brown weeds are worse than useless—they slough away and defile the water; and the red ones will not live in a newly-established tank. If you have sufficient patience, refrain from introducing any animals for a fortnight. By that time the

* It is prudent, however, to keep a few ounces of sea-water powder at hand, in case of any immediate requirement. It is sold, with instructions for its use, by Mr. Bolton, chemist, 146, Holborn Bars, and should be kept in a stoppered bottle, as it is deliquescent.

† A stone-ware bottle which has never contained spirits is the best vessel to bring it home in.

water will be full of the spores of the weed, and the rock in the centre will probably show signs of being soon covered with young home-grown plants. Most beginners, however, are eager to see something alive in their new aquarium. Those who are so may put into it immediately one or two specimens of the hardier kinds of anemones, such as *Actinia mesembryanthemum*, *Sagartia viduata* (*anguicoma*) and *S. troglodytes*, with two or three periwinkles; but in that case they will find it expedient to aërate the water daily for a week or two, by dipping some out in a tumbler, or small jug, and pouring it back again till it froths. Artificial aëration ought not to be requisite, although the animals are evidently refreshed by an occasional agitation of the water. Syringes, and half the other paraphernalia recommended by the sellers of them, are unnecessary.

The aquarium thoroughly established, you may gradually introduce other varieties, taking care that they are such as will "live and let live." Anemones of the various kinds, madrepores, serpulæ, sea-cucumbers, and one or two sorts of star-fish may be kept together; but crabs and prawns should be placed in a separate vessel, as the sharp claws of the former are apt to wound the soft-bodied animals, and the prawns are continually getting entangled amongst the tentacles of the anemones. One animal of moderate size to each gallon of water will be sufficient for the first six weeks; by the end of the third month that number may be doubled, and may afterwards be gradually increased until a proportion is reached of three such creatures to a gallon, in addition to a dozen or so of the scavengers I have mentioned; who by their voracity will prevent the accumulation of decaying vegetable matter. The beautiful *Bunodes crassicornis* (the sea-carnation of your contributor) soon dies in captivity; he is a gross feeder, and thrives best in places on the shore, where town-drainage

flows into the sea. Crabs and crustaceans of all kinds should be fed every alternate day with small particles of meat, but the anemones seldom require it, because, if all goes on well, entomostraca and other small organisms are generated in abundance, and supply them with sufficient nourishment. The bowl should be shaded from the rays of the sun, and even from full daylight, and should be kept at as even a temperature as possible, say from 50° to 70° Fahrenheit.

Dead animals, and loose floating weed should be immediately removed.

By attending to the above directions, anyone may be as successful as I have been; but if, *after having carefully followed them*, any of your friends meet with difficulties for which they cannot account, I shall be happy to reply to questions forwarded through you—with one proviso, and that is, that Orris will screen me from the anger of sea-side lodging-house-keepers: as a body, they “can’t a-bear them nasty polypuses,” and have little sympathy with a science whose votaries encumber their sitting-rooms with foot-baths and baking-dishes.

Yours very sincerely,

L. H.



ADDENDA TO CHAPTERS ON MEMORY.

I HAVE been asked to supply a few more rhymed dates, and also to suggest any other aids to the memory in recollecting the periods of particular events that may have occurred to me. I now proceed to do this as briefly as I may, but must repeat a warning previously given, namely, that dates arranged by another person are easily forgotten, compared with those which all, if they will, may arrange for themselves.

One easy method for recollecting dates is to start from some one which we know so well, that nothing can make us hesitate about it, and use it as a starting point from which to calculate others; thus we all know the date of the battle of Waterloo, that it was fought in 1815,—the 18th of June, 1815;—taking this event as our starting point, let us look back and see whether any other great events happened at about the corresponding year in previous centuries. The battle of Waterloo was a great struggle for liberty and independence: we look back, and we find that six centuries before another great victory was won by Englishmen in that time of year, in the reign of King John, for on the 15th of June, 1215, he signed Magna Charta at Runnymede. These two great events, then, we will take as the first and the last of our group, and will now try whether in the clear six hundred years between them we can find important events falling on about the same years of the intervening centuries. This we can do. Our first two events chiefly concern us as Englishmen, the next two chiefly relate to Scotland. In 1715, the Scottish rebellion in favour of the Pretender broke out, and the battles of Preston, Dunblane, and Sheriffmuir, were fought; this disastrous and unsuccessful rising was quelled in little more than a twelvemonth. Still keeping one century within the two outposts, we find that scarcely one hundred years after the signing of Magna Charta, the Scots brought a more just rising to a successful and glorious termination; for on the 25th of June, 1314, was fought the battle of Bannockburn, in which, though the army of Bruce consisted but of 30,000 men, and that of Edward of 100,000 English, more than 50,000 of whom were archers, the rout of the latter was complete, the king narrowly escaped, and 50,000 English were killed or taken prisoners.

Proceeding backwards from Waterloo we come to the early portion of the 17th century; and at the particular date that we want we find James I. trying, but in a very half-hearted manner, to promote something like a union between the Protestant Church, as established in England, and some of its sister communities abroad—the attempt came to nothing; and meanwhile the Treaty of Bohemia *was violated*, and the irritation of the Protestants and Catholics increased till the Bohemians were driven to take up arms.

This was in 1618, and two years after, the battle of Prague was fought and lost by the Bohemians, under Frederic the Fifth of the Palatinate (James's son-in-law). Thus the Protestant cause was ruined in Bohemia, and very much owing to the vacillation and weakness of James.

We now go back to 1415, which causes us no trouble; it is the date of the battle of Agincourt. We next require a central event for the same period in the 16th century, and find that we have lighted on the era of the Reformation, about 1515. Luther was appointed (being then in high favour with his superiors in the Roman Catholic church) to examine into the state of the Saxon monasteries. In this examination, he laid up that knowledge concerning the principles and practices of their inmates, which he afterwards used with such great effect; it was the commencement of his great career, and only two years after he began to protest against the sale of indulgences.

Let us now arrange our dates: five of them can give us no trouble whatever, as we know the date that we are to start from; the other two we must fix in our memories carefully; but they will not easily escape it, as we know that they must keep very close to their congeners.

Battle of Waterloo	June, 1815
Magna Charta	June, 1215
Scots' Rebellion	1715
Scots' victory of Bannockburn	1314
Commencement of Thirty Years' War	1618
Battle of Agincourt	1415
Era of the Reformation	1515

It must always be remembered that it is of no use to group dates thus, unless we have a starting point that we cannot forget, such as our own birthday or that of a relative, —some event that happened within our own memories; or, again, such a day as that of Waterloo.

If, however, we happen to remember that the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed in April, 1829, we may make sure of remembering ever after that exactly 400 years before that date, Joan of Arc raised the siege of Orleans, namely, in April, 1429.

1529 is the date of the Edict of Worms, against which the Lutherans protested, and hence the name of Protestant.
 1629 brought the struggles of the Huguenots to a close.

in France : an unsuccessful expedition was sent over from England to assist them, but they were disarmed, and the town of Rochelle reduced.

1729 is the date of the Treaty of Seville.

There is no need to give further examples of this mode of assisting memory. I may now pass to the rhyming lines, which appear to be desired by some who do not like the trouble of making them; and had better mention, in passing, that it is always well, when a date comes *very near* the Christian era, so that it is easy to forget whether it was before or after the birth of Christ, to indicate this by the initial letters B.C. or A.D. in the second line.

Thus, Julius Cæsar landed in Britain 55 years B.C.; here is a rhyme which records this fact:—

Land, land, imperial one,
Better Cæsar rule than none.

But Cæsar, as we know, did not conquer the country; this was accomplished by Agricola, A.D. 85. We should, therefore, place the letters A.D. in the second line, somewhat as follows:—

Barbèd arrows, light as air,
Agricola Did not scare.

The next event in the history of Britain, the date of which we may wish to remember, is, perhaps, the retirement of the Romans and the coming of the Saxons, they having been expressly invited by the Britons to help them against their enemies the Picts; this being a date of three figures we can do without the pilot letters, and may express it thus:—

Rome requiring aid at home,
Romans go and Saxons come.

I shall not go on further with this commencement of dates from British history, but propose to the student to fill up the following list of the great poets of antiquity, finding for himself the periods when they flourished, and amplifying the number given as belonging to modern times, so much as he pleases:—

David flourished
Homer sang
Virgil read his Æneid before Augustus

Dante wrote his Inferno
 Chaucer died
 Shakespeare wrote
 Goethe lived, &c.

I give the first two dates as samples :—

Thy scatter'd lambs are left alone,
 O Shepherd bard, for Israel's throne !
 Ah, Poet strolling Greece ! you jest,
 For, still unconquer'd, Troy doth rest.

Or,

Among Poets sitteth crown'd
 The blind beggar-man renown'd.

Another method for bearing dates in the memory, when rhymes are inconvenient, is, to make two lines, each expressing it, thus,—Æschylus flourished about 486 years before Christ ; I may remember this fact thus :—

Read his Dramas—rude but dread.

With this example I conclude my remarks on Memory.



HINTS ON COMPOSITION.

BRILLIANCY.

HAVING attempted to describe and illustrate some of the chief merits of a good style of composition, I now reach a point at which I feel the great disadvantage under which I labour, that, namely, of having intentionally discarded all technical terms, and chosen to write in so simple and elementary a manner, that these hints shall be level to the comprehension of all intelligent young persons, including those who may not be well read even in English literature, who may

have scarcely noticed style before in its varied shades and infinite diversities, and who never read a book on rhetoric in their lives.

That I may still address such young persons, I must continue to write as if such books were yet unwritten, and as if such a science (as a science) was yet to be arranged. I will, therefore, include nearly all legitimate ornament under the name of brilliancy, and characterize it as that crown and completion of beauty and delightfulness, which can only be put on by those who possess all the before-mentioned requisites and merits of a good style. Nothing can be said to *wear* a crown that has not got a head—so no writer that has not power and intellect can adorn himself with real brilliancy. But if without *power*, a man cannot be brilliant, neither can he be without *clearness*; a clumsy sentence, a confused argument, a badly-expressed thought, though it should be adorned with the most exquisite imagery, the cleverest comparisons, the most poetical turns of speech, will not be brilliant, because these latter named ornaments flashing across the page like lightning will illuminate all its defects, and absolutely exhibit those demerits which but for them might not have been observed. So, without *simplicity*, brilliancy is unattainable—the ornaments of exquisite cadences, fine tropes, and high imagination, used by a man who is affected, half-hearted, not straightforward; a man who encumbers himself with long words, and is afraid of short sentences, will not be brilliant or beautiful, they will not be more than merely pretty things, not wrought into his work and parts of it, but jewels that he has put on and dressed himself up in.

We do not possess very many examples of this quality, which I will characterize as the perfection of the beautiful, and as resulting from high imagination, *combined with* passionate feeling. As might be *expected*, there are more instances to be found of it

among the poets than among the prose writers, partly, perhaps, because it cannot exist without a fine sense of fitness and a more than usually rich imagination. Now imagination is a very keen-sighted faculty, and a man who possesses it is able to see not only what beauty appertains to a person or a thing under its present circumstances, but what would belong to it if it could be placed in others more favourable to it;—when the rough diamond is shown to such a one, he knows perfectly, through that dim and lustreless grey, how liquid and how clear would be the shining of the stone, if its encrusting externals could be cleared away;—he sees, in short, below the surface, he loves to generalize; and going down to the roots and causes of things he is more able to love and make allowance than others are, and yet he perceives more defects in what is, as having learned more truly what MIGHT BE.

Thus we shall generally find that writers of this class, though they may be severe on particular individuals, feel for humanity in general a peculiar tenderness,—that feeling which is the opposite of personal attachment, and instead of pleasing itself with individual beauties and merits likes to contemplate the capabilities and love the characteristics of the race.

A finer instance of this tenderness for humanity could not be given than Milton's description of the temptation of Eve; he dwells with regretful mourning on her beauty, her innocence, her inexperience; and though her image was so strongly before him, he never speaks of her frailty as a loss to *him* or his generation, or as other than the universal frailty of mankind; “her *rash* hand,” are the hardest words he uses:—

“ Her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she ate !
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.”

Here we find the beauty greatly enhanced by the description of the affliction of Nature; for what the poet will not harshly blame, seeing that he is telling of the sin of his mother, he yet shows us the heinousness of, by describing its effects in the trembling of Creation with fear and sympathy.

But if a single poem had to be produced as approaching to the perfection of beauty, and combining in itself the fairest subject, the most exquisite of cadences, and the most beautiful adornments of imagery, perhaps Milton's poem "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" would be the best example in the language, the most perfect lyric both in structure and in feeling. What language can excel in music the following description of that pause of peace which the weary and blood-stained world enjoyed at the birth of the Prince of Peace?—

"No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood.
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

"But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave."

This, however, is not a poem which can be understood or appreciated without a great deal of study, and, perhaps, also without some higher perception of *the beautiful* than is shared by all. Its music all can *delight in*, but all are not cognizant of that marvellous

power of imagination, which could endow with life the "Moonèd Ashteroth," the "Sullen Moloch," and even the Lars and Lemures, and the Genius of the haunted spring, and bringing them vividly before us, describe their fear, and their departure from their shrines on the advent of the Messiah; because—

" They feel from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand."

How exquisite is the description of the discomfiture of the dark places of the earth and their fabled tenants, at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness—

" The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum,
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek, the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

" The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament,
From haunted spring and dale,
Edgèd with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn."

Scarcely less perfect in its way, and a fine example of brilliancy, is Tennyson's "Waking of Beauty," after her hundred years' sleep. The passing forward through the summer night of the "Fairy fated Prince," and the dreamlike repose that pervades the sunny palace; its silence, and that calm, which is disturbed by nothing but the dropping of a blossom on the still water, and the slow progress of the shadow on the dial, are given with extraordinary vividness, so much so as to oppress the mind with a sense of the necessity

of quietude, as if the spell was stealing over itself; but then the waking! Just as the poem and its scenery have come to a dead pause, how brilliant is the description of the touch that wakes her; how instinct with life and stir, and joyous motion, the flutter of winds, the chirping of birds, the leaping of the fountain, circumstance heaped on circumstance, till the mind is dazzled, and the effect is like successive flashes of summer lightning, quivering, glaring, and spreading in a dim sky after a still and sultry day.

Equally fine is that strange poem, "The Lady of Shalot;" here the wonderful vividness of the poet's imagination, and the reality he imparts to the picture he paints, enables his reader to take everything for granted, asking no questions: time, place, manner, causes, effects, and even the nature of the actors, all is given up into the poet's hands; we even accept as natural and possible the consciousness of the Fairy Lady as to her doom—"she had heard it said;" and the after-consciousness of the wandering knight that it had been fulfilled through him. The conclusion of the poem is a triumph of the composer's art, after the exquisite pictures of scenery, the careless jollity of the rider, the flowing on of the river, the despair of the lady, and the drifting down of the boat "into the town of many-towered Camelot,"—all is summed up in a few regretful words of quiet feeling—the knight secretly aware why the lady died,—“mused a little space,”

“He said she has a lovely face,
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The lady of Shalot.”

It is this unimpassioned reflection of the knight that gives the beautiful poem much of its suggestive power, and lifts it out of the region of romance *to take its place* among allegorical poetry—the *doomed lady* dies, and the ballad becomes tragic,

through the effect represented as following her death, an effect so slight, so consistent with the knight's repose—"He mused a little space!"

It will generally be found that a touch of nature such as this, some appeal to our humanity through its passions, its sorrows, and its feelings, is requisite in order to give the sense of delight and assent which we find in writings that we call brilliant; without it writings are merely powerful; they appeal to the intellect, and arise from it; but with it they reach something higher than reason, something that we know to be true without reasoning on it. Thus though the first of the following extracts from Taylor's Philip Van Artevelde is by far the most powerful piece of writing, and almost unrivalled in its way; the second makes the most impression, because of the exquisite reason, and yet no reason, that Clara Van Artevelde gives for not leaving her brother—"I've loved him much, and quarrelled with him oft."

(Philip Van Artevelde is speaking of the death of Launoy.)

I never look'd that he should live so long—
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seem'd to live by miracle: his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind,
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than him,
A thousand men more gloriously endow'd,
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes founder'd by a chance;
Whilst lighter barks push'd past them; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Here, during the siege, Clara declines to leave the apparently doomed city, where her brother is ; even though asked if he would not prefer to know that she had fled to a place of safety—

“No, sir, you mistake,
Knowing nor him nor me ; we two have grown
From birth on my side, boyhood upon his,
Inseparably together ; as two grafts
Out of the selfsame stock ; we’ve shared alike
The sun and shower, and all that Heaven hath sent us.
I’ve loved him much, and quarrell’d with him oft,
And all our loves and quarrels past are links
That no adversity shall e’er dissever.”

Of equal beauty is the speech of Van Artevelde, as at daybreak he surveys the sleeping city from the top of St. Nicholas’ steeple—

“There lies a sleeping city. God of dreams !
What an unreal and fantastic world
Is going on below !
Within the sweep of yon encircling wall,
How many a large creation of the night,
Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,
Peopled with busy transitory groups,
Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd.”

This last line shows how completely the power of imagination masters the speaker ; he feels so vividly the certainty of all those fantastic visions that floated then from the brains of the many sleepers, that for the moment it touches him with a sense of surprise and pleasure to think that the one phantasm will not jostle with or disturb the leisurely march of the other.

It is this peculiar sense of reality, this belief for the moment in the existence of what is seen with the mind’s eye, which has caused the feeling and the *saying* of all the finest and most brilliant thoughts in *our prose and verse*. How very vivid must have been *the picture* of the little brooding wren, in the imagi-

nation of Keats, as he saw her patiently sitting on her nest, through the dusk of the summer night; how completely he must have seen her with her bright glance directed to the yellow crescent as it sailed through the heavens, when he tells us that the image of the moon was reflected in her eyes. So, how thoroughly he must have felt the chill of the air and the freezing of the December snow; and how completely in his "Eve of St. Agnes," he must have forgotten himself in his story, this natural touch will prove—

"The owl, for all his feathers, was a'cold."

Wordsworth shows the same perfection of truth in imagination when he says,

"The swan on still St. Mary's lake,
Floats double, swan, and shadow."

So it would have floated, and so therefore the poet's imagination beheld it, not without its shadow.

But as power shows a mind excited to action, so brilliancy shows a mind excited to feeling, and grasping at everything, whether imagery, comparison, witty allusion, or humorous satire, in order to extend its feeling and make it known.

This quality we need not strive for; if it comes at all, it comes unbidden; but it is not very likely to come to us, "It needs not, however (as Göethe has said), that a man be an architect to live in a house," and it certainly needs not that we be brilliant writers, conversers, or thinkers, to appreciate the works of Landor, of De Quincy, of Dickens, of Macaulay, and a good many others, who belong to the brilliant order among prose writers. Neither should we fail to notice and analyse these works when we read them; for though we shall not rival them, we can appreciate best what we understand and study; and it always improves the taste to be conversant with good models. *We should in books imitate the taste of the Bedouin*

Arabs, who chose a very old ram whereon to feast, in preference to the lamb that Warburton offered, politely remarking, that the lamb having no sinues in it, the old ram would stand more chewing.*

In a future paper, I will endeavour to give some prose examples of brilliancy, and also of two of its branches—satire and wit.



EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL AND LETTERS OF THE REV. J. F. O.—(continued.)

January 10th.—"We are to sail for the Rio Negro settlement to-day. Sent luggage on board. Captain S. says, however, he will go to-morrow. Wrote him a letter to say I will not sail on Sunday. The Roman Catholic priest is decking the old church at Stanley with calico and images; thus the once Protestant church is converted in a few months' time into a mass house and temple for idols. Wrote to the governor protesting against the same.

January 11th.—To church twice. Met Mr. H., said to him, "How can I shake hands with you when you are setting up idolatry and mummary?" He very angry, but we parted amicably.

13th.—Embarked at noon on board the Nancy; heartily glad to see the open sea again after four months at Stanley.

14th—17th.—Fine weather—skies alter from perpetual cloud, as at Stanley, to constant blue or fine weather clouds; orange sunsets and red sunrise, and all the appearance of another latitude. I remarked the same on leaving England for the South. What is England but another Falkland, improved by cultivation and enriched by commerce?

Sunday, 18th.—No service on board, and unprofitable conversation; gave tracts to sailors, and had conversation with several.

Thursday, 22nd.—Fresh breeze, sky clear and beautiful; Orion, the Pleiades, the south crown and cross, the Magellan clouds all visible; some of these sink between home and here. At this time they see Orion at home.

Friday.—At daybreak sighted land N. of Rio Negro. The coast is a steep sandstone cliff, from the Straits of Magellan to the entrance of Rio Negro, uniform about 150 feet in height; level on the top; series of stratification are visible all along till lost in the distance. The entrance of the river is level, with sand hillocks.

Saturday, 24th.—I accompanied the mate to go up the river in the boat; the heat had opened her so much, that two out of the three were obliged to keep baling hard. I found it trying work for the first hour, as the day was very hot. Then I had to pull to cross the tide waves on the *bar*. Not a creature to be seen on shore. The pilot has a cottage near, and there is a fort; but no one appeared. It was near sunset, and the ship four miles off; we deliberated whether to go on shore or to return. We thought of Indians, of our leaky boat, and returned. The bay was ruffled by a gentle breeze, and the tide running in a swell. We had a delightful sail, and reached the ship in safety. Next morning we got under weigh to go in with the tide. Nothing could be more bright and cheering than the sunny scene. The verdant banks, the *quantas* (farms) here and there; flocks of wild birds; swans, ducks, terns, gulls, plover, vultures, and hawks, in great numbers. Pilot told us of an attack of 1000 Indians on his house in August last, four men resisted with muskets, killing forty Indians, several of them chiefs. Sailed slowly up the river, arrived at Carmen about five. All the people in holiday trim. The river is as broad as the Thames at London bridge. Current very rapid—water a red colour—there has been no rain here for three months.

Carmen contains about a hundred houses, such as they are. Its only pretension to architectural ornament is a tower in the fort, about thirty feet high. This is of stone and brick; the cupola is red. The bugle and fife frequently remind us that a garrison is here. The soldiers are said to be a ruffian and robber set, and the whole place bears a very bad name. I have suffered; my gun having been stolen from the boat one evening, when I was waiting to get on board. This is a great loss, as it is quite necessary to have

firearms in any excursion, for protection against wild animals and to procure food; the present state of this country is anything but secure; the Indians are two or three thousand strong in the vicinity. They come down, burn houses and crops; steal cattle, and kill all they can. I do not feel any fear of them; as far as I have seen, the Patagonians are more kindly disposed and generous than the Spaniards who inhabit the town. Such a dark ill-looking set as these last you can scarcely imagine. They carry huge knives, eighteen inches long in the blade, and upon any quarrel will use them. I saw one of these encounters, and expected to see bloodshed or loss of life, but the bystanders interfered.

Monday, 26th.—Went on shore; called on schoolmaster, and conversed with him; gave him a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel; walked out into the camp two or three miles, and gathered seeds of many plants. Sand covered with low shrubs or bushes, very thorny. I find seven different kinds with large spines, some of these several inches long. Even the herbs here are spiny, and the curse seems to rest upon the land.* Saw many of the burrowing owls, starlings, redbreasts, a little black bird with white wings, another with black, a bird like a swallow, with a very long tail, which is formed of two feathers, that it expands and closes like scissors. In the evening walked to the fort, and remained talking to the soldiers; spoke to a Negro cutting wood; told him tidings of salvation; he said, "May God give you much peace." I replied, "May God grant us both to believe in Jesus Christ, and to meet in life eternal." He had been thirty-two years here. As I waited for a boat a Negro was drawing water. He dashed it about, so as nearly to splash me, saying something about *Domingo*, which I understood to be a scoff, on account of my keeping the Sabbath. I had refused to go ashore to the races yesterday, and he laughed loud. I had scarcely sat down to tea, when news was brought that a man was drowned alongside. It was the poor Negro; he fell into deep water, was carried down by the current, and never rose.

I am now writing from PATAGONIA. This place (El Carmen), is a settlement of Spaniards, on the banks

of the Rio Negro. In five minutes I could be in the midst of the people, a mixed population of black, copper-coloured, and white. The first are Negroes, once slaves of the Spaniards, the second are Patagonian Indians, and the whites are Spaniards, with a few English. The appearance of the place is singular—it is built on the steep bank of the river, in a deep bend, so that every house is visible, one over the roof of the next below, and the fort crowns the ridge. The houses are of mud brick, grey and sombre looking. Fences and defences of rough, unequal sticks, give the place an unneat and foreign aspect; the absence of windows and chimneys, and the different style of buildings, sufficiently remind us of distance from home. The weather is very warm, yesterday was as hot as any day I felt while passing the equator; thermometer in the cabin 86° , which is ten degrees higher than we ever have in England. Hundreds of inhabitants were on the shores, under the shades of branching willows, gazing at us on our arrival. The majority were dark coloured; their dress, a shawl of dark blue or red, over the shoulders, hanging down nearly to the feet; round hat, or a roll of linen cloth on their head, white trousers, or a piece of scarlet cloth tied round the waist, completes their picturesque habiliments. The women are dressed nearly as in England, prints of light colours appear the favourite materials, with a shawl over the head, instead of a bonnet. El Carmen does not contain five hundred people.

Fruits of all kinds known in England grow here; apples, pears, plums, peaches, nectarines, apricots, grapes, melons, are ripe at this season, or a little later. Horses are the principal stock of the place; they are very good for riding; they resemble our coach horses in England, but the inroads of the Indians, and the requirements of the Buenos Ayrean government, have diminished their numbers.

Tuesday, 27th.—Mr. Harris took me in his cutter up the river. We had a pleasant sail. I was delighted to see green trees again, the first since leaving England, and abundant wild birds. The familiar swallow, too, flits in clouds, and the pigeons are in flocks, reminding us of home.

The town is more like an African, or Indian, town, than an English one. The religion is Roman Catholic, and I much fear there is little encouragement for a preacher of

the gospel. Harvest is just gathered; in fear of the Indians it is housed almost before ripe, but the heat makes this safer than it would be in England. I see no wheat stacks; the corn is cut short, and stowed in barns, as the Scripture shows was done in Palestine. I should suppose this country resembled Palestine in climate, perhaps not quite so hot; it is four degrees further from the equator. Were it truly Christian, it would be a delightful land, but cursed with sin, it is in poverty, and under oppression and fear.

Wednesday, 28th.—Captain H. (the Englishman mentioned by Darwin, as his guide to Bahia Blanca,) came on board, an old man and infirm; has had a stroke, and is almost childish. Indians have robbed him of all, cattle and houses. He has an estancia (farm) two miles distant; did not appear to remember much about the Beagle; but remembered Captains Darwin, Fitzroy, and Sullivan. In the evening walked out with my gun by the river on north bank; a fine extent of level ground. Cultivated corn-fields, with houses and orchards; no fruit ripe, melon gardens, figs, grapes, &c.; conversed with the Indians; told them about Captain Gardiner and the mission; seemed much interested; preached Christ to them, they manifested evident pleasure and tenderness of feeling.

Friday, 6th. — Commandante, his lady, and family, came on board, two girls about fifteen came with them. I could not talk much Spanish, so amused the children with my repeater, telescope, &c. Gave to the Commandante four Gospels, which he received, and expressed his pleasure that the inhabitants should also receive them. I gave to the children, with the two girls, five brooches, scissors, thimble, &c. The elder girls were servants; to the boys I gave knives.

February 11th.—I am now where I wish to be, sitting among the Patagonians, eating and drinking their usual food, on a log, under a roof of skins, before a fire. A man and two women, one old, the other young, are before me; they are precisely like what Captain Fitzroy pictures in his book.

12th.—Rode with J. to the lagoons; large trees, long grass, and many cattle. Visited the *toldos* of the Indians; in a clear space are three toldos, or huts of cowskin, stretched on poles. Present Ignacio Rublo, his mother

and a Patagonian female, dressed in the blue mantle with armlets and necklaces of blue and white beads. I entered, they prepared *matè* for me, and I talked of the mission, of England, of salvation, and read the New Testament to them. They showed much feeling. Tame ostriches are feeding outside the door. The man is very intelligent, and knows Spanish well; my vocabulary is well understood. Jose parted with me affectionately, saying, "Good bye, friend."



LOVING WORDS.

HOW great is the power of words! Through them, the soul gives utterance to its noblest thoughts, and deepest truths, and never do they fall from the lip, without producing a mighty influence, either for good or evil. How often has a sentence, simple as it may be, awakened feelings which had long lain dormant, and kindled in the breast those burning, uncontrollable emotions, which must develop themselves in earnest persevering effort. Such was the effect upon the brave and dauntless sons of Italy, when the words, "Remember, you are Romans," fell from the lips of their leader, and thus appealing to the highest, the cherished sentiment of their souls, they marched boldly to the charge, resolved "to conquer or to die." But there are other words, whose influence may not be so manifest, whose voice may not be so distinctly heard, but which nevertheless possess a power, which it were vain to limit. We speak of "loving words," for in this world of ours, where "the fairest flowers fall soonest from the stem, and brightest dreams fade soonest from the sight," we would fain listen to their tones of sympathy and affection. Ah, and we do hear them too, and earth looks not so dark and cheerless, and the future wears not such a boding, gloomy appearance, irradiated as they are by the bright beams of hope, which their voice has awakened.

“Loving words” fell from Immanuel’s lips—such as “spake to the heart alone.” We wonder not at the exclamation, “Never man spake as this man,” from those who were charged to arrest Him, but whose hands were powerless to do so foul a deed to One, whose language acted as a spell upon their spirits. His words were *potent*, for at their mighty bidding, death must restore her captives, and winds and waves be hushed to slumber; but they were loving too, for who shall know the tenderness of those, which the beloved disciple drank in, as he leaned on his breast at supper, or who tell the deep expressive meaning of the thrice repeated question, “Lovest thou me?” And his “loving words” are spoken to *all*! ’Tis true, we cannot climb the gentle slope of Olivet, or stand by the “calm blue waters of the Sea of Galilee,” and listen to the Saviour’s voice; but in the page of inspiration we can read his “loving words,” and feel that they are as truly spoken to us, as to those who hung on his lips when he talked to them on earth!

Dear reader! have you heard his voice speaking to *you*? The wish of your heart may be to share the sympathy of earthly friends. Oh! dwell upon those “loving words,” which your Brother addresses to you—your real, your heavenly Friend. Dark shadows may cast a gloom around your path in this life; but he longs to make you heir of a kingdom, whose brightness is never dimmed by cloud or shadow. You may mourn over the removal of beloved ones, and miss their tender care and loved voice, but he offers you his strong arm to lean upon, and his “loving words,” to soothe and cheer you, and will you refuse the priceless boon? You cannot hear his voice now, but if you accept of his offered mercy, you shall hear it soon, and who shall say how soon? Yet a little while, and the summons shall come for you to quit earth; the gates of heaven shall be unbarred, and through the open portals you shall see the streets of gold, all flooded in the light of him, who is the Sun of the celestial city. Yet a little while and the Saviour shall present himself to your admiring gaze, and upon your enraptured and spell-bound ear shall fall those “loving words,”—“Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter ye into the joy of your Lord.”

J. G.

PRIMROSES.

(FROM A CONTRIBUTOR.)

DROPS of paly gold,
 Where grace blots out the bold,
 Scatter'd o'er the wold,
 On an April night.
 Softly do ye glimmer,
 Faintly do ye shimmer,
 With a charm of might.

Under leafy screen,
 Where no rays have been,
 'Mid that sea of green,
 Ye contented bide.
 Pure as if Eden's bound
 Ye had outgrown, and found
 Homes on the sinner's side.

Now, in rich confusion,
 And in fond intrusion,
 Like some sweet illusion,
 Nursed, but sounded not;
 Then in eye of day,
 Along the beaten way,
 Fresh as in Dryad's grot.

There adown the river,
 When morn's first rays quiver,
 And the aspens shiver,
 In the cold fresh breeze.
 Here in gleamy glade,
 Borne to depths of shade
 Under beechen trees.

No, we cannot tarry,
 Far away ye carry,
 All who thoughts do marry
 Unto natural things.
 Fancy waves her censer,
 And we cannot answer
 Her imaginings.

We are gone to Eden,
 Whose paths the Angels tread on,
 To the dew that bead on
 All the flowerets there.
 By that earliest bower,
 We greet your starry flower,
 Simple, rich, and fair.

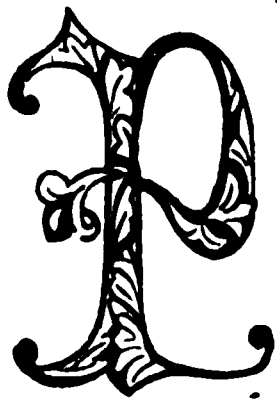
'Mid the song bird's gushes,
 And the river's rushes,
 The first matron brushes
 Your brows with footsteps bare.
 And on the late drenched earth,
 We note your second birth,
 And blooming debonnair.

And we are gone with them,
 Of old Jerusalem,
 That 'neath the dark tree's stem,
 Slept on oppress'd with fears;
 O, flowers, if ye were there,
 Ye heard the last dread prayer,
 Ye felt Messiah's tears.

Blessings on your race !
 Like a rim of grace,
 Dropt from an holier place,
 Beneath the throne :
 Lo, when rainbows rest,
 We look to find your crest,
 Where doubt is none.

Ye are like a smile,
 Where there's nought of guile,
 Nothing to defile,
 In your soft clear eye ;
 When the earth is new,
 And there's nought untrue,
 Ye need not fly !

ON PROPER NAMES.



URSUIING the train of inquiry elicited by compounds of the word "cold," it may have struck some of our readers that the local name of "Cold Harbour," is very prevalent. The word "harbour" is, in reality, of military signification, as it signifies the Burg, or Fortification, Abiding-place, of the Haar, or Army, of our Saxon forefathers. But the word "Cold Harbour" need not, necessarily, apply to all stations in lonely places, once appropriated to the migratory hordes of the Saxon or Dane. A rude hut, built of stones or slate, used often to be erected by the roadside on those great tracks, such as the Watling or Ryknield Streets, by which England was intersected by the work of the Roman conqueror. England was then, of course, much less populous; towns were smaller, and more remote from each other. Roadside inns were of rare occurrence, and some shelter for the head of the traveller was necessary. That shelter was supplied, as in the Highland Shealing, by these roughly-built caravanserais; but there were no servants, no bustling landlords, no officious ostlers. The traveller found a shelter, but provided his own food; and the whistling wind and the pelting rain, trying every crevice of his resting-place, made, no doubt, that resting-place, at the best, a very chill and "cold harbour."

There is a strange natural breakwater along the Dorset coast, called "Chiselbank." The word is at first sight very unenglish in look: but the German word "Kiesel," or "pebble, gravel," explains the mystery, when we find that this long tongue of land, jutting out into the sea, and hiding behind it another inland sea, is composed entirely of shingly pebble. The word has passed away, but the fact remains. A common word applied to hills of a rounded form in the midland counties and the north of England is "cop." This is a word common to a great many languages. The Latin "caput," "a head," is said to have given its origin to the celebrated capitol, or fortress, of Rome; a human head being discovered in digging its foundations. *But the Romans, judging from Cicero, did not display*

much talent in derivation, and the word "Capitol," like the Greek "Acropolis," may easily be referred to its high and commanding situation. The Greeks have the word *Kephalē*, the first syllable of which is akin to the above word "Caput." The old phrase of the Norman knight armed "Cap-à-piè," that is,

"From head to foot in complete steel,"

gives us the word again. "Cape" is not only a *headland*, but was once applied to *head-dresses*; "Chaperon," the indispensable guardian attendant of modern fashionables in their entry into the "gay world," was originally the *hood*, ("hoved" is Saxon for "head,") or covering of our forefathers. The common Musical term—"Da capo," "Over again," (literally "from the head,") shows the Italian cognate form. "Cabo" is the Spanish word for the same thing, derived from the Latin "Caput," before mentioned: and as we take many of our nautical phrases from the Spanish mariner, (such as cargo, "a load,") we may observe that "Caboose," or "Cabin," is of Spanish origin. A "Chaplet" is a wreath for the *head*, from the same source "Cap:" but "Cop," of which we speak, is rather Dutch than Latin. "Kopf," is the German form for the same thing: and the word "Cop," supplies us with as many derivations as the late-latin "Cappa," or the Norman "Cap." Birmingham is paved in many places with *round* pebbles of most murderous intentions towards neat's leather, and these round pebbles are called "Coggle," or "Cobble." The cob-nut is a large *round* nut. "Cobble coal," (or, as it is pronounced in the Yorkshire dialect "Cobble coil,) is *round* coal, easily employed in raising a good fire. A cob is a stout *round* pony. The coping stone of a building is the stone that *crowns* the work, and covers in the whole: and the name of Coplestone is celebrated in the history of Devonshire, as witness the distich which boasts of Præ-Normanite families—

"Croker, Cruwys, and Copplestone,
When the Conqueror came, were all at home."

The word "King" has been closely intertwined in our English names of places. Although variously spelt as *Cunningham*, *Conington*, *Coningsby*, &c., the signification is the same; and as the Saxon kings were numerous, and ever changing, and merely petty princes in general, we

find England sown broadcast with traces of their kingly residences. The word "Cunning" is no other than "King"—the German König, the Danish "Kong." The fact may, at first sight, appear strange; but so it is: the word has lost its primary signification of "Strong and powerful," and has degenerated into the low position it now holds, the attribute of the stealthy fox, rather than that of the majestic lion. Yet we find in Archbishop Cranmer's translation of the Psalms, annexed to the Church of England Prayer Book—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her *cunning*!" Our modern word "knowing," has also undergone the same fall, and no longer means "wise or learned:" and the "cunning artificer," the "cunning worker in brass or iron," no longer would accept the appellation as a compliment to his skill in his peculiar branch of art. The origin, therefore, of King, by no means sounds regal: but "Emperor" was originally "Imperator," a mere generalissimo, commander-in-chief of an army: and it fell to the lot of Caius Julius Cæsar to make the name the object of such rivalry and ambition, as we see in the history of our own times.

The Danish form "Kong" lurks under the well-known Conger Eel. This eel is of unusually large dimensions, and has thence been ennobled by a royal title, as the word in Danish "Konger Aal," means King Eel: a descendant, doubtless, of the old Kraken, or Sea Serpents, which terrified even the bold Sea-Kings of Antiquity, seen afar off in the rocky fiords and havens of the rugged Norsk coast, as they

"Lay, floating many a rood."

Kingston, near Hampton Court, was once a royal residence, and four Saxon kings there received the golden circlet, which was to them an ensign of their high dignity. Congleton, in Cheshire, has probably the same meaning, under a different mode of spelling: but the word "Congl," in Welsh, signifies "a Nook," which may possibly have given its name to this locality. The Scotch "Canny" is akin to the Saxon "Coning," and has attended the word in its fall, owing to the law which appears to govern the commonwealth of languages; a law which raises and depresses its subjects with the arbitrary decision of an absolute monarch, or Czar of all the Russias.

We have already noticed that Don is of wide-spread descent. Autun, in France (of which city the too well-known Talleyrand was bishop), was originally the more lengthy Augustodunum. Sebastopol has exactly the same meaning, being the August City, or Royal Town. Augustus was termed by the Greeks, "Sebastus." The high sand hills, which form a natural barrier to the encroachments of the sea upon the north coast of France, are called Les Dunes. So, in England, we have immediately opposite to these Dunes, our own "Downs." In Wales we find "Dinas," a common word for an elevated fortress, or stronghold, as "Dinas Mowddy." In Scotland and Ireland, the word usually becomes modified into Dun, such as Dunsinane, where Macbeth usurped the crown of Duncan, until

"The moving wood did come to Dunsinane,"

or Dunfermling, the scene of the ballad of Sir Patrick Spence—

"The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the bluid red wine—
Says, 'Quhar shall I get a good sailor,
To sail this ship of mine?'"

But as we have already slightly touched on this subject, we will proceed to the word "Dod," which exercises great influence on the subjects of our present study. The names of Tatenhill Corner, Dodsley, Totterdown, Tottenham, Tettershall, appear to be by no means nearly related; but a heathen god, "Dod or 'Thoth," supplies the key of the mystery. Teutates is said to have been worshipped by the northern nations of Europe, as "Thoth" was an object of adoration to the "Wisdom of Egypt," in the time of Joseph and of Moses. Rude and barbarous nations, even in our times, as the New Zealanders, or the more benighted Hindoo—

"Bow down to wood and stone,"

but the prevailing temper of the Saxon appears most plainly in words connected with one or other of his gods, especially Thoth or Dod. Thus we have Doddridge (a name well known to all serious readers), "the Ridge of Dod." We have Dodsley, the meadowland of Dod. Odstock *is the Stow*, or residence, of the same god. Totterdown, *near Marlborough*, and Tottenham Park, *near the same town*, both point to the worship of this god, either under

the Druids, or the pagan Saxon. Saxon and Druid, Celt and Teuton, agreed to make the same false god the object of their worship, and "their foolish heart being darkened that they should believe a lie," we find every county of England bearing witness to the far-spreading idolatrous habits of our first ancestors. Wodin and Thor, Thor chiefly, have left deep traces behind them of their former celebrity; but the Egyptian Thoth has exceeded all other false gods in leaving a name behind, to be decyphered by antiquarians, and those who take pleasure in tracking the vestiges of by-gone ages. When, however, the modern reader opens the pages of Doddridge, or those of Dodsley (once a footman), or reads the Beauties of Shakspeare, collected by (we may say in charity) the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, he may pause to consider how like Athens of old our present Christian land was once "wholly given to idolatry, and the worship of dumbidols which turn to their own decay." Such a thought should lead to increased thankfulness for the blessings of gospel revelation; increased thoughtfulness for the value of the clearness of light in which *we* are permitted to walk; and increased care and vigilance in the use we make of the means vouchsafed us from on high.

Dean, like Don, is of British or Celtic origin. Arden is the present form of the old "*Arduenna Sylva*" of Cæsar. Henley in Arden, and Hampton in Arden, still keep up the old "time-honoured" name. Shakspeare places the scenes of "*As you like it*," (scenes of old forest life, healthy both in body and mind,) in an Arden of his own creation. But Shakspeare was a Warwickshire man, and in Warwickshire the name still survives, unaltered by change of nations succeeding each other; and the pleasant glades and leafy recesses of the Arden of his time (250 years ago) may, probably, have caused a confusion between the Ardenne of Hainault, and the Arden of a central county of our "Merry England." Clifden, a beautiful wooded bank of trees, some hundred feet high, overlooking the Thames near Maidenhead, explains the term excellently. It is the "Cliff-dean," or wood on the chalk cliffs, that here and there peep through the dense masses of verdure that now crest the heights of Cookham, "and crown the watery glade;" and beautiful, indeed, worthy of a poet's song, are those pleasant places—

" Whose woods, whose shades, whose bowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way,"

as Gray has said of Eton and Windsor, not far from the heights of Clifden.

The Forest of Dean leads the thoughts away to the denizens of the woods in olden times: to the bear, and boar, and stag of ten tyne, which once stalked under the shade of the mighty forests celebrated in ancient song. Derby owes its name to the Saxon, or Danish, "Deoraby," "the town of the wild beasts," that once held sway in Chamwood, at one time close to Derby. The word "Deer" has greatly changed and narrowed its signification since the times of the Saxon; and the word is one of those which help to connect the languages of Europe by a few common ties. The Latin "fera," the Greek "theor," the German "thier," and the Swedish "diur," all consent in giving a name to "*wild* animals," which runs through most European dialects. William the Conqueror, we are told by a Saxon monk, (who helped, as far as in him lay, to hand down to future detestation the haughty unyielding Norman,) "loved the wild deer as if he were their father." To such an overwhelming and engrossing love for the chase we owe New Forest, in Hampshire, said by some to have been once the fertile abode of sixty different and populous villages of Saxon subjects. Dering, or "the wildbeast meadow," is, again, the name of an old Kentish family, who bear for their arms the White Horse of the Saxons, still the arms of Hanover, and so often carved on the turf of our English downs, more or less artistically. The White Horse, cut in the chalk of the hills which look down upon Wantage, and the Vale of the White Horse, to which it supplies a name, is very rudely though gigantically traced: but Alfred, born at Wantage, must have often looked up and gazed proudly upon this trophy of a great victory over the "fiery-tressed Dane," the sworn foe of the peace of Engle-land. The proud meaning of that rough outline on the chalk, which may be seen at this day, must have compensated for its want of polished symmetry.

The natural position of places has often helped them to a name; but the name has often become unintelligible from change in orthography. Such is the case with Drayton and Draycot, the Dry Town, or Enclosure, and the Dry Cottage.

Westly, *Waterlegh*, points out the fact more clearly; and makes us wonder at so many abodes pitched on spots which promised so little, upon our ancestors' own confession; "their lines" do not always appear to have "fallen in pleasant places," even in the "goodly heritage" of the land of England. "Dry" is nearly as common an adjective as "Cold" in our English names; "Dryden," was once called "Driden:" and a Northampton baronet, Sir Erasmus Driden, was father to the poet, whose strong and manly English is inseparably connected with the fame of our mother tongue.

E. R. P.

LETTER TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

DOING GOOD.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,—Regarding you as now fully enlisted in the army of Christ, I desire to devote this letter to the consideration of some of those ways of doing good to others, in which young Christians in the present day are called to take part.

I cannot doubt that it is your earnest wish to be useful to others. No Christian should be idle. Our blessed Redemer "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," "and the love of Christ constrains" all his true disciples to "live not unto themselves, but to him that died for them." We have first to believe in Jesus Christ, for our own salvation. Having believed, we are called to rejoice in him; and "the joy of the Lord is our strength," not for self-gratification, but that we may work for him as his faithful servants. He says to each one of us, "Son, daughter, go work to-day in my vineyard." We are to work—to work to-day, as long as it is called to-day. We are to work in his vineyard, to be employed in spiritual labour. We are to work for God—not for wages, but

from love, for love is the strongest incentive to duty, and makes labour light.

Although I am going to write to you about works of mercy abroad, outside the domestic circle, yet I do not wish you to imagine that it is necessary to leave one's own home in order to be useful. Piety, like charity, begins *at home*; and its first and best field ever lies in the performance of domestic duties towards those who are related to us by the ties of kindred and affection. If we neglect our duty to those of our own house, we shall in vain plead as an excuse that we have been diligent in out-of-door labours, and have gone about doing good in a wider and more public sphere of usefulness.

At some future opportunity I may enter more particularly upon the subject of home duties, to which I hope you are not inattentive; for the present I must confine myself to the question which I think will naturally arise in your mind—What good works are suitable for your tender age; and in what way, with your parents' consent, you may best employ the talents entrusted to you for God's glory and the benefit of others?

The first field of usefulness which I would recommend you to cultivate is the *Sunday School*. The instruction of the young is a delightful method of employing our time in the Lord's service, and in obedience to the command of Christ, "Feed my lambs." In this way, those who possess a little knowledge of spiritual truth may impart of that little to those who have none. When the woman of Samaria had received a taste of the "living waters" from the lips of the Lord Jesus, she directly hastened to tell others of her happiness, and invite them to share in it. "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" The little maid from the *land of Israel* could instruct Naaman's wife in the *privileges* of the Lord's people; and much more may

a young disciple of the Lord Jesus instruct a class of little children in those precious truths which she has known and believed, and whose power she has felt in her own heart. Nor must we forget that, however small the amount of religious knowledge which you can impart, it is not to be despised. The "one talent" is not to be hid in the earth. While you are watering others, your own soul will be watered and refreshed; and the "cup of cold water" given to one of Christ's little ones will not "lose its reward."

But while you are thus teaching others, be sure that you are yourself "sitting," like Mary, "at the feet of Jesus." Exercise daily self-denial and self-sacrifice, and give yourself heartily to the work. It requires much patience and perseverance. Sympathise with your children, and encourage them in their attendance. Do not "despise the day of small things." Be hopeful and affectionate in all your intercourse with them. Visit them at their own homes; watch over their ways; win their affections. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." Tell them of the love of Jesus; lead them to the Good Shepherd; but let not your teaching grow to a preaching exercise. Remember that children want *instruction* more than *excitement*. Give them "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Pour into their little minds the precious lessons of God's word, drop by drop, as they are able to bear it; and trust the Lord to make the seed spring up and bear fruit in due season.

Another way of doing good is *visiting* the cottages of the poor, for the purpose of inquiring into and relieving their wants, reading to them the Holy Scriptures—especially to the sick and aged—and lending to them religious tracts and books of a pious and profitable character. This is a ministry which requires considerable prudence, and should not be entered upon by very young Christians without the advice and

superintendence of an experienced friend. But when the way is open, the benefits of such intercourse with the humbler class, especially the religious poor, are unspeakable. This beneficial influence is set forth in a very engaging and impressive manner in a beautiful work, with which, I dare say, you are acquainted—"Ministering Children." You must not regard that interesting volume as a mere creation of fancy. Be assured that many an "Old Willy" lies concealed, like a gem in the caves of ocean, to be discovered and brought to light by the diligent researches of the loving visitor. What Christian heart would not leap for joy at stumbling upon such a treasure? And should you for a time be disappointed in your search, and meet with nothing but dulness and indifference in your visits, be not disheartened. Should the seed fall upon soil that looks dry as the "wayside," and hard as the "stony-ground," remember Who can change the stony heart and make it good ground. A still higher honour and happiness may await you in your visits of mercy. Like Mary Clifford, you may be the favoured instrument, under God, of "converting a sinner from the error of his ways, and saving a soul from death."

A third mode of employing yourself for God is by *collecting* contributions for religious objects, and especially for the support of *Missions* to the heathen and the Jews. This is a work which some people think is not suitable for *young* Christians; but my own experience leads me to a different conclusion. While I admit that there are other ways of doing good less liable to objection and abuse than this, I cannot but think that a young Christian, arrived at your age, is the very person whom the wise and faithful pastor would wish to engage as a *missionary collector*. It is a work which requires leisure, and a touch of enthusiasm—both of which are found most readily in youth. What truly Christian heart has not warmed

at the relation of missionary labour and enterprise, and does not long to help forward the cause of the Redeemer, and make known his saving name to those who are dwelling in heathen darkness?

I was much struck by an anecdote I lately heard of a poor errand-boy, who, having been provided one morning with a good and abundant breakfast, could not be persuaded to partake of it; and when his master asked the reason of his strange conduct, he replied, that he could not bear to take all that good meal himself, while his poor father and mother had not a mouthful of food. That boy is now engaged as a missionary in Africa; and surely that is the true missionary spirit, which refuses to eat its morsel alone, and teaches us to love our neighbour as ourselves, and impart freely to others what God has bestowed so liberally upon us. 2 Kings vii. 9.

But while I invite you to assist in doing good as a Sunday-school teacher, a district visitor, and a missionary collector, I would offer a few suggestions respecting the spirit and manner in which you should go about these blessed labours of love.

Be careful to *avoid ostentation*. Modesty and gentleness are the loveliest ornaments of the female sex, and no activity in doing good can compensate for the loss of these Christian graces. A bold, forward, obtrusive manner, an air of self-conceit and pride, or a gossiping, roving habit, would, indeed, be a serious drawback upon your religious character. Be modest, retiring, and unassuming in your manners; avoid all forwardness of carriage in your intercourse with the other sex; cultivate a meek and lowly spirit, like your blessed Lord; and be careful never to make your religious occupations an excuse for neglecting any of your home duties, and being inattentive to the happiness and comfort of those in your own circle.

Let me also urge you, my dear young friend, to watch over the purity of your motives, and the state of your heart; for as our motives are such is the quality

of our actions. Take care that you are not influenced by the love of praise, the excitement of religious dissipation, the example and wishes of your friends, or the opinion of men. Some of these motives may be allowable in their places, but none of them are, of themselves, sufficient and satisfactory. Bring all your motives to the balance of the sanctuary, and weigh them there. Ask yourself, Am I influenced by the love of Christ constraining me? Do I feel the value of my own soul, and am I anxious to do good to the souls of others? Do I realize the shortness of time? Am I working for God—to please him, and promote his glory? These are close, searching questions; but do not shrink from them. It is good to probe the heart to the quick. This may be painful, humbling work, but it is safe and healthy. It brings us to the foot of the Cross, and makes us feel more our own weakness and unworthiness, and “go forth in the strength of the Lord, making mention of his righteousness only.”

I am afraid of tiring you; but there is one remark more which I must add—it shall be in a few words only. Go to your work always in the spirit of *prayer*. Whether you are about to teach your class in the Sunday-school, to visit a sick person in your district, to leave a tract in the dwelling of a labouring man, or to collect funds for some Missionary Society, retire beforehand to your closet, fall on your knees before God, and pour out your heart to the Lord for his strengthened blessing on your work. Thus prepared you will be from above for each arduous duty; you will be preserved from the dangers of self-confidence and the snares of Satan, your soul will be kept in communion with the Lord, and his Holy Spirit will prosper the work which you have in hand. John xv. 16.

Commending you to the Lord,

I remain, my dear Euphemia,

Your affectionate Friend,

R. W.

FOULNESS.

ON the south-eastern extremity of the coast of Essex is a low, flat island, called "Foulness." On this island, which contains about five hundred inhabitants, is neither tree nor hedge, but there is a pretty little church, and there are many wild flowers scattered over its level fields.

There is an isle, a lonely isle,
No Muse has sung its fame,
Nor Minstrel ever deign'd to breathe
Its unpoetic name.

No coral reef surrounds its shore,
No palms their foliage wave,
No giant oak uplifts its head,
The frequent storm to brave.

With lowly herbage overspread,
Nor tree nor bush in view ;
So look'd to Noah the fresh green Earth,
Ere yet her forests grew.

The cuckoo vainly here might seek
Some dupe to rear her young,
The ring-dove finds no sheltering nook,
These leafless fields among.

No tiny nest of crested wren
These islanders may see ;
A squirrel scarce could find a home,
If squirrel here there be.

Yet though the cooing of the dove,
The cuckoo's vernal note,
The merry chirp of tiny wren,
Or blackbird's mellow throat,

Were never yet in concert heard
To glad this islet drear,
Yet many a pleasant, soothing sound
Delights the dwellers here.

Is not their childhood's voice as sweet,
Their sabbath bell as clear ?
Do not their hearts as kindly beat
When " Welcome home " they hear ?

Do they not list the cheerful lark,—
 The warbler of the reed,—
 The wailing gull, the humming bee—
 That vintner of the mead?

The dipping oar that blends its stroke
 With ripple of the tide—
 The echo of the sunset gun
 Across the Channel wide?

Then deem not any spot unblest,
 Or lost to nature's smile,
 While all these dear-loved sounds are heard
 To glad that lonely isle. M.



REVIEWS.

PLAIN SUNDAY READINGS FOR PLOUGHBOYS. James Nisbet and Co.

TEXTS AND HYMNS SELECTED FOR CHILDREN. Hamilton Adams and Co.

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT. Nisbet and Co.

PLAIN SUNDAY READINGS FOR PLOUGHBOYS is, as its name promises, very plain, and has that simple common-sense about it, and that sobriety of expression which makes it likely to be useful among the poor who are engaged in agriculture. That these require to be dealt with quite differently to the inhabitants of towns, must be evident to all who are conversant with their minds, habits, and modes of thought. There is a shrewdness about youth who have lived in great cities, a keenness of observation, and a degree of knowledge, which makes it needful, in writing on moral points for them, to change nothing but the language used; for when this has been simplified the words confined to those in common use, and the sentences rendered short and direct, the matter will be as level to their comprehension as to that of the more educated classes. It *is not so* among the poor and half-educated children of labourers in the country; their observation and attention *have never been* aroused, even to notice thoroughly the

objects about them ; life does not stir about them, exciting their faculties, or pass before them like some splendid show, in which their part is to be the humble spectators. They are often dull, generally stolid, and always ignorant ; to write for them is therefore a difficult task ; and in this little book it has been accomplished with much success.

All the illustrations here are drawn from the manner of life that ploughboys are conversant with, the language is very direct and simple, and the teaching pure and easily understood.

A short extract may serve to show the nature of these little essays. I take it from a chapter entitled "Farm-yard thieving" :—

"Thou shalt not steal."

"It is a common saying, that you may trust a man to take care of himself. It is not always true. Some of us treat ourselves worse than any one else treats us. There is one thing in particular, about which I should like to talk to you to-day, by which farming men and farming lads do themselves a great deal of harm. It sets their masters against them, and very much spoils their chance of raising themselves, and getting on to something better. Shall you be angry if I put it in plain words? It is, that *there is so little dependance to be placed on you.*

"I do not mean that you really intend to cheat and defraud any one—I hope most of you are above that—but I do not think you have a right notion of what is just and fair.

"There is not the high sense of right and wrong, of honour and dishonour, amongst you, which I should like to see. I heard of the master of a large farm saying, only last week, that there was only one boy he could trust on his premises, and he was a half silly one, who had not the wits either to make up a lie or take what did not belong to him. If you will let me, I think I can point out two or three instances which will explain what I mean.

"Your master, or the foreman, are going out for the day, and set you a bit of weeding, which you may very well do by night. You start well, so long as they are in sight ; but as soon as they are fairly gone, your hoe comes down slower and slower, and if an acquaintance passes by, maybe it stops altogether, while you fall into a chat. If you get to the end of the piece at all, which I doubt, you

only half do it, for you leave in a number of little weeds, which will greatly injure the crop ; and if you reckoned exactly, you have very likely done not above half a day's work ; yet you will go and expect to take the money for a whole day, just as if you had done twice as much. If you think this right, and fair, and honourable, I can only answer you by another question—If you went to the shop, and paid down your money for a whole loaf of bread, would you think the shopman dealt fairly by you if he took all the money and only gave you half a loaf for it ? You may say that time is a different thing from bread, but wherein is the difference, as regards the barter, or the exchanging of either for money ? The shopman exchanges his loaf for your money—you exchange your time and labour for your master's money. If the shopman puts you off with half a loaf, when you give him the full fair price for a whole one, he cheats you ; that is, he steals from you. If you put your master off with doing half a day's work, when he gives you the full fair price for a whole one, you cheat him ; that is, you steal from him.

“ This is one of the commonest ways of unfair dealing ; I wish I could say it was the only one.

“ You put a handful of sticks on the fire when you went home last night ; had you any *right* to them ?

“ You picked them, here and there one, out of the hedge, as you came along, until you brought in almost a little faggot—perhaps three or four-pennyworth. You would have cried shame on any one who had stole three or four pence out of another's pocket, but I see little difference between your theft and theirs. You know you only did it because it was dark, and you thought no one saw you. Ah, boys ! wash your hands of these dark doings ; if you are doing at night what you would not do in broad daylight, depend upon it there's something wrong about it.

“ You had turnips for supper a few days ago. You brought three big ones in under your smock, and gave them to your mother, and she boiled them for you. You picked them up when you had done feeding the sheep, and carried them away, because you thought they would never be missed. If your master, or the foreman, had chanced to be in the *cottage* when you came back, would you have pulled them out before they left ? This is enough to prove you were *ashamed* of what you had done.

“ But if we want to see how a thing looks on ourselves, the best way is to hang it on a neighbour, and consider how it sits on him. If you caught a man pulling down *your* fence to get firewood, or making off with anything out of *your* garden, what would you think of him? what sort of a character would you set him down for? But I believe that I need not say more here to prove to you that you know you have done wrong in these things. What lies at the root of it? Neglect of that one short commandment—which you learned almost as soon as you could speak—*Thou shalt not steal*; or, if not neglect of it, a want of understanding it rightly.

“ You take it thus, ‘ Thou shalt not break into thy neighbour’s house, in the middle of the night, and carry off his goods;’ or, ‘ Thou shalt not lie behind the hedge, when a farmer is coming home from market, to knock him down and take his purse out of his pocket;’ and, provided you neither act the part of a highway robber, nor break open a house, you think you are all right.

“ You have forgotten the old lines—

‘ It is a sin
To steal a pin.’

“ You must take this commandment as you take the others. When it says, ‘ Thou shalt not kill,’ you don’t think it means, ‘ Thou shalt not kill twenty men, but thou mayest kill one or two.’ You take it as God plainly meant it, ‘ Thou shalt not kill *anybody*.’ Is it not just the same with the eighth commandment? When it says, ‘ Thou shalt not steal,’ it means, ‘ Thou shalt not steal *anything*,’ a turnip just as much as a purse of gold, if it does not belong to you,” &c.

This extract will enable the little book to speak for itself. It is printed in very good, clear type, and well illustrated.

TEXTS AND HYMNS SELECTED FOR CHILDREN, is printed in large type, and prettily illustrated; some of the hymns, particularly those derived from American sources, are very simple and original in treatment. The following, “ Child’s Evening Hymn,” may serve as an example :—

“ Father ! while the daylight dies,
Hear our grateful voices rise !

For the blessings that we share—
 For thy kindness and thy care—
 For the joy that fills each breast—
 And the love that makes us blest,
 We thank thee, Father !

“ For an earthly father’s arm,
 Shielding us from wrong and harm ;
 For a mother’s tender cares,
 Mingled with her many prayers—
 For the happy kindred band,
 ‘Midst whose peaceful links we stand
 We bless thee, Father !

“ Yet while ‘neath the evening skies
 Thus we bid our thoughts arise,
 Father, still we think of those
 Who are bow’d with many woes ;
 Whom no earthly parent’s arm
 Can protect from wrong and harm—
 The poor slaves, Father !

“ Ah, while we are richly blest,
 They are wretched and distressed,
 Outcasts on a foreign land,
 Crush’d beneath oppression’s hand,
 Scarcely even knowing Thee,
 Mighty Lord of earth and sea :
 Oh save them, Father !

“ Touch the flinty hearts that long
 Have remorseless done them wrong,
 Ope the eyes that long have been
 Blinded to each guilty scene ;
 That a slave—a slave no more—
 Grateful thanks to thee may pour,
 And bless thee, Father !”

Even these lines, however, simple and clear as they are, do not altogether attain to the merit of keeping level with a child’s comprehension; here and there a figurative expression or difficult word creeps in and does mischief, for *so long as the little one is repeating what it can understand, a defined picture is presented to the mind ; but the moment there are lines, or even words without meaning, those words the child’s thoughts will dwell on, to the exclusion*

of what follows. The picture is broken up, and the instruction lost.

“For the happy kindred band,
‘Midst whose peaceful links we stand.”

These lines afford examples of the defects in question. A little child would not easily be made to understand that the “kindred band” means the brother and sister, and the “peaceful link” no amount of explanation would render comprehensible.

It is a rare gift to be able to look at things in the light of childhood; so to adapt oneself, as it were, to the very different *focus* that suits them, as to enable them to see clearly the pictures we paint for their benefit. This is very beautifully done in some of Ann and Jane Taylor’s “Hymns for Infant Minds.” In the few verses given below the same thought is presented as in the graceful lines quoted before; but if there were poets among children, their reflections would resemble those of the second writer far rather than those of the first.

“ I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child.

“ I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I was but in my grave,
And all my labour done.

“ I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed,
A gipsy baby, taught to roam
And steal my daily bread.

“ I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

“ Great God, I thank Thee who hast plann’d
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of Thee.”

But to return to these hymns ; there are a few lines, called "The Strayed Lamb," which may rank among successful poems for children, and are written with that attention to rhyme and that smoothness of cadence which children specially love, and of which this selection affords, perhaps, more examples than most :—

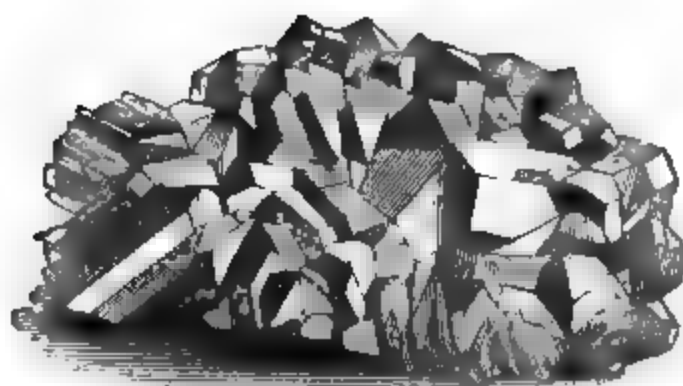
" THE STRAYED LAMB.

" A giddy lamb one afternoon
Had from the fold departed,
The tender shepherd miss'd it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted.
Not all the flocks that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

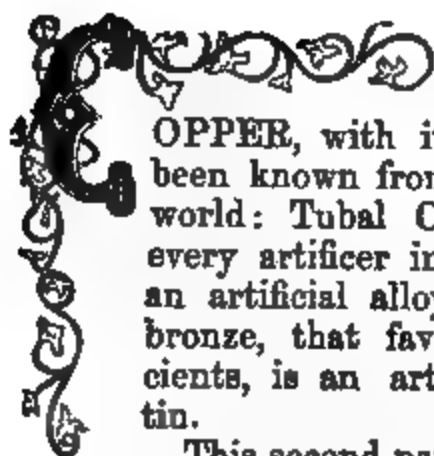
" But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it ;
And when he saw that faint it lay,
He clasp'd his arms around it ;
And, closely shelter'd in his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

" And so the Saviour will receive
The little ones that fear him,
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him :
Bless while they live, and when they die,
When soul and body sever,
Conduct them to his home on high,
To dwell with him for ever."

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT, by Newman Hall, has all the earnestness and sincerity of purpose generally manifested by this author. It is very well suited for distribution, but is not written with an express view to uneducated readers, though its serious warnings and exhortations are as well calculated for their benefit as for that of those who *have* enjoyed higher privileges.



ORES OF COPPER.



OPPER, with its alloys, appears to have been known from the earliest ages of the world: Tubal Cain was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Brass is an artificial alloy of copper and zinc; and bronze, that favourite metal with the ancients, is an artificial alloy of copper and tin.

This second named metal was in very common use among the ancient Egyptians; they made all their cooking utensils, their tools, and their weapons of war of it. There are specimens in abundance of each in the British Museum, together with many little images of their gods, household ornaments, and rings of the same material.

It is now generally thought that the word translated "brass" in our version of the Bible should be rendered "bronze;" but however that may be, the Hebrews when they left Egypt must have been familiar, from their residence among their taskmasters, with the working of metals, and quite able to appreciate the value of hills "out of which thou mayest dig brass." The copper used in ancient Egypt was partly

brought from the mines of Nubia and Ethiopia, partly from those desolate sites of ancient industry lately discovered by travellers in the heart of the peninsula of Sinai.

The object of the ancients in converting copper into bronze was to make it harder; and that this would be the result of mixing tin with it, seems to have been known even to barbarous nations, for swords and other weapons, together with rings and instruments of husbandry, all made of this alloy, have been dug up in Ireland, and found in British and Scandinavian tumuli. Rings made of brass appear to have been occasionally enriched with gems, and one which had probably been used as a circlet, or small crown, was found, in 1802, at Trenoweth, in Cornwall; it was inlaid with precious stones of different colours, and wrought with care and elegance.

This is a somewhat remarkable fact, as golden instruments, rings, wedges, daggers, and knives, are frequently found in tumuli; and as it is well known that copper and brass leave a greenish stain upon the wrist or forehead of the wearer, and are apt to rust and become corroded.

Sometimes the ores from which we procure pure metals exist in strata alternating with beds of rocks, and with coal. More generally they are found filling up cracks and rents in stratified and igneous rocks; they are then called *veins* or *lodes*, and lie nearly at right angles with the direction of the strata; a vein is not unlike a branch of a tree in shape: when a portion of it runs off from the main lode it is called a *pipe*, or a *shoot*, when these again divide the small ramifications are called *strings*, and if very minute *threads*.

In the north of England, it appears that the direction of a vein very rarely departs as much as ten degrees from a vertical position, in Cornwall it will occasionally incline as much as forty-five degrees.

Many superstitious practices were formerly resorted

to, in order to discover the vicinity of ore; and even to this day the belief in the efficacy of the divining rod lingers in metalliferous districts; and the belief that metal attracts metal has caused many a vain search to be made in the rocks over which a meteoric stone has fallen. There appears to be a show of a reason for this belief, but there is none assigned for the notion that when shooting stars, called by the ignorant fire flakes and burning drakes, cross each other, there are rich and undiscovered veins of ore beneath, which they are designed to make known.

Equally without cause seemed to be the common prejudice among miners against whistling below the surface. Miners, we are told on good authority, may halloo and sing as much as they please while at work, but no man or boy can whistle on pain of chastisement from his fellows,* as this act might frighten away the ore, and make it shrink down the lodes, to the great increase of their trouble.

This widely extended prejudice against whistling is worth examining. The sailor dislikes the harmless recreation, as a calling of the wind and an invitation to the storm; the miner deprecates it as a spell that will charm away his ore. It is not likely that the one set of men derived so baseless a superstition from the other; it probably descended from remote times; but it is useless to question either miner or sailor as to the source of his belief, for on this point they certainly claim no kin with the "seven wise men that can render a reason."

Most copper mines are very deep, and this circumstance greatly increases the difficulty of working them, because of the heat which prevails in their lower portions; at sixty fathoms from the surface the heat of a mine is above 60° of Fahrenheit all the year round; at 132 fathoms it rises to 70°; at

* Farey.

240 fathoms to 80°; after this depth the glass rises very rapidly.

The author of "Useful Arts and Manufactures" says, "The terms upon which the miners are engaged in Cornwall are, in many respect, curious. The practical direction of the works is confided to agents, named *Captains*, who are generally selected from the most intelligent workmen. A captain of the greatest experience usually governs the rest, and, in conjunction with, and under the advice of one of the partners, or the principal manager, attends to all the business of the concern." This functionary is called the Captain of the Mine; he has a partner who looks after those operations that are carried on in the daylight, at the surface, and he is styled the "*Grass Captain*;" this epithet sounds rather contemptuous, as not implying the enterprise, the patience, and the arduous endurance needed below by the Captain of the Mine, but merely industry and skill enough to pick up the ore and get it smelted, when it has been laid on the grass at his feet.

There is not, however, much to boast of in the way of grass at the mouth of a copper mine. The water pumped up from the interior rots and kills every plant past which it flows; and the fumes of the furnaces where copper ore is smelted, blacken and blight every leaf and bud in their neighbourhood: it is only, therefore, in a figurative sense that that disparaged functionary, the Grass Captain, comes by his name: it implies that he loves daylight and level soil, places where grass *would* grow, if the brave Captain of the Mine would let it.

Copper is used for so many purposes, that there is not space here wherein to enumerate them; besides its uses, a good deal is annually sunk in the manufacture of pins, in which trifling and apparently insignificant article more metal is said to be lost and absolutely wasted, than in any other branch of manufacture. Upwards of fifteen millions of pins are consumed, daily, in Great Britain alone, that is to say,

that upwards of fifteen millions of fresh pins come into use every day, and it is, therefore, fair to conclude that a nearly equal number are either used, lost, or put out of the way in some manner, daily.

What becomes of pins is a favorite speculation with many intelligent children: one reason why we do not see them glittering by scores in our streets and shops, must be that they so soon lose the metallic gloss which adorns them when they issue from the hand of the manufacturer; it is, therefore, only those that have been dropped within a day or two that glitter while lying in the open air; and even these do not often catch the eyes of those long-sighted enough to see them unless the attention is directed to them. That they may be seen when this is the case, is certain, and some beggars have been known to amass great numbers of them by never passing one in the street. A lady, some time ago taking a walk upon the New-road, London, counted sixty in the space of about a mile; another engaged to point out a hundred in one walk, and exceeded her agreement by several pins.

Miners in the Cornish Copper works suffer greatly from the great changes of temperature that they are obliged to undergo, when, after working for many hours with the thermometer at 70° or at 90° , they rise to the surface and have to walk to their homes in the snow, or through a fall of chill rain and driving wind. In addition to this, many of the mines are so deep that, after their work is over, it takes them an hour to climb to the surface, through the various galleries and systems of ladders. The works called the "Consolidated Mines," extend 55,000 fathoms under ground, or sixty-three miles.

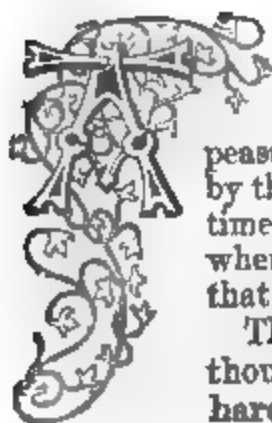
The Wheal Cock and several other mines, are worked under the sea, and the miners rise through the rocks, in following the ore, to within so small a distance from the surface, that the action of the water is distinctly *audible*.

"In the Wheal Cock, the Little Bounds and Botal-lack," says a writer on Mining, "I have heard the dashing of the billows, and the grating of the shingles overhead even in calm weather. I was once, however, underground in Wheal Cock, during a storm. At the extremity of the level, seaward, some eighty or one hundred fathoms from the shore, little could be heard of its effects, except at intervals, when the reflux of some unusually large wave projected a pebble outward, bounding and rolling over the rocky bottom. But when standing beneath the base of the cliff, and in that part of the mine where but *nine feet* of rock stood between us and the ocean, the heavy roll of the larger boulders, the ceaseless grinding of the pebbles, the fierce thundering of the billows, with the crackling and boiling as they rebounded, placed a tempest in its most appalling form too vividly before me to be ever forgotten. More than once doubting the protection of our rocky shield, we retreated in affright; and it was only after repeated trials that we had confidence to pursue our investigations."



MARKED.

CHAPTER I.



LONG while ago, soon after the commencement of the dreadful French revolution, on a dark night in August, a French peasant woman, of the better sort, sat knitting by the light of a dim lamp, and from time to time she stopped to scold her wrangling children, when they disturbed the slumber of the infant that lay in a cradle at her feet.

The black-eyed peasant woman was restless, though she did not stir from her seat, and her hard dark hands trembled, though she gave

them no peace from the knitting-pins. She was lost in thought; and many flashes of lightning had quivered through the vine leaves that formed her only window-curtain, before she roused herself, and sent her numerous children up the crazy ladder to their straw beds. This done, and she left in silence, the knitting-pins dropped on her knees for a few moments; she listened to the mutterings of the thunder, the shivering of the mulberry leaves, and the splashing of the rain from her roof. Then she rose quietly, and broke a log of wood, which she laid on her rude hearth, to revive the fire that had nearly died out.

While so doing she stood upright, and turned her head as if she heard some expected sound; but she did not move a step till her door had opened and shut again. Then she looked back over her shoulder—fear and agitation were in the gesture; but at sight of what she had expected to see she turned, and made the accustomed reverence never omitted in those days by a French peasant in presence of the lords of the soil.

What, then, did the peasant woman see?

She saw, standing within her door, pale, and alarmed, and out of breath with a hasty walk at night and the dread of discovery, a beautiful young lady, dressed in the extravagant fashion of the day, but her silken garments and rich laces stained with soil, and torn with briars, and her powdered tresses wet with the driving rain. She had a young infant, in a white robe, and she was holding it to her bosom, and seemed to have been trying to shelter it with part of her dress, and with her fan. The babe slept, and the mother, who had not stirred since her entrance, was looking down upon it with despair in her eyes, while she partly supported herself against a gentleman who stood beside her with a drawn sword in his hand.

No words were spoken; the peasant sat down before the cradle, the high-born wife came and laid the child upon her knees, and began to divest it of its rich clothing, kneeling on the rough floor at the peasant's feet. The husband stood listening by the door, ready in case of attack. Some coarse little garments were produced, and put upon the babe, and then the pale mother kissed it, and arose, and wringing the water from the delicate robe, tore off one strip and put it in *her bosom*, and then pushed the remainder between the *now blazing logs*.

Such was her courage, such her sense of extreme danger, that she would have walked out of the house with no more words, no more kisses to her first-born, if her husband had not left the door to look at his child; and seeing her dressed like a peasant child, and remembering her extreme youth, which made it too probable that before he saw her again she would be utterly changed in limb and feature, he groaned, and said to the woman, "How many times shall I adjure you that you deliver my own to me again!"

The woman, in reply, bemoaned the danger of the times, which made it likely that, if it was discovered that she had consented to harbour the innocent babe, she and her own children would suffer for it. She spoke doubtfully, though she promised to do her best, and the young mother, now sharing her husband's dread, murmured, "And if you should die, *ma bonne Marie*?" "Then, how should we know our own again?" asked the husband. The woman, who was trusted in default of some better hope, looked sullen, but when the father counted out a great deal of coined money, and some trinkets into her lap, she gave many promises that she would do her best; but he was examining the edge of his sword—it was bright and keen—and when he had deliberately brought the lamp and given it into his wife's hand, he said to her, "There is no way but this;" to which speech she answered undauntedly, "Then take it; and I will hold the light to thee."

So he lifted up his babe's hand and drew the sword across her arm about an inch above the wrist, making a cut sufficiently deep to bleed freely.

The child screamed, and the mother's face grew paler and more rigid than before, but she gave back the lamp with a steady hand to her husband, and drawing the piece of her child's dress that she had intended to keep for a relic from her bosom, she bound up the little tender arm, and then the parents left her on the peasant's lap, and went out into the darkness and the storm.

They went out, and fled away for their lives from their ancestral home. They had given their babe her only chance of surviving, for no young infant could have endured the *hardships* and privations that, in common with so many of the old French nobility, they were destined to undergo.

The one haunting fear, that they should not know their child again, was over. They had marked her for their own

with an indelible token, but for several years they little expected even to claim her, and could hope for little better than that she might share the life and eat the food of her foster family.

But, after years of misery and concealment, after imprisonment and want, the mother—for they were separated—escaped to England, and the father, after incredible hardships, made his way into La Vendée, and arrived in disguise at the place where he had left his child. His house had been sacked and burned, his trees cut down, the land belonged to others, and the very villages went by new names. He also went by a new name, and misery gave him a new and a careworn face.

He came to the village as a labourer, with a spade on his shoulder. His child was now six years old, and he soon recognised her among her playmates by the mark on her wrist. The peasant woman was dead, and the child had never been told of her parentage. How her father enticed her away she did not afterwards remember; but she could recall a feeling of fear as connected with him, though she had not hesitated to obey and follow him.

All she could recollect of the journey was the exceeding hunger that they often suffered; but that, after a long time, they were on the sea, where they might lie down, and eat a little, and rest; and then she remembered being in a great town, where they often walked out by lamplight—where they found her mother—and where the people did not understand what they said. But, though they never went out till nightfall—the poor parents shunning daylight, dressed, as they were, in tatters, and barefooted—this little hungry child remembered London neither for its riches nor its greatness, she only dwelt on the one fact, that it was full of bread shops, and that people when they passed put bread into her hand. In after years, and in happier circumstances, when seated at the door of a quiet farm-house on the outskirts of the American forest, she would often talk of this time of hunger and destitution, and call to mind the lighted lamps shining on wet pavements, the shops pouring forth a warm glow into the streets, and the hurrying passengers, who would put a penny into the hand of this beggar daughter of dukes; but her pictures of London were always night scenes—she had never once entered its streets by day.

Some kind hand was held out to help, and the parents emigrated to America with their child. Then, when the labour of the day was over, they would sit under the magnolia-tree, by their own door, and describe to their child the country of her birth and the manners of the people she belonged to. They were contented, and even gay, though they both worked with their own hands; and, as for the child, the mark upon her wrist wrought its effect throughout all her life. The parents, who had dared so early to put her to pain for her future good, were not likely to fail in any discipline that she might need, and having both embraced the protestant religion, their teaching was enlightened as well as loving.

Gay-hearted people, they lived in peace, and scarcely seemed to regret their lost possessions, for they had found the "pearl of great price;" and as for their country, they looked for a "better country, even an heavenly." But the daughter was a perfectly different character. She had all the gravity and calm that befitted a birth amid racking anxiety and constant peril; deeply devout and self-denying, she suited better with her adopted country, and language, and people, than with her light-hearted and somewhat thoughtless parents. And when they were dead, and she married, and bringing up American children in a homely farm-house, there was nothing to distinguish her from the good women among whom she dwelt but a more refined style of manners, and—the mark on her wrist.

Of this mark on her wrist she was accustomed to make great use in the management of her numerous children. Sometimes they would ask to look at it. It was a long scar, narrow as a thread, on the back of her arm, and whenever she turned back her sleeve and indulged them with a sight of it, she would make some reflections connected with it that were likely to impress the hearts of her little audience. "Where should I have been now, children, if my parents had not loved me well enough to wound me? I should have been, perhaps, a poor ignorant peasant woman to this day; a Roman Catholic, that had never heard the Word of Life. You see, they did this for *my good*, and when I hurt *you* it is always for the same cause."

When I first knew this brave good woman, she was a widow, and her children were all grown up, and had,

literally, left her alone. It was by her own consent, for the farm did not answer well, and she had encouraged most of her sons to move westward. But soon after I came to live in her house she told me, with evident pleasure, that a widowed daughter, who had settled in a distant State, was coming home to her, to help her and live with her. She was to bring her only child with her. "And I shall find her presence a great comfort," she observed, "for she and I are very much of a mind."

Though they *were doubtless* of a mind, they were remarkably unlike in temperament and disposition; and I soon noticed, that though the same piety shone through the conversation of both, there was a striking difference in the way it showed itself. The mother was always making the best of everything; brave and heart-whole, she "justified the ways of God to man," and, in spite of many trials suffered, she had still elasticity of mind enough to say, "I thank God I have had a happy life—and the husband and children that I have lost He will restore to me." The daughter, on the other hand, was humble and patient, but had nothing brave about her. If she had spoken, her words might have been, "I believe God, that all shall work for good, and though he slay me yet will I trust in him; but I have had a sorrowful life, and I shall never rise up and be cheerful any more."

Something of the same gentleness, humility, and pensiveness had descended to the child. She was, when I first saw her, about ten years of age, and as it is with her that this little sketch chiefly concerns itself, I will describe her appearance as she looked when first I saw her.

It was a glorious evening, and the American forest was beginning to be tinged with those superb colours that no one can imagine to himself if he has never sailed westward; the sky was one flush of crimson, the heat of the day had abated, and I went down to the ferry to meet the child and her mother, for their hostess and mine was busy within preparing supper.

The river is very shallow, but wide; and at the ferry a horse can cross it easily. I sent a farm boy across with the old white horse, when I saw the parent and child alight from a coach at the opposite bank. As the noble creature waded slowly across, beating the still flood into rings of golden light, I saw the dark eyes of the child fixed ear-

nestly on me; and when I lifted her down, and gave her my blessing, according to the custom of my people, she said, "Mother, is this the poor pastor that was persecuted?" "He can understand you, my child," said the mother, checking her and speaking low: "What is his name?" she then asked. "You are to call him M. le Pasteur," the mother answered; and the child, without any shyness, but in a sweet treble voice, accosted me with, "M. le Pasteur, I did not know you could speak English." She said it in the most winning tone of apology, and presently as we mounted the bank she continued, "M. le Pasteur, may I take hold of your hand?" "You are too forward, my daughter," said the mother gravely; and as I did not choose, even in so slight a matter, to act contrary to the parent's wish, I did not take the little hand in mine, and the child's attention was soon attracted away from me to her grandmother, who now appeared in the porch and came out to meet us. Both widowed since they had parted, and both bereaved of more than one child, it was no wonder that at first accosting each other the mother and daughter wept; but I was surprised at the shrinking and alarm of the child; she coloured exceedingly, and looked this way and that way, as if she longed to make her escape, and as if the sight of their grief was intolerable to her.

I had sometimes noticed this in a child before, and supposed it to be a feeling half selfish, half cowardly. The young spirit will not, cannot, bear to be disturbed in its serenity, and it has a dread of a shadow which it catches a glimpse of as lying in its path. I held out my hand to the little frightened child, and drew her forward to her grandmother, who had already roused herself, and now kissed her little descendant tenderly. There was no likeness between them; timidity was as much impressed on one face, as courage on the other. The child evidently, though free from fear of her own kind, was without any natural power to meet danger, to endure hardship, to deny self, to give up ease. She was very small for her years, and slight in figure; she had, moreover, those large earnest eyes, and long silken lashes, which are scarcely ever united with *strength* and firmness of character.

But her grandmother was evidently an object of interest and of some awe to her. She now saw her for the first time, and I noticed that she was attracted specially to her

hands, and watched the movements of her arms, as she stood by the table making tea for her tired guests.

She had been told the romantic tale of her grandmother's childhood; the fine manners and stately walk of the good lady awed her; her quiet depressed mother had no such evidence of gentle blood, no such refined address as she was now contemplating, and she was so much absorbed that it seemed impossible for her to withdraw her fascinated eyes.

Her mother presently took her away to bed, and for the next few days she was suffered to roam about the place, free and happy; she rode the old white horse when they took him down to water, she went with black Clara to milk the cows, and helped her to feed the poultry. She made friends also with the poor pastor, and loved to run after him with hat or stick when he strolled out, or ask for a seat on his knee when he sat in the porch at sunset.

An old man can often be better understood by a child than by one of maturer age. So at least I found it in the case of this loving little friend of mine; her sympathy was so reverential, and her interest so deep, that it was easier to talk with her of persecution and proscription, of scattered pastors, of murdered and banished people, of broken promises and treacherous smiles, than with some who could understand these things better, but, to use an American word, would *realize* and feel them less.

"What a good thing it is," she once remarked to me, "that we can all be protestants here without being persecuted!"

I replied, "Yes, my child, a good thing; yet there is a blessing in persecution that no religion can have while it prospers." And I then explained to her that when religion "walks in her silver slippers," according to the expression of the good Bunyan, it is not so easy for those who follow after to feel comforted concerning their sincerity, as when, if they follow, it is to brave persecution and perhaps death.

"But," asked the child, "is it not better to go after religion here in America, than not to go at all?"

"Surely," I replied; "and there is no merit in being persecuted."

"I shall never be persecuted," she interrupted; "and what a good that is!"

"And couldst thou not find in thy heart to be persecuted for righteousness sake, my child?" I asked.

She drew a deep breath, and her dilating eyes flashed and then softened, but her answer seemed to come from the bottom of her heart, "OH NO!" and then, in a hurried voice, she went on, "I should be so frightened! when I saw the fire, and they said, 'Will you pray to the Virgin?' as they did, you know, to the English martyrs, and 'Will you be a Roman Catholic?' I should be obliged to say, 'Oh yes, oh yes!'"

"But God," said I, "is stronger than our fears, and his strength is made perfect in weakness."

My young auditor paused to reflect, and shortly answered, with childish simplicity,—“When I hear about our Saviour and his dying for us, I love him; if I had seen him, and he had told me *Himself* of anything that I was to do, I am sure I could have done it.”

“Child,” I replied, “He does tell you; He tells you, ‘Take up thy cross, arise, and follow me.’”

Again she recurred to her former thoughts, and said, “Yes, but here in America God will not give me anything hard to do. I shall not have to let anything be taken away from me, you know, nor to lose anything, because I am a protestant.”

I endeavoured to explain to her that duty frequently must run contrary to inclination; and to show her that all must sacrifice self-will and ease if they be followers of Him who made himself the sacrifice for our sin. She was a more than commonly intelligent child, and had been well instructed in religious truths, but she had not faith to believe that she should ever be able to exercise courage or endure hardship, and she sat silent by me a long time.

The air was pleasant and cool after a hot day, the sky was rosy, and the glorious hues of the leaves glowed in the hollow, were reflected in the river, and fired the opposite side of the ravine, up which we could look from our seat. My thoughts soon wandered to my native vale, and to the flock that I had tended among the mountains. My heart seemed to hear the words of the prophet,—“Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?” when suddenly the child turned to me and exclaimed, “M. le Pasteur, did you ever see that mark that my grandmother has on her arm?”

“Yes, my child.”

“I wish you would make one like it on my arm, because then perhaps when the time came I should remember.”

"When what time came?"

"Oh, the time when I had to do something that I did not like to do—something like what my great grandfather had to do when he made the mark."

"What did he make it for?"

"That he might know her for his own."

"My child, if you are a child of God your Father knows you for his own without such a mark; and when the time comes that you speak of, he can cause you to remember. Believe in God, that he is able to make you more than conqueror in that conflict which all his children must sustain, that strife against evil powers and an evil nature. Do you truly desire to be his child and his servant? Why, then, look in his word and see; the mark is already given, the servants of God are sealed already in their foreheads."

"And you say that they must all have things to do that they do not like? then they must be very different to me, or else God helps them."

"Yes, God helps them, my child; they can do nothing without that help."

"And yet," she said, "I wish I had a mark on my wrist, like my grandmother's. I think surely it would remind me."



ON THE CONEY OF SCRIPTURE.



HE records of King Solomon's reign have already furnished us with proofs of his scientific acquirements, and of the readiness with which far distant kings sought to gratify his tastes. Curious quadrupeds and remarkable birds—apes and peacocks—were brought to his court, much in the same way, doubtless, that foreign potentates have from very early times—in the days of our Edwards even—sent the rarest animals in their various possessions to the sovereigns of this country.

But while making himself acquainted with the natural history of other lands, the wise king by no means neglected

the productions of his own. We have plentiful signs of this in those writings of his which have descended to our day. The chronicler of his splendid reign tells that he “spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes.” His information ranged over the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. He was a botanist, for he was acquainted with the noblest tree his dominions could afford, down to the hyssop—or (as many prefer) to the little green moss that still nestles in the crevices around the pool of Siloam. Few men, perhaps, could have better understood, and few would have more readily admitted, the saying of our Lord, as he pointed to the lilies, that in all their gracefulness of form and gorgeousness of colouring enamelled the sward at his feet—“Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” As a zoologist, too, he was familiar with the animals of Palestine, with the fishes of its lakes and of the Mediterranean. It is commonly supposed that the word “spake,” employed in a previous quotation, might as well, if not more correctly, be read “wrote:” as if Solomon were the author of a work on the natural history of Palestine. It is interesting at least to know that a tradition still floats among the Jews to the effect that there *was* such a book, and that a large portion of it has been preserved to us in the works of one of the most wonderful of Grecian philosophers—Aristotle, to whom, as the story goes, his pupil, Alexander the Great, sent a copy of King Solomon’s writings, which he met with in the East.

Leaving the misty ground of tradition, it may be interesting to glance at a little creature, still a native of Palestine, to which some allusions are made in the book of Proverbs. This is the coney of Scripture. It is one of the four little things on the earth which are exceedingly wise. (Prov. xxx. 26.) “The *conies*,” says King Solomon, “are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rock.” A similar allusion is made to their habits in Psalm civ., which is a hymn on the wonders of God’s wisdom as displayed in creation: “The high hills,” sings King David, “are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the *conies*.” There is no doubt that the translators of our English Bible intended the rabbit by the word *coney*. It was a common synonym of the time; though at present only employed in poetry by good writers. There was good enough excuse for this view, when we remember

that in those days very little was known of the animals or of the plants in Eastern lands ; besides that the rabbit answers very well to the leading points in the passages we have quoted. It is little, feeble, very wise or cunning, and is known to frequent hilly ground. But the original word leads us in a different direction. It is *shaphan*. And the Arabic translators, who of course ought to know best about these matters, render this word by *wubar*. One step more, and we find that the *wubar* is still well known among the Arabs. So that there is no manner of doubt with respect to this animal. As the word *coney*, except in poetry, is no longer used as equivalent to the rabbit, it may save trouble to call the Hebrew *shaphan* by the English name *coney*, restricting the word to this particular species.

Looking at its external appearance only, the Syrian coney may be easily mistaken for a rabbit. When one of the first specimens of the kind was brought to Pallas, a celebrated foreign naturalist, he gave it a place among the *Rodentia*, that is, the *Gnawers*, such as the rabbit, hare, squirrel, &c. It long remained in this position. Baron Cuvier at last assigned its true position. No animal more strikingly illustrates the value of comparative anatomy, *i. e.* a knowledge of internal structure ; for, by a careful examination of its skeleton, he showed that it was in reality a miniature rhinoceros. The two form certainly quite a contrast in *size*, but agree very closely in the shape and arrangement of the teeth and of the skeleton. It has, however, unlike its unwieldy relative, no horn. So that to speak in accurately scientific language, we should call it one of the *Pachydermata*, *i. e.* thick-skinned quadrupeds, a division in which the elephant, rhinoceros, and tapir are placed.

Considering, for a moment, the very close relation of the rhinoceros and the coney, one cannot but wonder at the immense gap which the difference in size occasions between the two. But this wide space in our modern animal tribes is filled up by various species, now extinct, which the researches of the geologist have brought to light. The names of these creatures have not yet been rendered into intelligible English ; but, without troubling the reader with names,—and he may console himself with the thought, as others have done, that these creatures lived many ages before there was Greek or Latin enough in the world to name them by,—these very much resembled the peccary in form, but varied in size, some being considerably larger, others again somewhat smaller than that animal. Still another link has been furnished by an animal, which Professor Owen is inclined to

think, was very like our coney, only somewhat larger, whose remains occur in what is called the *London clay*. Thus the chain is complete by which the rhinoceros is united to the subject of this sketch.

The coney, then, is quite like the common rabbit externally. It is covered with thick, soft fur, of a dark brown colour, while along the back there are traces of a light and dark shade. It has a few bristles about the mouth and over the body. It is entirely destitute of tail. It is not at all suited for burrowing, as the appearance of the feet at once indicates. The hind foot has three toes, which are buried in the skin as far as the little hoofs of horn, which are precisely like those of the rhinoceros; the fore foot, again, has four toes: the under surface of both is soft and tender. The kind we have been describing is the Syrian coney. Another sort was discovered in Abyssinia by Bruce; a very common species is known at the Cape under the name of the *Klip-das*, a title which seems to have had its origin among the Dutch settlers. Still another kind has been found in Western Africa, which is remarkable for climbing trees. But to return to the Syrian coney. It lives among rocks, often in localities almost inaccessible. Thus in Lynch's "Narrative of an Expedition to the Dead Sea," we are told that "scrambling over the heaps at Massada the officers reached an excavation called by the Arab guide a cistern. At its entrance they saw the carcass of an animal recently killed; it resembled a rabbit, and was called by the Arabs 'webr,' or 'wubar.'" Its nest is usually in some little crevice of the rock, lined with moss, feathers, and other soft substances. It is gregarious; a company of them forming quite a little colony. Whole families may be observed at one time gamboling and skipping about among the rocks. Others again may be noticed seated on the large stones near their retreats, enjoying the warmth of the sun. They come out most usually in the morning and the evening. "I had the good fortune," observes Dr. Wilson of Bombay, in his "Lands of the Bible" (vol. i. p. 180), "when moving about in the neighbourhood of our tents this morning, on the coast of the Red Sea, to start one. With the speed nearly of a hare it made for the rocks to the west of us, where I doubt not it had its nest." It is seldom, however, that the coney ventures so far from home. Every precaution is taken by the flock against danger. A sentinel, usually an old male, is always on the outlook, and gives notice by a shrill prolonged cry of the approach of danger, or even the slightest movement on the part of any strange object. The shadow of a passing bird will send them scampering off to their retreats. The

coney feeds on shrubs, grass, the tops of flowers, and particularly the acacia, which usually grows abundantly in the neighbourhood of the nest. It falls a prey to various kinds of eagles, falcons, &c.

This species has a wide geographical range; but strangely enough it is not many years since it was observed within the borders of Palestine for the first time. So rarely had it been seen, or perhaps so retired and inaccessible are its retreats to the ordinary traveller in the Holy Land, that Dr. Kitto has stated in the "Biblical Cyclopædia," that no trace of it has been discovered in Palestine or in Syria. This is not the case, however. There are parts of Mount Lebanon where it still occurs; and recent travellers have observed it in various localities. Dr. Wilson of Bombay was perhaps the earliest traveller who met with it in Palestine. An extract from his remarks may be not uninteresting. "When we were exploring the rocks in the neighbourhood of the convent of Mar Saba, I was delighted to point attention to a family of the *Wubar* engaged in their gambols on the heights above us. We were much amused with the liveliness of their motions, and the quickness of their retreat within the clefts of the rock when they apprehended danger. We climbed up to see its nest, which was a hole in the rock, comfortably lined with moss and feathers."

One other point we may notice. It is said to chew the cud in the book of Leviticus (chap. xi. 5). This it does not do strictly speaking. But in appearance it is so like a ruminating quadruped that Bruce, who kept one alive for the purpose of observing this circumstance, was deceived so as to declare that it "certainly chews the cud." A similar mistake prevails with regard to the hare, which also seems to ruminate. A few words from a paper by Adam White, Esq., will explain this more fully: "The poet Cowper (whose three hares, Puss, Tiney, and Bess, are familiarly known,) incidentally mentions, that during the day one of his hares betook itself to the shelter of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening. In Leviticus and Deuteronomy the hare is said to chew the cud. The hare, strictly speaking, is not a ruminating animal, having only one stomach: but both the poet and the sacred historian seem to refer to a habit of the hare recorded by Dr. Thomson, the late Professor of Materia Medica in University College, London, that, namely, of keeping a portion of its food in the pouches of the cheeks, to be brought forward for occasional mastication."

The coney's appearance is well represented in Dr. Wilson's *Travels*, to which we have referred; as a caricature, the wood-

cut figure in the Biblical Cyclopædia is excellent. Several of the species may be seen alive in the Gardens of the Zoological Society, London.



THE SUSPICIOUS JACKDAW.

CHAPTER I.



THERE never was a more suspicious mortal in this world than old Madam Mortimer, unless it was Madam Mortimer's Jackdaw. To see him peep about, and turn his head on one side as if to listen, and go and stand on the edge of her desk with his bright eye fixed on her letters, and then flutter to her wardrobe, and peer behind her cabinets, as if he suspected that in cracks and crevices, under tables and behind screens, there must be other daws hidden, who would interfere with his particular interests, or listen to the remarks made to him when he and his mistress were alone, or find the bits of crust that he had stowed away for his own eating; to see all this, I say, was quite as good amusement as to see old Madam Mortimer occupying herself in the same way, indeed quite in the same way, considering the different natures of women and jackdaws.

Sometimes Madam Mortimer would steal up softly to her door, and turn the handle very softly in her hand; then she would open it just by a little crack and listen till she must have had the ear-ache; but generally after this exercise, she would return to her seat, saying aloud, as she took up her knitting, "Well, I declare, I thought that was the butcher's boy talking to Cook; an idle young fellow, that he is; brings all the gossip of the village here, I'm certain. However, this once I'm wrong; it's only gardener sitting outside the scullery, helping her to shell peas. He had better be doing that than doing nothing—which is what most of his time is passed in, I suspect."

Here the jackdaw would give a little croak, to express his approval of the sentiment; whenever his mistress finished a speech, he made a point of either croaking or coughing, just like a human being. The foot-boy had taught him this accomplishment, and his mistress could never help laughing when she heard him cough. No more could little Patience Grey, who was Madam Mortimer's maid. She was very young, only fourteen, but then Madam Mortimer suspected that if she had an older maid she should have more trouble in keeping her in order; so she took Patience from school to wait on her, and Patience was very happy in the great old silent house, with its long oaken galleries; and as there really seemed to be nothing about her for either Madam Mortimer's or the jackdaw's suspicion to rest upon, she was very seldom scolded, though sometimes when she came into the parlour looking rather hot and breathing quickly, her mistress would alarm her by saying, "Patience, you've been skipping in the yard. You need not deny it, for I know you have."

Here Patience would answer, blushing,—“I just skipped for a few minutes, ma'am, after I had done plaiting your frills.” “Ah, you'll never be a woman,” Mrs. Mortimer would answer, “never! if you live to be a hundred.” And it never entered into the head of little Patience that her mistress could see everything that was done in the yard, and how she sometimes ran and played with the house dog under the walnut-trees, the two old walnut-trees that grew there; and how she played at ball in the coach house, when she had finished all her needle-work, while the little dog, and the big dog, and the big dog's two puppies, sat watching at the open door, ready to rush in and seize the ball if she let it drop. It never entered into her giddy head that her mistress could see all this, for her mistress sat in a large upper parlour, and through one of its windows overlooked the yard; the blind was always drawn down, and how could Patience suppose that her mistress could peep through a tiny hole in it, and that she did this continually, so that not a postman could politely offer an orange to the housemaid, nor she in return reward him with a mug of beer, without being seen by the keen eyes of Madam Mortimer.

Patience on the whole, however, fared none the worse for being watched,—quite the contrary; the more the jackdaw and his mistress watched her, the fonder they grew. She

was such a guileless little maid, that they liked to have her in the large old parlour with them, helping Madam Mortimer with her needlework, and letting the jackdaw peep into her work-box. One day, when Patience was sent for to attend her mistress, she found her with the contents of an old cabinet spread open before her ; there were corals with silver bells, there were old silver brooches, and there were many rings and necklaces, and old-fashioned ornaments that Patience thought extremely handsome ; in particular, there was a cornelian necklace made of cut cornelians, which she considered to be particularly beautiful ; so did the jackdaw, for when Madam Mortimer allowed Patience to wash this necklace in some warm water, he stood on the edge of the basin pecking at it playfully, as if he wanted to get it from her. Patience would not let him have it, and when she had carefully dried it she laid it on some clean cotton wool, and said to the jackdaw, " You are not going to have it, Jack. It's the most beautiful thing that mistress has got, so I reckon she'll never let you touch it."

When Madam Mortimer heard this, she smiled covertly at the ignorance of Patience, and presently said to her, " Child, you may go down and ask for a piece of leather and some rouge powder, and I will show you how to clean this set of emeralds."

So Patience ran down to the footboy, and got what she required, and very happy she was under her mistress's directions in polishing and cleaning the jewels—quite as happy as she could have felt if they had been her own ; yet, when Madam Mortimer said to her, " Which do you think the handsomest now, Patience ; the green stones, or the red ones ? " she replied, " Oh, the red ones are the handsomest, ma'am, by a deal."

Just at this moment visitors were announced, and Madam Mortimer retired to her own room previous to seeing them, taking Patience with her to attend on her, and see to the set of her lace shawl, and of a new cap that she donned for the occasion. She turned the key of the parlour where all her jewellery lay about, and the jackdaw, as he hopped with her out of the room, coughed approvingly at the deed, in a manner as expressive as if he had said, " Who knows whether all the people about us are honest ? "

The old lady put the key into her basket, but, strange to say, she forgot her basket, and left that in her bedroom

with Patience, while she went down to receive her visitors ; and all that evening, suspicious as she generally was, she never once remembered that any one could unlock the parlour-door by means of this basket ; on the contrary, she was in very good spirits, and she and her elder visitor talked nearly all the evening about their servants, and about what a trouble servants were, while the younger ladies walked in the garden, gathered a few flowers, and partook of some strawberries.

Now Madam Mortimer, suspicious though she was, had an exceedingly kind heart, and she very often allowed the housemaid to attend on her at night, that Patience might go to bed early, as befitted her age. The visitors stayed late, but at nine the drawing-room bell was rung, and orders were sent out that Patience was to go to bed ; so as it was the full of the midsummer moon, she stole upstairs without a candle, and when alone in her little garret it was quite light enough for her to examine various little treasures that she kept in her box. She was busy so doing, when Jack flew in at the open window, and lighted on her feet as she knelt, then fluttered on to her shoulder, and peeped down at her treasures, and began to make a great croaking and chattering. Patience thought he was more than usually inquisitive that night, and I am afraid he somewhat interfered with her attention while she was reading her chapter, for he would not let her pincushion alone, but would persist in pulling out the pins, and dropping them on to the floor, listening with his head on one side to the slight noise they made when they fell. At last he flew out at the window. And what did he do next ?

Why, he did not go to roost, as he would have done if he had not been for so many years accustomed to civilized society, but he flew once or twice round the house to see that other birds were asleep, and not likely to watch his movements, and then he peeped down the chimneys, where the swallows, now rearing their second broods, sat fast asleep on the nest ; he next alighted on the roof, and walked cautiously to a certain crevice, where he kept a few dozens of nails, that he had picked with his beak out of the carpet, and a good many odds and ends of ribbon, bits of worsted, farthings, and broken morsels of crockery, that he valued highly ; these he pulled out of the crevice, and then he *poked his property* with his beak, chattered to it in a very

senseless way, walked over it, and finally deposited it again in the crevice, flew down to the side of the house, and entered the parlour where his mistress's jewellery lay.

Here lay the necklace—it looked very pretty—the jackdaw alighted on the table, pecked it as thinking that it might be good to eat, then lifted it up and shook it. At last he flew with it out of the window.

It was still quite light out of doors, and as the necklace dangled from his beak, he admired it very much. “But what did he want with it?” you will naturally ask. Nobody knows, but this is ascertained—that, finding it heavy, he took it, not to the roof, but to the edge of a deep well in the garden, wherein he had deposited the cook's brass thimble, and several of her skewers: having reached this well, and lighted on the stone brink, he peered down into it, and saw his own image, and the red necklace in his beak; he also saw four or five little stars reflected there, and as it was his bedtime, he dozed a little on the edge of the well, while the evening air waved slightly the long leaves of the ferns that hung over it, and grew in the joints of the stone many feet down.

At last, it is supposed that some such thought as this crossed his brain, “These berries are heavy, and not good to eat; I had better lay them on the water till to-morrow morning.”

So he let them drop, and down they fell to the bottom. He had dropped a good many articles before this into the well, some, such as nuts, feathers, and bits of stick and straw, floated; others, like this necklace, had sunk. It was all chance which happened, but he liked to hear the splash of the red necklace, and he stood awhile chattering to himself on the occasion of its disappearing with great serenity of mind; then, he went and pecked at the kitchen window demanding his supper.

This is what the jackdaw did; and now what did the mistress do, when she walked to the parlour-door the next morning, unlocked it, and found that the red necklace was gone?

She was quite amazed—nobody but Patience could have taken it—little Patience, her good little maid, who had *seemed* so guileless, so conscientious, and so honest. *Oh, what a sad thing it was that there was nobody in the world that she could trust! Patience must have taken the*

key, and after using it for this bad purpose, must have placed it again in the basket.

But Madam Mortimer was so sorry to think of this, that she decided to let Patience have a little time to reflect upon her great fault, and confess it. So she said nothing to her all the morning, and in the afternoon, peeping through her little hole in the blind, she saw Patience chasing the ducks into the pond, and laughing heartily to see them plunge. "Hardened child," said her mistress, "how can she laugh?—I'll give her warning;" and thereupon she sat down in her easy chair and began to cry. Now she felt, almost for the first time, what a sad thing it is to suspect a person whom one really loves. She had not supposed how much she cared for this little village girl till she was obliged to suspect her. She had not perceived how sad her constant habit of suspicion was, and how it had now obtained such a dominion over her, till everything done by a suspected person appeared to her mind in a distorted light. Now the childish simplicity of Patience seemed to her to be hardened guilt. Now, when she saw her at play, she made up her mind that the little girl knew she was overlooked, and was playing about in order to make her mistress think she was at ease, and had nothing weighing on her spirits; and when she came into the parlour, if she was awkward, her mistress attributed it to guilty fears; and if she made any mistake about a message, it was because her thoughts were pre-occupied with her ill-gotten trinket.

This unhappy state of things went on for several days. At last, one evening, Madam Mortimer happening to look out at her hole in the blind, saw Patience slowly walking across the yard, and cautiously looking down into her apron, which she had gathered up into her hands. Madam Mortimer felt convinced that the poor child had got the necklace concealed there. One of the housemaids came up, but Patience ran away, and would not let her see what she had got, and seemed so anxious to conceal it, that her mistress drew up the blind, opened the window, and said, in an awful voice, "Patience, come here." The little girl approached—there was a verandah outside the window, and some wooden steps led up to it. "Come up to me," said her mistress. The little girl said, "Yes, ma'am;" and *still holding her apron*, turned to enter the door. "No,"

exclaimed her mistress; "come up these steps;—I do not want to lose sight of you." Patience obeyed. Her mistress sat down, and the little maid stood opposite to her.

"Patience," said her mistress, "I have lost my red necklace." The little girl glanced under the table, as if she thought the necklace might have dropped there.

"Do you know where it is, Patience?" was the next question, asked with great solemnity. Patience tightened the folds of her apron, looked earnestly at her mistress, and said, "No, ma'am."

"Poor child," replied Madam Mortimer, shaking her head, and Patience, not appearing to know what she meant, coloured exceedingly, and looked as if she was going to cry. But at last, as her mistress sat in her chair, and did not say another word, she began to steal away till she was arrested by her mistress's voice.

"Come back again, you poor misguided child—come back, and show me what you have got in your apron." As Madam Mortimer spoke she started, for the evening was growing dusk, and when Patience turned, a light, a decided light, gleamed through her white apron.

"Please, ma'am," she said, now holding it open, "it's some glow-worms that old Gardener gave me—three glow-worms, and some leaves that I got for them."

"Bless me," exclaimed Madam Mortimer, when she saw the shining insects slowly moving about on her little maid's apron, but she looked so much less angry than before, that Patience, by way of peace-offering, took up one of her treasures, and placed it, with some leaves, upon the open page of her mistress's great Bible, which lay on a little table by her side.

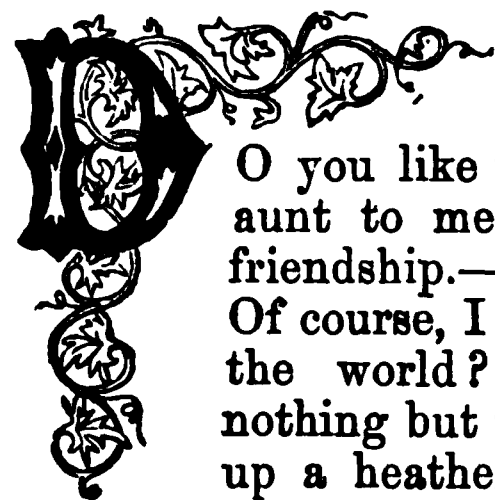
"You may go now, Patience," said her mistress, quite calmly, and the little girl left the room, while her mistress sat so long lost in thought that it grew quite dusk. "After all," she thought, "that poor child *must* have been the thief; nobody else could have stolen the necklace; but I will still give her time to confess and restore it." As she said this she turned towards the Bible, and the glow-worm on the page was slowly moving along it; the darkness hid every other word, but she read by the light of her little maid's gift, as it went on, this verse: "We—do—all—fade as—doth—a—leaf."

"Too true," said the poor old lady, sighing, "I feel the

coming on of old age very fast, and I could have wished to have somebody about me, however young, that I could trust. Ah, we are frail creatures—we come up and die down like the summer grass; and we are as sinful as we are frail. My poor little Patience, I will try her a little longer.” So saying, the mistress began to dose, and the jackdaw hopped down from the perch where he had been watching her, and when he saw that she was fast asleep, and that the yellow moonlight was soft upon her aged features, he alighted on the page of the Bible which the shining glow-worm was then illuminating, and pounced upon him and ate him up.



DO YOU LIKE THE BIBLE?



O you like the Bible, Marian?” said my aunt to me, at the commencement of our friendship.—“What a question, Aunt Julia! Of course, I do. Is it not the best book in the world? The only one which tells nothing but truth. I have not been brought up a heathen! I know my Bible; so, of course, I like it. Many parts are so sublime in poetical description and language, every one must admire them; the then biographies and histories it contains are most interesting; I used to like them very much, and can still read them with pleasure, and follow the different characters with interest, though the charm of novelty is over, and I know how each story will end.”

“But after all, dear,” persisted my aunt, “I don’t think you really like the Bible; though you have said some very proper things about it, I confess. It is

not the book in which you read with the greatest pleasure, is it? which you are most unwilling to lay down every day, and glad to take up whenever you can?"

"That is what I call liking any other book, so why not the Bible?"

"I do not think we *should* treat the Bible like any other book. I have been taught to reverence it as the word of God."

"Very rightly so, dear M——; it *is* the word of God; and very wonderful is it that the great Creator of all things should have given to man, who is always disputing his power and rights, a book which speaks so fully of himself, and of the love he bears to his creatures. But I think you may love what you also respect, and even *reverence*. We cannot love those things we *fear*; but love is akin to esteem and to veneration."

"What makes you think I do not like the Bible, aunt? You have never heard me ridicule it myself, or take part with those who profess not to believe in it! It was only the other day I was very angry with J——, who was bringing forward the new arguments against the inspiration of the Scriptures, which, by-the-bye, Dr. M—— says have all been unanswerably *answered* ages ago, only that some in each generation think themselves far in advance of the past in these things; and have not industry sufficient to look into the records of the past to see if it be true!"

"Good—still it may be merely a prejudice of yours, this reverence for the Bible."

"Prejudice, aunt, what a word to use in such a connexion!"

"Not a bad word either, if you think what it means, Marian. Prejudice is a strong feeling in favour of *or against* a person, opinion, or thing, without having *a good reason* for the feeling, or without having *weighed the arguments* for and against the same."

“I do not dislike prejudice so much as some do, for I generally find that persons who hold themselves to be *unprejudiced* take a lower standard of right and wrong *in opinion* (not always in practice) than those who are not afraid to give themselves wholly to their opinions, and openly to maintain them against all comers. Prejudice in favour of anything, however, is not to be mistaken for love to it. The one may be merely the result of habit or of circumstances, and it will influence us in some things; the other is a feeling of the heart, which influences every motive and action of our lives.”

But we are leaving our subject—let me answer your last question by telling you what led me to propose mine to you. I was paying a visit last spring at Bush Hall, where your cousins, the Nettlewoods, are staying (what a charming family they are!) and I enjoyed the week very much. Good sense and good feeling, with religious principles, seemed to be the atmosphere of the house, and a pleasant sprinkling of wit and fun withal made a rainy week in a country house pass very pleasantly.

“I was pleased to observe that religious books were not avoided by your cousins, nor was serious conversation esteemed a bore. In fact, several of that family party seemed to be what are called decidedly pious young people, and all were well disposed.

“Yet all disappointed me much; the word of God, which is the very food of the renewed heart, was never seen by me in their hands, excepting on Sunday, in the evening, when our good bachelor host proposed to take a passage, I believe it was the Epistle for the day, and to distribute among us the references which Scott’s industry has recorded thereon. It was a pleasant sight then, the group around our good friend, searching with bent heads the *mine* along the tracks which were indicated; but to some I saw it was a novel exercise, and others

had not acquired that relish for the deep treasures of the word of God, which only daily study and much grace can give. Some one or two did not 'like the Bible;' they soon took up another book; it was a religious book I know; but since I believed them to be meant for better things, I felt truly sorry that they starved their souls, and hindered their progress in the divine life by neglect of the nourishment which God has given us to grow thereby.

"Yes; I was grieved that those who are not joining in the frivolities of the world; are denying themselves many things which their talents and tastes would enable them much to enjoy; are giving much of their time and thoughts (as I have reason to know my young friends do) in doing good,—should yet not have the full benefit, nor the pleasure of their religion; because from want of a daily *study* of the great charter of the Christian's privileges they know them not."

"But, aunt, you said you were all happy and merry together."

"So we were, dear Marian; yet I could feel that more than one of the dear girls were not satisfied; not *deeply* happy; and I fear much, that the feeling would increase if it were not removed by the true remedy, unless, indeed, which may it never be! it became hidden by those busy cares and pleasures by which the world tries to make us believe we have 'no time' for attention to the concerns of our souls."

"And do you think they would be more happy if they read the Bible more?"

"I do, my child; God's promises to the reading of his word are very full of blessing, and I have found them very true. The Lord Jesus mentions the word of God as the means by which he asks the Father to sanctify believers, John xvii. 17; and in Eph. v. 26, it is also mentioned as the means by which Christ sanctifies his people, the church; and the Old Testament points to the same mode of obtaining a similar blessing."

in Isa. lv. 10—13, how the result of having God's descend into the heart is compared to the effect on a fruitful but barren, because dry soil.

Christians, both young and old, in this day, when books are so numerous, and many are so stive to the mind and intellect, are suffering ty of soul, are harassed by many doubts and and have great want of happy childlike confidence in God as their reconciled Father, and of conformity to his will and image, in consequence of their neglect of the Holy Scriptures. Therefore, dear an, I asked you, for I know you desire to be, as are called 'a Christian,'—Do you like the
p?"

J. O.

ON NAMES OF PLACES.

AMONG instances of false spelling, owing to ignorance of the true derivation, the word "Island" stands pre-eminent. The true spelling is "Eiland," or "Iland," the word "Ei" having the same signification. But here the Latin word "Insula," meaning something standing alone, and *isolated*, has been confounded with the northern "Ei." To those who live near London, the "Aits," or "little islands," which stud the Thames, will, probably, be familiar. There is "Twickenham Ait," of "Eyot," close to the house and grotto of Pope, the poet, who, for his irritable and vindictive temper, obtained the unble title not of the "Matine Bee"—the boast of us—but of the "Wasp of Twickenham." Further on, nearer London, we have the little "Ei," or "Eyot," as far and wide to all picnic revellers as "Eel-pie."

Island." Wolsey, the favourite of Henry VIII., son of an Ipswich butcher, points us to the times, when, as the Saxon song of the Battle of Brynanburgh describes it:—

" That grim beast,
The grey wolf of the wold,"

had the little island all to himself, of Wolsey, or "Wolves Eye." "Sheppey," "The Sheep Island," at the mouth of the Thames, would have found such an island a dangerous neighbour. Again, on the coast of North Wales, we have the little island of "Bardsey," the name of which conjures as up before us row behind row of long-bearded Briton sages, clad in white, blue, or green, chanting on their harps the gathered wisdom of ages, concisely stored away in triplets or triads. To this island, tradition tells us, they retired from the persecution of Saxon, Dane, and Englishman—more especially from the dreaded First Edward—

" As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side,
He wound with toilsome march his long array."

The German word "Au," "Meadow-land," appears to be confounded occasionally with "Ei." "Eaton" (or as it is incorrectly spelt "Eton,") will be found always to be the name of towns by *water*; and we have more fully the double compound of "Water Eaton." In Suffolk we have the town of "Eye," simply without any adjunct. The word "Eccles" occurs not unfrequently in Great Britain. The Greek word "Ecclesia" supplies the origin, signifying a "Convocation of the Athenian people," and afterwards applied to the house of God, where Christians assembled to praise and worship him. The French "Eglise," and the Spanish "Iglesia;" the Welsh "Eglwys," and the English "Eccles," are all easy of tracing and identification. The Italian "Chiesa," although derived from the same Greek source, is not equally apparent at first sight. "Eccles fechan" is "The *Little Church*;" so, in Brittany, we find "Morbihan," "The *Little Sea*"—a small inland sea more dotted with little islands, or eiots (these called "Innis"—as "Gafr Innis"—"The Old Woman's Island"—) than Loch-lomond itself. The Welsh "fechan," the Breton "bihan," and the Irish "bawn," to which we may add the Gaelic "*bach*," are all of the same family, and signify "little." It is curious to see what a different look diverse spelling,

or diverse pronunciation, will give to the same word, like "an old friend in a new dress."

"Ellerington" owes its name to the "alder"—a tree much venerated by the northern nations. "Ellacombe" preserves the name of the great "Sca-king," or "pirate, Ella." He in his turn may be a proof of the dread in which the mischievous elf was held by the pagan Northmen, and of their attempts at propitiation by affixing his name to their children. So we have Elfrida and Elfgiva, among noble Saxon maidens. "Tangled locks" are still called "elf-locks," but were once supposed to be the malignant work of nightly fairies. This feeling of undefined dread of evil, and wish to prevent it by securing the favour of the being powerful in ill, has been universal. The Black Sea, which has swallowed up so much of our treasures in the late disastrous war of the Crimea, is an early specimen. The Greeks called the sea the "Euxine," that is, "favourable to stranger mariners." Yet, for all that, its iron-bound coast, and sudden storms, were as obdurate and dangerous as ever, and refused to be won by this barefaced flattery. In the same way the fabled furies were called by the Greeks "the Eumenides," or "kind goddesses," thinking to disarm them by this title of respect. To call them by their real name of "Erinyes," or "furies," was as unlucky as it would be, in the belief of an uneducated, superstitious Irishman, to call the fairies by any other term than the respectful one "Dhaoin Shea," "the good people," or "the good neighbours." In the same way the young rustic of to-day will make an obeisance, or drop a curtsy, to the terrible gipsy whose power of doing harm he suspects and dreads, and therefore endeavours to evade by outward show of politeness. So, the dabbler in witchcraft and the black arts was (and, unhappily, is) called "the cunning man," or "the wise woman," a decent veil being thus thrown over this unlawful calling. The writer of these pages recollects being impressed with the mingled dislike and fear shown by the neighbouring peasantry to the proprietress of a large farm in a midland county: and it was their custom to say of her, being a violent and ungovernable person, "She's a terrible woman, sir, Heaven bless her!"

Self-complacency, as we have said before, seems no small feature of Saxon appellations. "Fair" occurs like "Sheen,"

(the German "schön," "beautiful,") in very many names of places. "Fairford" is pure Saxon, clear to even the unlearned in antiquity; but "Bungay" does not, at first sight, appear a French translation of the same word. For all that, "Bungay" (in Norfolk) is "Bon-gué," "the fair ford," and identical in meaning with the Gloucestershire "Fairford." "Bangor" does not look French any more than "Bungay:" yet the original spelling, beyond doubt, was "Bon-choir," which owed its celebrity to the musical ability of the monks first placed there by the once well-known St. Germanus, known to the French of the present day as St. Germain. He has given his name to the fine old Parisian church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois: Auxerre being originally his birthplace. "Maes Garmon," in Flintshire, literally "German's Field," is the site of a Welsh victory over the heathen Saxon. "Fairfax," the Saxon ancestor of the Parliamentary commander, Sir Thomas Fairfax, means "fair," or "flaxen-haired," the distinguishing trait of even the modern Saxon, or High German.

"Firth" and "Frith," are the same words; the transposition of the letter R being very common in English. Thus "brent," and "burnt," are the same participle. The Wiltshireman says "girnd" for "grind," although he is not aware that such a variation of the simple word comes under the learned term "metathesis." "Frith," however, has two meanings. One is derived from the Latin "fretum,"—such as the "Frith of Forth," and "Solway Frith." The other is Saxon, signifying "freedom," or "a liberty exempt from taxes." So we find the very French-looking name of "Chapel-en-le-Frith," near Buxton. "Friston" is, also, not an uncommon local name. The derivation is the Saxon name of the goddess of Liberty, Friga, from whom we retain the heathen title of the sixth day of the week, Friday. In the North, old chairs have been still retained in churches, called "frith-stools," or "tribunals of justice." In names of persons this syllable is not unusual, as "Frederic," the abbreviation of which in German is "Fritz;" the name by which the "Great Frederick," king of Prussia, was best known to his veteran grenadiers some eighty years ago. "Fell" is the same with the German "fels," a "cliff, or rock." Some say that the "Needles," in the Isle of Wight, is but a corruption of the German "Niederfels," or "Under-cliff," the modern and more English name of

that picturesque line of coast. Still, the peculiar serrated form of those sunken rocks may more probably have suggested the name of "Needles," just as the sharp jutting pinnacles that start from the snowy sides of the great Mont Blanc are called by the Swiss "Aiguilles," or "Needles." The Latins preferred the comparison of a *saw*, *serra*: and "Mont Serrat" is "the saw-edged or jagged mountain;" "Sierra," the common Spanish name for a mountain ridge, is of the same signification. So, "Sierra Nevada, Morena," (whence our "moreen,") and, "Leone," are respectively the "Snowy, Brown, and Lion Ridges." In the Isle of Man, the principal mountain is called "Snæfell," or the "Snow Cliff," the spelling of the old Norsk language being nearly retained, although, till within late years, the usual speech of that island was Manx, a dialect of the Celtic. The word "Fleet," formerly "Fleta," signifies "river," owing, probably, to the rapidity of the stream. So we have the little river "Swift," near Lutterworth, into which were thrown the remains, reduced to ashes, of the great father of the Reformation, Wickliffe, as an unmeaning insult to the buried dead from his bigotted enemies. "Shalflete" is a village in the Isle of Wight, perhaps the "*Shallow Flete*." The name, however, is best known by Fleet-street, that busy scene which Dr. Johnson preferred, for its hum of life and bustle, to all the finest prospects which the retired country could offer him. There is also the melancholy association of the Fleet Prison, built close upon a stream, now bricked up, which at one time was broad and deep enough to allow vessels to sail up from the Thames, and moor themselves by "Holborn," or the "Hollow Burn, or Brook." The poetic justice, somewhat harshly meted out by the reformed Henry the Fifth, at the first moment of his accession, to the former companions of his excesses, may be quoted to prove the supposed antiquity of this prison, long before the days of Shakspeare—

"Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet!"

But the truth is that the prison was as old as the time of Richard the First, and was then known as "*Prisona de la Fleet*." The little river itself, whose waters were swelled (see Malcolm's "*Londinium Redivivum*," vol. i. p. 376) by *Turnmill* and Oldbourne (as Holborn was sometimes spelt) flowed in a valley up to Battle Bridge, where the *Great Northern Terminus* now stands. But so long ago as

1290, the Prior and Friars of the Carmelites petition King Henry III. that the river may be attended to, as its noxious exhalations often overpowered the incense burnt in their church; and the Black Friars (who have bequeathed their name to the bridge), and the Bishop of Salisbury united in the same complaint. In 1306, moreover, a petition was presented by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, setting forth "that the watercourse under Holborne and Fleet Bridges *used* to be wide and deep enough to carry *ten or twelve ships up to Fleet bridge*, laden with various articles and merchandize; and praying that the lord mayor, with the sheriffs and discreet aldermen, may view the watercourse, and put it in its ancient state." Ancient in 1306! But time, which has turned this navigable river into a mere ditch, is as busy as ever, and, like the advancing tide of ocean, buries under its flow all that cannot resist its onward march. It remains for us to employ it to the best of our power. To borrow the conclusion of a letter of Sir John Harrington, godson of Queen Elizabeth—"I will end with this distich that my father taught me above forty yeer since—

‘ In doing good use no delay,
For tyme ys swift and slydes away.’ ”

E. R. P.



TO GERTRUDE, THREE YEARS OLD.

LITTLE child, with trustful gaze,
In that soft blue eye
Visions of an unseen world
Faintly mirror'd lie.
Like unto the silent depths
Of some inland pool,
Which 'neath twisted branches sleep,
Quiet, calm, and cool,
When perchance above, around,
Summer winds are laid,
And by thrush and grasshopper
Not a sound is made.

Ash and hazel bending down
 Towards that surface true,
 See each tiny leaf and spray
 Glitter in the blue.
 So, in that dear watchfulness,
 In that serious look,
 Deepest mysteries of faith
 Lurk, as in a book.
 And in those uplifted eyes,
 Full of childish trust,
 Read we tales of brighter worlds,
 Springing from the dust:
 Worlds by sin unvisited,
 Where no ills molest,
 Where the wicked cease to grieve,
 And the weary rest:
 Telling of a city seen
 Through a glass afar,
 With a glory that bedims
 Sun, and moon and star.
 Trusting one! to wisest sage
 Thou a teacher art;
 Bidding him, by that sweet gaze,
 Choose the better part.
 Learn, O man! from childhood's eye,
 True, and calm, and mild,
 All th' undoubting, perfect faith
 Of a little child!

E. R. P.



LETTER FROM PATAGONIA TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. J. F. OGLE.

“*Rio Negro, February 1857.*—AT so distant a part of the earth, and amongst scenes so different from those at home, it is a great pleasure to renew intercourse with my friends in England, and especially with those whom I love in the Lord. I have not so much to record as might be expected, because I have met with misfortune (if it be such to be *frustrated in my expectations*). I am alone, whereas I

thought to be one of a considerable number engaged in the work. My steps have been circumscribed by inability to reach the places where my work lies, my circumstances also impaired by the same course of events. But, on the other hand, I have enjoyed health and security, have found friends, and, I hope, have made some progress in preparation for my work. I have needed nothing, though often perplexed, and I have also enjoyed the favour and blessing of God, and trust I am under the gracious discipline of His children.

“That I am alone is but a usual lot; so have been all the servants of God. Thus they learn not to depend on man, but to trust in the Lord only, to observe His providence and to experience His protection. Here I am in Patagonia, but as free from anxiety, fear, danger, as in England. As to my present circumstances, I am amongst strangers, on board an American schooner of 180 tons, in the Rio Negro, North Patagonia, lat. 41° south, long. 62° west. There is a small settlement belonging to the Spaniards here, but more than half the inhabitants are negroes, or Patagonian Indians. The river is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, and has a strong current. On the south side is farm land, and very fertile; abundant crops of corn are grown, and all kinds of fruit are found in the gardens and orchards. Large herds of cattle and sheep graze on the banks of the river. The people are busy and quiet; they appear prosperous, every man has two or three horses, and there are no poor to be seen. The governor is appointed by the Buenos Ayrean government, and fifty or sixty soldiers garrison the fort. Were it not that agriculture is little understood, the people very indolent, the country liable to suffer from drought, locusts, flies, and the incursions of hostile Indians, this would be a very paradise, provided always that genuine Christianity prevailed. Of the latter I am sorry to have little evidence. That drunkenness, murder, theft, sabbath breaking, and lying abound, is obvious even to the passing stranger; swearing is heard in every mouth, and those who know no other English know its idiom of cursing. How can there be peace or happiness in such society? how other than envy, hatred, discontent, and every evil work?

“Beyond the loss of a valuable gun (my only weapon) I have personally suffered nothing from them, but I feel my *public* work is impossible in such a society. I can but

talk to individuals. I profess myself a missionary to the Indians, and pray for openings elsewhere. I may hope that a quiet and Christian example may silently work, and that the gradual diffusion of some knowledge of my sentiments on religious subjects will operate as a leaven, and prepare the way for that which has never been here, the preaching of the gospel of Christ. I hope to visit every house in time, and to preach the good tidings to individuals. I have done this in some already, and have met with no decided opposition.

“23rd.—We are still detained in the river. I now look back on my visit, and review its employments and incidents. How much cause have I for gratitude! No Indian has harmed me, no Spaniard stabbed me, no wild beast injured a hair of my head; the heat has not hurt me, the lightning scathed me not. I leave behind a people very friendly to me, and desirous of my return. I have preached the gospel to many, and left nearly all my Spanish testaments, gospels and tracts, in hands where they will not be thrown away. If I have not opened my mouth in public, it was not for shame, or from fear, but from a conviction that it would do little good, and a hope that seed scattered here and there might be guided by the Great Husbandman to soil suited for its development. I have not professed myself a missionary so much as a traveller having a missionary object. I believe the result has been that opposition has been disarmed, and prejudice dispelled. I now know better the state of things here. I find the people are by no means bigotted.

“I intend to return to this place (D.V.) as a favourable centre of operation, and I think for this I have made a good beginning; I have reason to think most of the influential families are favourable to me, and that I shall have no difficulty in settling here in peace. My mission would be to the Indians, and I should leave Spaniards very much. I have improved my acquaintance with colloquial Spanish, and got assistance in respect to the Indian language. I find that dialect of which I translated the grammar and dictionary is understood by nearly all the Indians I saw. It is the language of the largest and most powerful of the five tribes who inhabit Patagonia—the Chilleños. A few months here would enable me to speak it, and, what is still more important, I could procure some tracts and portions of Holy Scripture in the language. I have

gathered a good deal of information on the nature of this country, its soil, the quality of the land, and productiveness in various crops, the price of all kinds of produce, the resources and capabilities of this river as a site of colonization, and I am very favourably impressed with its suitability for that end, more than any other in South America. It is more temperate in climate than the Plata, or its tributaries, a *fort*, than the Amazon, Orinoco, or Rio Grande of the Brazils. It is more convenient for trade than the Chupal, or Santa Cruz, which are southern streams, suitable for European occupation, in an extent of fertile land, and the proximity of guano. Here we have a considerable river, as large as any in England, navigable for 200 to 300 miles at least, probably for 1000 miles for small craft. On one side is a level plain, from seven to ten miles wide, excellent land, supporting vast herds of cattle and horses, and producing, with the rudest cultivation, large quantities of grain. Fruit, &c., of every kind, from the sugar-cane and tobacco to the currant and strawberry, grow almost spontaneously, and trees of all sorts. Game is abundant on the hills, and there is unlimited grazing for cattle beyond the limit of the level, the whole of which appears to be adapted for the plough, and would repay the husbandman amply. The price of wheaten bread here is 4*d.* per lb.; of flour about 30*s.* per barrel of 200 lbs. The disproportion is great, and arises from the fact that bread is ordered by government to be sold at a price not *higher* than two dollars per loaf of 1½lb., consequently all exact that sum for a loaf, whereas the price of flour would permit them to sell it at 2½*d.* per lb. with profit.

“The great drawback, I am told, is ‘the Indians;’ these are now masters of the country. Land cannot be occupied more than twenty leagues up the river because of them, nor cattle pastured more than three leagues from the river. The inhabitants do not build, nor improve, nor plant, nor accumulate stock, for the same reason. Indians may appear any hour, day or night. Burnt houses and cornfields, cattle stolen, every thing devastated, tell the tale of their deeds; I am hourly reminded of this. We are comparatively *safe* in the river, as the Patagonians are *horsemen*, and will not swim, except forced to do so, but our neighbours on shore are on the look-out continually for Indians. I slept ashore three nights since. Every dog that broke

watch, my companion, a resident here, rose and went out to see if Indians had disturbed the sentinel. If a deer is seen running scared on the hill, it is expected the Indians are near; if a man and horse are seen, all eyes endeavour to detect some token of his lineage, nor rest till satisfied that he is of Christian blood. I was out to-day four or five miles away from the shore; suddenly two mounted men drew up on the hill above me, and reconnoitred. I stood still, hoping to escape observation if they were Indians, or that they would not be unfriendly. I determined to throw down my gun, (which I used always to carry for shooting game and curious birds, &c., as also for protection against wild beasts,) to make demonstration of friendship, and address them in terms of amity.

“One of the horsemen took the line leading towards me, the other kept the ridge. I could see the man to be an Indian by aid of my glass, but he had not the spear, so I concluded he was a ‘tame’ Indian, and such he proved to be. I cannot say I had felt any fear, but rather exulted to think, now my chance of work is coming, my prospect of a mission: I shall be carried off to some encampment on yonder hill, and there I shall be with my beloved Indians.

“The other day I went out to a small encampment of natives about twenty-five miles from Carmen. We ascended the river in a boat, then took horses, myself and a Spaniard who offered to conduct me: we rode to the extent of cultivated country, entered the forest, and in its deep recesses found the toldos pitched in a cleared space a few acres in extent. Ostriches were feeding, the weapons and implements of Indian life arranged around, and the inhabitants seated under a stretched hide in the shade. We dismounted, went and sat down on logs near to the Indians, and entered into conversation with them. My guide explained our visit a little, and then I spoke, told them I came from England, to see them and to do them good; that I succeeded others of my countrymen, who had perished in attempting the same, and I hope to succeed. They invited me to enter the toldo, a booth made from ox-hides stretched over poles of wood, in the same way as gipsies make their waggon covers serve for tents, but these are larger, about five feet high, eight or ten wide by twenty long. The entrance is at a corner; opposite, the beds of the family are ranged; in front of them, the fire. We sat ourselves

on logs around the natives ; *mate*, a decoction of the leaves and stems of a plant grown in Brazil, is prepared in a little gourd-skin teapot, and it is imbibed from a tube inserted in the pot ; each drinks in turn. Sugar, and sometimes milk, is put into the pot with water : this is the common hospitality offered everywhere, at great houses and small. I like it very well ; it is something like green tea, aromatic and bitter, but not disagreeable ; when not strong, and well sweetened, it is very pleasant. Add to the infusion the constant desire for fluids which hot weather creates, and you will cease to wonder at my taste.

“My hosts were highly pleased when I showed them several useful articles of English manufacture, a repeater watch, a pocket compass, telescope, lucifer-match box,* &c., and tried to explain them, and not without success. I told them that our fathers were as they, and that religion made the difference between us. Then, taking my Testament, I read in Spanish several passages, illustrative of the character of the Christian religion, and concluded with some of the most plain of the invitations to come to Christ, to faith, and to salvation through His blood and righteousness. They were very attentive, and evidently felt the word. I sat some time with the family, and wrote part of a letter to my brother in this toledo, telling the natives that I was writing to friends in England, who feared that the Indians would kill and eat me ; and that I was writing from their house to say that we were in friendly intercourse, and that they received nothing from me, but had invited me to

* A box of useful articles will shortly be forwarded, to assist the Rev. J. F. Ogle in his honorary Mission work among the natives of Patagonia.

The following have been found by him suitable for this purpose : knives, scissors, needles, pins, thimbles, needle-books (furnished), pearl buttons, glass beads, especially blue ones ; fishing-hooks (all sizes), fishing-nets, twine, small copy-books, pens, cedar pencils, German silver pencil-cases, paint-boxes, cheap American clocks, pocket compasses, telescopes, kaleidoscopes, magnetic toys, copper wire, blankets, flannel, warm clothing, remnants of print, thread, tin mugs, plates, spoons, candied preserves, Spanish testaments, books and tracts.

Contributions of any of the above articles will be gladly forwarded, if sent to the care of Dr. William Ogle, 9, Lower Belgrave-street, Pimlico, London, S.W.

eat and drink with them. Now I must not leave you under the impression that these were the *wild* Indians. No; these were of the same race, but they have separated from them, in appearance at least, and they live in friendship with the Spaniards, acting as a mediating party. All that I said to them will be repeated to the wild Indians, and it will tend to dispose them favourably towards us. I have since sent them a considerable present, and some copies of the Gospels in Spanish, and I hope this happy beginning may be the commencement of a new kind of intercourse between Europeans and these long oppressed and injured outcasts.

"I now come to close my letter and my first visit to Patagonia. We are only waiting for weather to go to sea; indeed we have been out, and been driven back. We met with a gale of wind, and carried away our foremast, broken short off by the head; the ship was altogether disabled, and at the mercy of the sea. But His hand who rules in mercy the ruthless elements ordered all things well; we got some canvass on the broken mast, and came back in safety."



MY BOWL, AND WHERE I FILLED IT.

SOME months ago I wrote for the readers of the YOUTH'S MAGAZINE a humble confession of the failure I had suffered in trying to establish a Marine Aquarium. Since then another correspondent has furnished a description of his own success, and as he seems to intimate that success with a proper course of action is certain, failure must from his point of view be regarded as a fault. Now I do not wish to vaunt concerning the Aquarium which I now possess; that it is *established* in any such sense as to make it unlikely that when the chill of winter returns, and the London fogs hang about the lips of my glass, and that peculiar dimness and dreariness comes on out of doors which last year seemed so oppressive to my

pets, the result will be different. All I have to record is, that at present the animals and vegetables collected together in a glass bowl which stands before me are healthy, and, as far as I can discover, comfortable and contented, and that the ways and doings of some of them are so curious and interesting, that I cannot forbear attempting to describe them.

My bowl stands in a large bow window, so that abundance of light falls upon it; the bottom of it is nearly covered with small pieces of sandstone, granite, and flint, on every one of which grows a grass-like tuft, or a fan-like spread of bright green weed; some of them have small pieces of red weed hanging from them also. On bright and warm days these weeds are thickly covered with small bead-like bubbles of air, and all the living contents of the bowl are very lively and somewhat restless. On a rainy day, on the contrary, scarcely a bubble is formed, and the fronds of the weed lag along the bottom; the sea anemones scarcely trouble themselves to open; laying their long feelers across their faces (if their centre is so to be called) the red ones presenting a round, smooth surface, and the beautiful *Crassicornis* puffing out its half transparent pipes, but doubling up one here and there, and capriciously destroying the symmetry of its flower-like head by folding it over the others. To-day, it is fine and light, and I have been employed for some time in observing the habits of my pets.

I have two star-fish, each with five rays; one is purple, the other orange in colour. They are extremely active to-day, and until I had them in my possession I had not the least idea how wonderfully beautiful and complicated was the apparatus by which they move; for I must tell you that when I found them they lay huddled together with *some* hundreds of their tribe in a crevice, and were *evidently* in a state of rest. I was walking with my brother on that occasion on a long, low ledge of rock

which runs straight out into the sea, and goes by the name of the Bridge, but the fishermen call it the Brig, a far more characteristic name, as it seems to me.

This brig, which extends into the sea for a distance of about half a mile, is in some places covered daily with the tide; but there are two ledges some distance from the shore, which are seldom under water, and over these and along the bare rocks further out, the feet of many generations have worn a smooth path, which path often beguiles strangers to go fearlessly on till they are overtaken by the tide, for, as they say, who would expect that a bare, dry path like that lies part of its time under water every night and every day? accordingly on they go, and thereby the boatmen, who keep careful watch, make in stormy weather considerable gain; for the adventurers, when they find themselves cut off from the land and snowed all over with flying flakes of spray, are in a state of terror, which makes them glad to be taken off the rock at any price.

But to return to my star-fish. On a summer day not long ago, when the water was still as a pond, and the air so calm that we could hear the plaintive voices of the sea-gulls who were swinging in a snowy flock on the green water, holding a tea-party, at which a number of young fresh herrings were probably eaten raw—on this summer day, that had dried every drop of spray, and made the path along the bridge as pleasant as a high-road, my brother and I walked till we came to a low lying rock, slippery with hanging weed, and we skirted it till it dipped sheer down into the deep sea.

How still the water was! We stood about three feet above it, and watched the vessels in full sail passing before us at the distance of about a hundred yards, then we looked down into it, and there we saw streamers of red dulse, and the long brown oar-weed.

At the bottom grew a forest of different kinds of herbs, green, brown, red, purple; but on a sudden, though there was no wave, they began to swing, and before we had time to wonder why, out sailed two great green fishes, called by the sailors "billets," or "billys," after them came two mackerel, and they with the billets amused themselves for some minutes in poking at the weeds with their noses, apparently just for the amusement of seeing them shake.

Now there were lying here and there upon the purple streamers some orange star-fishes, some with seven, some with ten rays, some with only three, and an appearance as if two or three had been snapped off and the creature was growing some new ones.

When the sportive fishes butted at the weeds and then diving under them disappeared, and sent them shaking and quivering in all directions, we were surprised to see that the star-fish never stirred, nor dropped off the leaves as we should have expected, and we felt a great wish to discover how they contrived to hold to the weed so firmly, the more so as they had no visible means of doing so, and some of them were moving on somewhat rapidly.

We were discussing this, when a shoal of young herrings, about three inches long, set into the bay formed at that place by the rock which stretches out two long arms to sea, leaving deep and very still water between them. The herrings, which were probably the progeny of one parent, appeared by common consent to be keeping in a compact body, just close enough together to allow their fins to play, and in number were about two thousand; they evidently had no leader, yet they were exploring as it seemed, and a common impulse made them advance or recede; they passed in a green glittering cloud over our star-fishes, whereupon out dashed the billets, and they dispersed and fled like a dream, but no sooner had their enemies retired again under the weeds, with

nothing sticking out but a green tail to show where they were, than the little herrings were all collected together again, and were swimming out to sea, while our beautiful star-fishes were seen close to where the sulky billets heaved the banners of weed, creeping along as if they neither knew nor cared anything about motion, and could preserve a cheerful mind though young herrings died by dozens, and billets were at that moment on the verge of choking.

We moved further on; the herrings swam away, and my companion groaned to think that such beautiful bait should escape him for want of a landing-net, but he comforted himself by observing the thousands of limpets that studded the rocks all over, and by shouting to frighten away the sea-gulls, who after gorging themselves with herrings, were piping and "tweeing" to each other in a tone that sounded quite sentimental.

At last, "Heyday!" he exclaimed, "here's a nursery in this crevice, here's a case of over-population! Come out, you yellow knaves, what are you hiding for?" and thereupon he knelt down by the side of a deep crevice in the rock, and called to me to come and look at a nation of star-fishes that were lurking in it.

The footing was very slippery, but I contrived to follow, and on reaching the place saw an irregular rent in the rock, about half a foot across, but hidden by tangle and brown weeds, excepting where my brother had turned them back; this crevice reached completely across the rock, from the sea on one side to the sea on the other, and was considerably deeper than my brother's walking-stick, with which he was trying to sound it. Scarcely an inch of it, however, was visible, for it was literally lined with star-fish, big, little and middle-sized, sticking to the sides or to each others' backs; they resembled the most gorgeous mosaic, for they varied greatly in colour, some being white, some pale yellow, others brilliant in orange,

with black specks here and there, while a pale pink or a fine rich purple adorned the rays of others. We pulled them out by dozens just to look at them. They took no manner of notice of us and our proceedings, but lay quietly in a row to be inspected; some would have measured about eight inches from tip to tip, others were scarcely one inch in length; these infants were particularly delicate in colour; they seemed to make a point of pretending to be dead while we turned them over, for they stiffened themselves as knowingly as their elders had done, and allowed themselves to be balanced on the tips of our fingers without betraying any anxiety to get away.

We chose four of small size for my aquarium, and then we carefully put all the others back into their hiding-place, for we did not wish to be cruel if they were sensitive, or wasteful if they were merely to be looked upon as so much material.

Now these star-fishes, when we had time to examine them with attention, puzzled us considerably, for we still could not make out how they contrived to hold so tenaciously to the weeds as we had seen some of them do in the water; we turned them over, and found their under-sides furnished with a deep groove running down the centre of each ray, and the ridge on either side of it was rough; that was all: but we brought them home, and put them into a large glass bowl, in which some green weed was already flourishing, and which was filled with water as clear as crystal. Then the mystery was soon solved; we were sitting at the tea-table, when some one exclaimed that the star-fishes were sprawling all over the glass, and that some of them had nearly reached the top of the water. We crowded to the scene of action, and there, with a thousand legs apiece, on the most moderate computation, we saw them in different attitudes, and all in a favourable state to be examined. From the under surface of each ray protruded count-

less sets of little suckers, evidently on the same principle as the foot of a fly, or of the leathern toys with which boys lift up stones, having first produced a vacuum between the stone and the leather.

The star-fish, as he reached the perpendicular wall of glass, after creeping among the sea-weeds, attached himself with one set of suckers to it, and forthwith shot out a second set at a slightly higher elevation; these once affixed, he straightway withdrew the first, and set them in their turn higher still, and so in less than two minutes he attained the surface.

This done, he made a progress all round the bowl, his three companions following; but instead of preserving his star-like appearance, set three of his rays close together, like human fingers, and doubled back the others. In this manner he travelled quickly, and if he overtook a less active companion, he walked over him, and made no account of him; but if he came to a limpet, of which there were several, he felt his shell, and cautiously passed his feelers over the tuft of weed that the said limpet wore on his helmet like a plume; then appearing to experience a sensation of disgust against the unoffending creature, he descended a little, and making a circuit so as to avoid the touch of even a morsel of weed, he came up again, and, perhaps, by way of variety, fixed one of his rays to the side, and lolled with all the others on the surface of the water, playing with his many little feet as if bathing or washing himself, while two of his companions went down again to the bottom of the bowl, curled themselves over like Turk's-cap lilies in hollow portions of the rock, and seemed to repose, the third continuing till it was quite dusk to travel round and round the bowl, taking elaborate care to avoid the limpets. Having been told that some anatomists considered it probable that the star-fish is sensible to light, and even that the minute black specks which appear on its surface might be elementary eyes, I

often watched my treasures, but could discover nothing more respecting them than that they were generally quiet in the dark, or in deep shade, but that if I put them in the window, or brought a candle close to them, they always roused up, and became active; however, I one day noticed a small orifice towards the centre of one of them; within it appeared a smooth knob about as large as a good-sized pin's head, but upon consulting some authorities respecting it, I find that its use and its nature were considered to be undecided, one naturalist looking on it as a mouth, and another as an eye!

But weed and star-fish do not inhabit my bowl alone—it contains besides, among other valuables, three limpets; of no great value in themselves, perhaps, but I would not part with them for a good deal, under circumstances where they could not be replaced.

Every one of these limpets has something else on his back; one has a tuft of dulse, and a little piece of the *Ulva latissima*, about an inch long; a second has a fine specimen of the *Enteromorpha compressa* affixed to his roof, in like manner, and very beautiful it looks floating out on the water, when he moves or it is shaken; the third is covered with barnacles; I had a fourth limpet, on which grew a thick tuft of dulse, at least six inches long; about fifty young mussels harboured in it, but it was too large and heavy for an aquarium; moreover, the dulse will not flourish in still water, so I threw it away.

But now to describe how and when we found these limpets, and what else we saw there. We walked, in the first place, to the commencement of the brig, and instead of proceeding down it, we rounded the cliff, and after climbing over heaps of boulders, piled up in grand confusion, we came to a flat piece of rock, full of small round holes, worn by the tide, and every hole beautified with a red anemone; we did not trouble our-

selves to gather any of these sea-flowers, but marched boldly on under an overhanging cliff, till the path we had to pursue narrowed to about a foot in breadth, and rose suddenly, while the cliff descending as suddenly, we had to creep along with great caution, and in a bent position, till we reached a puddle caused by the drippings overhead: as we could not step over the puddle, we stepped through it; and then, with the aid of the only gentleman our party afforded, we scrambled over some slippery boulders, while heavy drops of water dripped on us from the rocky roof above; this done, we reached a fine flat platform of rock, skirted by ragged cliffs on the left, and edged by a splendid green sea on the right, which was foaming and breaking with that superb clearness never seen but on rocky and sandless coasts.

Such a pretty scene now burst upon us! A rumour had spread among the population of the place that two gentlemen had caught a great quantity of fish in the second bight the previous tide. Accordingly small parties of fishers had gathered over the ledges, some with fine rods, and an appearance befitting a sportsman; others with things uncommonly like washing-props; while a good many rosy-faced boys, of various ranks and degrees, sat dangling their legs over the seething deep, telling each other marvellous stories of the huge mackerel that had been taken that very day from the point that they just then had the felicity to occupy, and every now and then pulling out their packthread with genuine surprise to find no fish at the end of it. Considering that their legs hung over a sea from fifteen to twenty feet deep, I wondered what their mothers would feel if they could see them; but was soon satisfied on that point, for a fisherman's wife came up with a rod of rude construction, and a child of about three years old in her arms; a little girl of about six followed, and when the mother *had chosen her point*, she flung the line into

the water, and setting down her child, said to the little girl—

“Mind thee doant let him run off.”

The obedient daughter nodded, and let the little creature toddle to the edge of one of the beautiful pools that lay in the rocks, where with a small stick he patted the surface of the water, and crowed with delight when it splashed up in his face. The sun shone gloriously; and looking down into the transparent sea, one could discern the bare rocks at a great depth below; while looking up were the ragged cliffs, torn and jagged, and worn into semicircular bays. They were not more than two hundred feet high, but their extraordinary form gave them a grandeur that loftier rocks cannot boast. In a distance of less than a quarter of a mile, they cut five times deep into the coast, and in each deep indentation the sea foams and rages as if it were boiling in a caldron. They look, as a visitor said, as if some sea monster, as big as Yorkshire, had bitten five mouthfuls out of the coast, and left in them the jagged marks of his fearful teeth. In some places they overhang a good deal, and give one an uneasy sense of danger. In the same manner, the lower ledge overhangs the water; but people get accustomed to dangerous positions, and we could soon observe some dozen village children playing among the fishers, and dancing for joy when a fish was landed, without any particular feeling of discomfort. “They’s used to it,” as a seaman said, when a timid-looking lady visitor remonstrated; and when she asked whether they would not go too close to the edge, “Bless you, no, Ma’am,” he replied, “they knows better.” So did a little dog, who sat behind this old man, know better, as it appeared, for he kept at a respectful distance from the edge; and though he reared himself up, and licked his lips and begged, every time a fish was drawn up, he never once peeped down into the water, but, panting for joy

stared at the glittering things as they struggled on the ledge, and did not heed the friendly invitations of the boys who, in broad Yorkshire dialect, such as he understood, entreated him to come and sit by them, with such exclamations as, "What, Tinker lad, be thee afear'd?" "Arn't thee ashamed o' thuself to be afear'd of the *wather*, lad?" But Tinker wagged his tail and kept his distance, appearing to derive great contentment from watching the silvery game as it floundered in a pool on the ledge, and in patting them cautiously on the back if they ventured too near the brink. Sometimes he varied his occupation by furiously barking at a disconsolate fellow-creature who, standing far above looking down helplessly at the sport, yapped with feeble persistency, and wandered from peak to peak, vainly looking for a path by which he might descend. Now this dog was evidently no favourite with the boys, for Tinker had no sooner drawn their attention to him than they greeted him with a chorus of exulting jeers, "Thee needn't hang thee ugly head over, thee can't get down, hurrah! Go along home, thee thieving lad." A shower of whelks were thrown up at the poor dog with this speech, but they all fell short of him, and he appeared to feel that he was unpopular, for he presently sneaked up the cliff again with his tail between his legs, while I wandered away from the cheerful fishing points, and taking a heavy hammer with me, looked for a quiet place where, unobserved, I could chip off a few bits of rock for my aquarium.

I had not gone far when I came up to two weather-beaten sailors, who were watching a lady with broad grins on their faces; they had caught a good deal of fish, and the tide having turned, they were resting from their labour. My eyes followed the direction of theirs, and I could not wonder that they were amused, for I saw a lady who had a large heavy hammer like my own, and who was mildly making

pecks at great pieces of limestone which a yellow-hammer might as soon have hoped to dislodge with his beak. She had a countenance expressive of timidity and simpleness, and she wore spectacles ; she was evidently greatly surprised at her want of success, and when, on one occasion, she splashed herself slightly, she took out a handkerchief, and laying down her hammer and a smelling-bottle, proceeded to dry her dress with elaborate care. As I passed her I hid my hammer, for I saw the old sailors look at me as if they would have said, "There comes another of them." So I was resolved that I would content myself with such treasures as I could procure with ease, and besides, the exceeding hardness of the rock which was evident to the eye and the foot, made me think I had little chance of making any impression on it.

I was bent on getting some limpets, so I crossed over many crevices and basin-like holes filled with what looked like small coal, but which, on near inspection, I knew to be young mussels, and over beds of young whelks, innumerable and of all sizes, from that of a pin's head upwards. At last I found a colony of limpets, and taking some which I have already described, I collected also six or seven which were encrusted with barnacles. Many hundreds of times as I had seen barnacles, it had always been when they were not under water, and I never supposed that at any time they presented a very different appearance to that which was so familiar, unless, indeed, they had a leg like a mussel, or a long horn like a scallop ; so when we returned home, I put them into my bowl on the backs of the mussels, and went away to remove the travel-stained dress in which I had returned. On entering the room where they were, I walked up to look at them, and then I knew why it had once been so firmly believed that geese are the offspring of barnacles ; every barnacle kept swiftly opening and shutting, and as he opened he flung out a tiny plume

of brown feathers, and as he closed two other smaller plumes darted out and combed the larger plume, and all three were drawn in and as swiftly thrown out again.

Never was such a pretty sight. We watched it for an hour; they were perfect feathers, like the plume of the Prince of Wales. What wonder, then, that those who observed, but reasoned not, should have taken them for fowls in embryo; while succeeding generations who reasoned, but observed not, should have made innumerable theories for accounting for this silly belief concerning which I had read many times in my childhood, without once having been informed that barnacles were feathered things.

(To be continued.)

"JUST AS I AM."

MANY have written of happy death-beds; and I doubt not that thousands have been stirred up by their recital, to desire that they too might "die the death of the righteous, and that their last end should be like theirs." But mine is a sadder task. I have to tell of one around whose dying couch no halo beamed—no glorious rays from the Sun of Righteousness shone. Moral, amiable, and gentle as the subject of this memoir was in an eminent degree, "yet lacked she one thing." She rejected the only way of salvation, though she well knew the glorious plan.

Once when a holy man of God talked earnestly to her, she said to her mother (alluding to his conversation), "It is of no use Mr. — trying to persuade me to be religious, I cannot enter into what he says, I do not pretend to feel anything that he describes."

Dress and company seemed the great attractions of life to her; and an indescribable longing after the luxuries and conveniences of a higher position in life than she herself occupied, filled her mind. Once, when on a visit to a

wealthy relative, she took a walk with her, and on their return, Mary threw herself on a sofa, while her sister occupied an easy chair, and while thus lounging at her ease, Mary said, "Now this is the kind of life I should like to lead, just to go out and come in, read, lie down, arrange flowers, and do what I like, instead of working for my daily bread as I am compelled to do." Mary's father had once been in affluent circumstances, but the aspect of his affairs had changed, and at the period of which I am speaking, Mary was a dressmaker. Her eldest brother, in the very prime of his youth, was called away; but the circumstance of his early death failed to awaken in Mary more than natural sorrow. Her sisters chose (through the teaching of the Spirit) that "good part" which was not taken from them, but her heart remained untouched. At length, what appeared to her the height of human happiness (the prospect of a good husband and a home), seemed within her grasp. She and her intended had met at a party, and from that time an acquaintance began, which soon ended in a permanent engagement. In every way desirable, as far as this world was concerned, this marriage appeared, and all went on well; but it was a deceitful calm. Mary's health became so bad that she was obliged to go to the house of her sister for change of air; before long, unmistakable symptoms of consumption appeared, and ere many months had passed, she was pronounced beyond recovery, and she was brought home to die. Everything that tender care could suggest, and every little luxury within their means, were bestowed on her by her kind parents, and her anxious and broken-hearted betrothed; most willingly did he forego his own comforts, that wine, fruits, and every delicacy he could think of, might be bestowed on her whom he regarded as his wife; but, alas! he declared, in ignorance of the requirements of a just and holy God, that, "she of all others was sure of heaven; for she had never done any harm, nor committed any sin."

I had heard of Mary's illness, and had fully intended to pay her a visit the first opportunity; but delays are dangerous. While deliberating, I received the following note from her sorrowing mother:—

"I suppose you are aware that our poor Mary has returned much worse. She appears now quite convinced that she shall not recover. I am much distressed about her. She said to me to-night, she should like some one to

talk to her, but not a stranger. Now, I have thought, that as you are a favourite of hers, perhaps you would do us the favour to call as soon as convenient. I find it too painful a task to perform myself. I hope you will excuse me, but I know of no one so suitable as yourself.”

I obeyed the summons immediately, and threaded my way through one of the noisiest thoroughfares of busy London, to the quiet street where, in a comfortable room, lay the dying girl: sadly altered indeed was she—Death was doing his work very rapidly.

She had been a very lovely girl, with eyes so bright that a little child once said to her, “ Why, Mary, your eyes are so bright, that if they were on the rug, I should pick them up, and think they were diamonds!” Now, though they were still bright, they were of that glassy hue, the sure indication of consumption.

She was sitting in an easy chair supported by cushions. I thought I would begin to speak to her at once, for a glance at her attenuated form and sunken cheeks told me that her days were numbered; so, quoting from a sermon I had recently heard, I began to talk of that glorious doctrine of Substitution, which seems the great truth of the Bible, namely, that two cannot be justly punished for the same sin; therefore, if we believe in Christ’s atonement, we shall not be punished in our own persons, but in the person of our Surety; but if we reject that substitution, then we throw away the only chance of salvation, and we must bear the whole weight of God’s wrath to all eternity. I remember using the expression, “ Heaven is too good to lose, and hell is too bad to bear.” A few minutes afterwards she fainted. Of course I cannot tell whether it was the effect of the conversation or not; but her mother came to me in great distress (I had retired into another room), and said, “ I am afraid we have left it too late.” I was afraid so too, and almost reproached myself with having spoken so plainly.

I sat a long time, silently asking that she might find mercy, though at the eleventh hour: my cry was, “ O Lord! save her. I do not ask that she should be saved by my instrumentality, but, oh! save her, if it be thy will, for Christ’s sake.” After some time had elapsed, Mary beckoned her mother to her, and sent me word that she *was much refreshed*. I took this message as a hint that I *might pursue the conversation*. I did not attempt to draw

from her any account of the state of her mind and feelings; I knew she had nothing to tell but what was too painful for her to speak of. She knew she had lived without God, and she knew also the consequences of dying without Him; and, therefore, I simply set before her the fulness and the freeness of Christ's salvation, reminding her that, "whosoever cometh unto Him, He will in no wise cast out." I said, "You know God hath 'concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all;' and it is not because you have been moral, and virtuous, and exemplary (and most virtuous, amiable, and exemplary I know you to have been), that you must expect to be saved." Looking up at me, she said most earnestly, "Oh! no, indeed, I do not." I was thankful even for those few words, for they seemed to intimate an utter renunciation of self. A few words of prayer concluded the visit. Some days elapsed, and I went again, praying that my words might be as "a nail in a sure place." She was as silent as before, excepting that when I said to her, "You wish to believe, do you not?" She replied, "I do indeed," in the same eager tone she had used on the previous occasion.

Her mother seemed quite rejoiced at even such a slight expression, for she had vainly tried to draw from her a single word that might indicate the state of her heart.

Once indeed, about a week previous to my first visit, she had said to an elderly woman who was assisting to nurse her, "If I am to die, I should like to be prepared;" that was the first time she had ever spoken of her approaching end. She had always answered, when any reference was made to the state of her health, "Oh, I suppose I shall get better when the spring comes!" and she had appeared as anxious about dress and worldly concerns as ever. Poor girl, she had chosen the world, and the world was sliding from beneath her feet, and she found nothing on which they could rest. She was stumbling on the dark mountains, and had not reached the Rock of Ages, on which to abide the coming storm.

I think it was on the third occasion of my visiting Mary that I asked her if she had found peace? She shook her head, and with a look of intense anguish replied, "Oh, no; *I have not indeed!*" She then burst into an agony of weeping. The answer thrilled me to the soul, but after a moment's pause, I said, "I feel most deeply for you, my dear girl, but I must say I am thankful to hear you say

this. God might have left you to yourself, and suffered you to retain your false peace, 'when there was no peace;' but I trust He is 'hiding His face from you for a moment,' and that ere long you will know the peace which passeth understanding." I added, "To speak faithfully, you know you have neglected God—you have even rejected Him." She murmured an assent, and sighed deeply. I continued, "Is it any wonder if you do not experience 'the peace and joy in believing,' which they know who have followed 'the Lord fully?' Your own evil heart is keeping you back from Christ, and Satan is unwilling to part with one whom he has so long held captive; but though Satan may be permitted to harass you, only cling to Jesus, cling close to Him, loose not your hold, and you shall not perish. It is not I who say so, but the Eternal God who cannot lie (for she looked doubtingly), who has said, 'Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' You are certainly included in the 'whosoever,' and you wish to come to Jesus?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Then He will not cast you out. If there were no other promise but that, you need not despair; but blessed be God, He has multiplied those gracious invitations. 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' These are cheering words, are they not?" "They are indeed," she said. "Yes," I replied, "and we dishonour God when we do not take Him at His word, and trust our whole souls to Him. Surely the blood of a God is sufficient to cleanse you, and millions such as you, from sin!"

She then remarked: "Mr. M—— (her intended husband) thinks me so good; he says, if I were to die directly, he knows I should go to heaven. I know I should not; it quite distresses me to hear him talk so." She also said to a dear relative of my own who visited her, "It is quite oppressive to me that I cannot believe; but I cannot." On another occasion she said to the same individual, "I wish I could trust Christ." "Why do you wish to trust him?" was the reply. "Because I feel I have need of Him; but I have slighted Him, I have rejected Him." I had told her mother I would soon pay her another visit; but we know *not what a day may bring forth. A sudden accident laid me prostrate. How earnestly did I then wish I had spoken*

the time of my walking to her abode in earnest prayer for her soul, instead of my mind having been occupied with passing objects, and in trifling thoughts! I might have had a richer blessing. I think it was Hamilton Forsyth who made such a point of spending the time which he took in necessary exercise in intercessory prayer. How many were indebted to those solitary walks eternity alone can tell!

About three years previous to Mary's illness, I had recommended her to a friend as nursery governess, and finding myself utterly unable to go to her, I requested this excellent lady to visit her; she did so, and wrote me a note, of which the following is an extract:—"I told M—— something must be keeping her back. I said, 'I see you prefer an earthly bridegroom to a heavenly.' This caused tears, and a slight assent; but her look seemed earnest. I left her some hymns, 'The sick one whom Jesus loved,' by Winslow."

Soon after this lady's visit, Mary having at length consented to see a clergyman, her mother went to see Mr. S——, the excellent incumbent of the district in which she resided. He immediately sent one of his curates. Mr. —— took his seat a long way off from Mary, and began a kind of preaching conversation, which, though very good, seemed not quite suited to her state of mind. Poor Mary was disappointed in his visit; but her persevering mother went again to Mr. S——, and begged him to go to her daughter. He did so, and with his cordial manner and friendly tone encouraged her; the deep spirituality of his converse solemnised her mind, and his words distilled as the dew. Simply and beautifully he explained the truths of God's word, and then with the clearness of noon-day he pointed to the cross of Christ as her only hope of salvation.

At first Mary was, as might have been expected, very reserved; but his kindness of manner won her, and she at length looked forward to his visits with real delight. She confessed she felt "an earthly bridegroom was keeping her back from a heavenly one," using the words Mrs. Y—— had suggested. Mr. S—— expressed his earnest hope to her mother that the Lord had begun his own work in her heart; and he added, "I believe He will not remove her from earth till he has made that work manifest to us all." He, on another occasion, told her mother that "he

did not call his visits to her part of his work, he felt so interested in her."

I had heard from time to time how Mary was; but I had almost given up the idea of ever seeing her again in this world. However, it pleased God to raise me up once more, and grant me my heart's desire to visit her again. From what I had heard of Mr. S——'s efforts for her soul's good, I quite hoped to find her rejoicing in the light of God's countenance. I was equally surprised and disappointed when, in answer to my remarks, "Well, I trust you have the true peace now," she replied, weeping bitterly, "No, indeed, I wish I had." "You do not doubt Christ's power to save?" I asked. "No," she replied, earnestly. "Nor his willingness?" No," rather less decidedly. "Then is it yourself you mistrust?" "Yes, yes," she said. "You do not then see and feel that he *has* saved you, though you do not doubt that He *can* ? You wish to come to Christ, and you have come, have you not?" "Yes." "Then he will save you. He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Ask for the Holy Spirit to help you to come: remember those lines—

' All the fitness Christ requireth,
Is to feel our need of Him.

This *He gives* us—

'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.'

I would advise you to be more earnest in asking to be forgiven than to know that you are forgiven. You may be safe, and yet not know that you are safe. A newborn babe is as much a child as the little prattler who trots by its cradle, though the one cannot call its father, nor does he know him, while the other can go to him and call him by that endearing title." I then told her of one who, having had these words impressed on her mind, "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask Him?" she determined to ask for the Holy Spirit. She persevered for two full years, but never had the least idea that her prayer had been answered; but at length one day, having been much impressed whilst hearing a sermon, she sighed in her spirit, and longingly asked, "When shall I have that for which I have so long prayed?" The thought darted into her mind like lightning.

"How do I know I have not the Holy Spirit?" She threw herself on her knees, and remained long in prayer; but before she arose, the sweet, full, settled conviction had possessed her mind that her petition had been heard and answered.

I soon found myself again at M——'s bedside. Still there was the same sad answer, the same bitter tears, the same silent anguish. It seemed almost as if she could not die for the unrest of her spirit; and with regard to her mortal frame, it was reduced to the last stage of utter weakness, while her once rounded features had assumed a ghastly appearance. On the occasion to which I am referring, I expressed an earnest hope that "at evening time it might yet be light," and my petitions for her were closed with these words of that beautiful hymn—

"When she treads the verge of Jordan,
Bid her anxious fears subside;
Bear her through the swelling current,
Land her safe on Canaan's side."

I saw her feet were nearing the dark river, and I remembered the words,—

"'Tis only they whose souls are burden'd
With unforgiven sin,
Need shrink upon that river brink,
And fear to plunge therein."

How heavily lay that burden on her soul, few, I believe, had any idea.

But I must hasten to the close of my narrative. Finding herself fast sinking, she gave to her intended husband her bible; he wept so violently on receiving this, her parting gift, that in her own words, "He cried enough to break his own heart, and mine too." She had evidently renounced all idea of living, and she disposed of all her little trinkets.

A few weeks before this she had said to her mother, "There is my pink silk bonnet; I should like it wrapped carefully up, and put away; you know I *may* want it again." Such hopes had all fled, and she knew the time was come when she must die.

It was only four days before her departure that I saw her *for the last time*. I bent over her, and whispered, "Is it *peace*?" "Yes," she answered, in a calm, slow, decided manner. We both wept, and at length she added something *in such a feeble tone I could scarcely catch the words; but*

I thought they were, “I hope I am right in wishing to *know* that I am forgiven.” I kissed her cold brow, and bade her farewell for ever in this world.

She had said to her mother about a week before, “I do not think I should feel as I do if I were not forgiven.”

On the dear relative to whom I have before alluded visiting her, she remarked, “I think I am safe, but I do not enjoy religion.” No: she had *lived* without it: and though hers was not a hopeless death-bed, it was not a happy one.

On the day on which she died, her mother was lifting her now almost lifeless form, when she gently laid her head on her mother’s bosom, and faintly said, “Just as I am.” How those words echoed in her mother’s memory! At the beginning of her illness, Mary had learned that beautiful hymn by heart, but it seemed only at the very last that she was able to appropriate it. She was dying for many hours, apparently conscious, but unable to speak. Her mother and her kind-hearted landlady alone were with her; and just before the day-dawn on a cold spring morning her spirit fled. There was “hope in her end;” but it will be our own faults if we have not a brighter closing to our earthly day.

I do not know if I am correct, but it has often struck me that there is much connexion between a life of uniform devotedness to God—following the Lord fully—and a happy death-bed. Let us take for example the apostles Peter and John: Peter denied his Lord, and the very death he so much dreaded, and from fear of which he denied Him, was the very death he died, and that too at an age when he was far less able to bear suffering than he was when his Master was crucified. We know, too, that from deep humility and unfeigned shame at the remembrance of his sin, he thought himself unworthy to suffer even in the same posture as his Lord, and thus by his own earnest request were his sufferings aggravated tenfold. I would not for a moment be supposed to wish to detract from the character of Peter. I know how much the church of the living God is indebted to him, who was, indeed, “the rock upon which it was to be built.” I know, too, how many have been built up in their most holy faith by the reading of his blessed epistles; and I know that many of the ambassadors of the Most High have been incited to greater zeal, and more devoted earnestness, while studying the *character of the lion-hearted Peter*; but it is with *something like regret* that I think of his closing scene, and turn

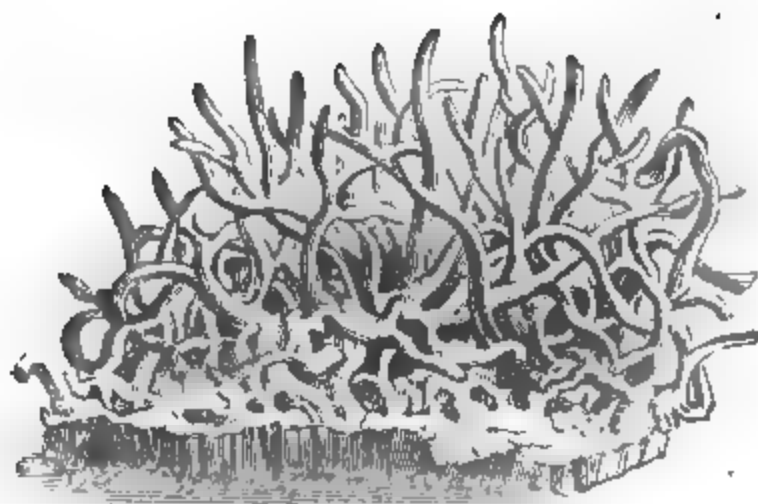
for comfort to that of the loving John—he who, although for a moment overcome by human weakness, yet was enabled, by a strength not his own, to follow Jesus into the palace of the high-priest, and through that livelong night to stand boldly by him: no fear seemed to lurk within him, for we are told, "He went out and spake unto her that kept the door, and brought in Peter." He quailed not at the darkness that overspread the land; and when the last scene was passing on Calvary's hill, John stood by the cross, and received his Master's only earthly legacy, the care of his mother.

Turn we to his latter end. The aged disciple carried in a litter to the upper chamber where prayer was wont to be made, infecting with his own loving spirit that little assembly, while the words, "Little children, love one another," were all his aged lips could utter; and finally, his peaceful death in his own quiet chamber, so different from the violent and bloody death of all the other disciples, seem quite in keeping with his gentle and holy life, and consistent with our ideas of him who lived in such close fellowship with his Lord, as to lean on his bosom, and whose honoured name has come down to us as, "The disciple whom Jesus loved."

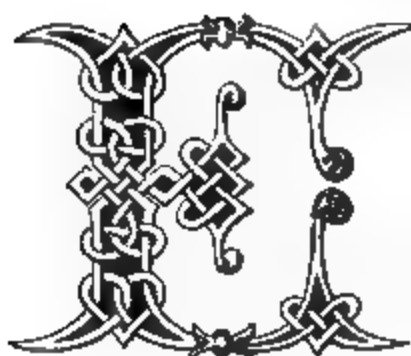
"Why," it may be asked, "has this little narrative been written at all? There are no interesting conversations, no dying expressions of holy joy, in fact, nothing particular; it is but a specimen of the death-bed of multitudes."

That is quite true; there is, alas! *nothing particular* in being unprepared for death. But what in most cases would have been said of such an individual? "Oh! she was a very amiable, nice girl; she had always been so; she did not, certainly, seem very serious till her last illness; but we are not her judges, we must hope for the best." It was in this case Mary's perfect candour and simple truthfulness of character, and her mother's earnest anxiety, that brought the truth to light, and laid bare the secret anguish of her heart. Oh! it was anguish; silent, uncomplaining suffering of body, enhanced tenfold by that worm preying on her vitals, "the sense of unforgiven sin."

Would you, dear young people, avoid the mental conflict, the inward struggle, the bitter weeping which I have described? then seek in God's strength that you may devote the morning of your days, the spring-time of your life to Him! yea, that you may give not the refuse, but the first-fruits to the Lord.



SILVER ORE.



EUROPE, so rich in mines, and so abundantly furnished with most of the more useful metals, yields a very small quantity of silver.

Among the metallic products of our own country, it occupies a very subordinate place; and it is now nearly one hundred years since it has been found in sufficient quantity to render the working of it remunerative. The most profitable vein ever discovered in modern times, under British hills, was wrought at Alva, in Stirlingshire, and was very profitable for a time, though soon exhausted.

In Cornwall, Devonshire, and Derbyshire, it is often found accompanying the richer sulphurets of lead: it rarely amounts to as much as 100 ounces per ton of lead; in some districts to not more than an average proportion of twelve ounces per ton; yet such is its value that it is found profitable to separate it by subjecting the ore to a very high temperature, even when it exists only to the extent of eight ounces per ton: that is to say,

it is worth while to consume one ton of coals and melt two tons of sulphuret of lead, in order to extract as much silver as will make a teapot.

The small quantity of silver thus extracted by British ingenuity, and that produced by the miners of Kongsberg in Norway, and of Hemmel's-fürst in Saxony, comprises nearly all that is at present yielded by the continent of Europe. Unlike gold, silver is not found at or near the surface of the land, or in alluvial soils, but imbedded in rocks, often in a perfectly pure state, running in branch-like veins or in tangled masses of fine threads; occasionally it is dug up in large insulated lumps — one of these taken from the mines of Hemmel's-fürst, weighs 150 pounds: another obtained at Kongsberg weighs upwards of 560 pounds, it is preserved in the royal museum at Copenhagen, and supposing it to be pure throughout its mass, is worth about £2,240 of English money.

We have next to mention the Russo-Asiatic mining districts as producing silver, namely, the Ural mountains, which divide Europe from Asia, but whose principal sources of riches are on the eastern side of that chain, and the Altai chain on the southern frontier of Siberia.

Ekaterinburg may be called the mining capital of the Ural chain. It is situated on the margin of the lake Iset, and is almost entirely inhabited by Russian lapidaries, and Russian miners and merchants, the natives having no aptitude for the pursuit of mineral treasure, and little appreciation for the products of their country. They are a simple race, and betrayed no unwillingness to allow the first Russian adventurers a footing in the country, merely stipulating that the geological remains of those huge animals which are found there in such abundance, should be duly respected and not needlessly disturbed; but the reason they gave for insisting on such forbearance betrayed less knowledge than simplicity; they must indeed

have looked upon themselves as a degenerate race, as to size, for they said, "You are welcome to the gold and silver if you want it, but leave us the *bones of our great ancestors*."

The first mine of the Altai chain was opened in 1728. We learn from a recently published work on Mining, that "An official return of the Russian government of the amount of gold collected in the Ural and Altai from 1829 to 1848 inclusive, or through twenty years, gives a total of 16,420 *poods*; and reckoning each pood at £2,000, the result is £32,840,000 for the whole period, or an average of £1,642,000 per annum. It is remarkable that in both these districts decided evidence exists in pits and galleries sometimes containing relics of implements, of their treasures having been freely drawn upon in remote antiquity. Near the silver mine of the Schlangenberg, or Snake Mountain, there is an ancient excavation extending a thousand feet; and a stone sphinx, discovered in one of these ancient mines, of rude workmanship, is preserved in the Museum of Varnaul. These monuments appear to throw light upon a statement of Herodotus, who speaking of the Arimaspes, the most easterly Scythians of whom he could obtain any account, refers to their mines of gold guarded by monsters and griffins, which Humboldt identifies in the bones of elephants and other animals at present to be found in the steppes between the Ural and the Altai."

But it is from the New World that is principally drawn the supply of silver ore which provides us with the utensils of luxury, and circulates as coin.

In Bolivia, Peru, and Mexico are still worked with profit the same mines which were known to the Aborigines, and had been excavated by them time out of mind. From the mines of Potosi in Bolivia has probably been drawn more silver than from any other district of the globe. They are situated in a cone-shaped mountain called the Cerro de Potosi, which

attains the height of 16,000 feet above the sea level. The city of Potosi is built at an elevation of 13,314 feet, and on first reaching it strangers find respiration difficult. The mountain is perforated beneath the city in every direction, and for upwards of two centuries and a half the yield of ore was only bounded by the number of workmen employed; during that period the silver which paid royal duty to the Spanish crown was worth upwards of £230,000,000 of English money. But the city of Potosi, partly owing to the exhaustion of some of the mines, but principally to the constant political disturbances that have intervened, has passed the period of its greatest prosperity and been deserted by many of its 130,000 inhabitants. It now yields the palm of productiveness to the mines of Pasco, on the Andes of Peru, which are still prolific, though they have been worked without intermission for more than 200 years. These mines boast of two veins unexampled in extent and richness; one of them, called the Veta de Colquirirca, stretching out from north to south, is known to reach a distance of very nearly two miles, while it is upwards of 400 feet in breadth; the other crosses it at right angles, and is known to extend one mile and a quarter in length by 380 feet in breadth. Having numerous smaller veins branching from them in every direction, these two main veins are supposed to form a network of silver deep beneath the surface; the point where they intersect is thought to be under the market place of the city of Pasco. During the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, 3,086,420 pounds troy of silver were produced from these mines, an amount equal to about seven millions sterling.

The silver mines of Mexico are at an elevation of nearly 10,000 feet above the sea level. The richest vein now worked is situated in the mine called *the Veta Grande*; it varies in thickness from eight to thirty feet, and, occasionally, divides into several

branches. In the years 1831 and 1832 this mine yielded a net profit of £176,000 and £196,000 to its proprietors.

The ancient Mexicans and Peruvians having been destitute of scientific knowledge, discovered nearly all their mines by accident. The mines of Potosi are said to have been discovered by an Indian, who, while engaged in the chase, grasped a wild shrub to assist him in his adventurous ascent; its roots gave way with him, and he fell, still grasping it. When he recovered his senses after the fall, his hand was yet holding the shrub, and as the sun shone upon the earth which it had brought down with it, he observed that it glittered and was powdered as with spangles. He climbed again to the spot, found a lump of pure silver, imparted the secret to his master, and the first mine was opened at Potosi forthwith. It has been worked ever since, and is called, "La rica," the rich: but whether the poor Indian was any the richer for this great discovery, has not transpired.

Nearly in the same manner the mines of Pasco were discovered. In the early part of the sixteenth century, an Indian shepherd was feeding his flocks on the pampas, near the lake of Llauricocho, in Peru, which is one of the sources of the great Amazon. One day the shepherd wandered so far that he could not lead his flock back to their usual resting-place, nor reach his hut; he, therefore, collected them in a declivity of the Cerro de Santiestivan, collected brushwood enough to make a huge fire to protect him from the cold and the insects, and them from wild animals, kindled it upon some flat piece of rock, and went to sleep. When he awoke in the morning his fire had burnt itself out, and as the ashes were blown away by the keen mountain wind, he saw, lying between the still heated stones, something white that seemed to have oozed out. When it became cold enough to be handled, he carried it home; and the secret soon transpiring, numerous

adventurers repaired to the spot, all of whom were amply repaid for their labour.

As in spite of the yield still afforded by these mines the great riches of the Incas is not sufficiently accounted for, most persons who have bestowed attention on the matter, believe, that some of the finest veins of ore remain undiscovered to the Old World conquerors ; and that the manner of access to others of them, and the knowledge of their precise locality, have been lost even to the natives.

It is certain that the site of more than one metallic store has been effectually concealed, and Tschudi relates an affecting instance of how this was done in revenge for the death of a Spaniard, who had proved himself a friend to the Indians, and as a punishment for the cupidity and cruelty of the Spanish governor. There was a poor Spaniard, Don Jose Salcedo by name, who lived in the town of Puno. He became attached to a young Indian girl, and her relatives, coming secretly to the lover of the conquering race, promised that if he would marry her, they would disclose to him a rich silver mine, which the girl should have as her portion. The Spaniard being a man of better principles than many of his countrymen, took no unfair advantage of the girl's family, but did her the honour they so highly appreciated of marrying her ; after which they discovered to him the site of the silver mine.

It proved to the full as rich a mine as they had said, and for awhile the Spaniard worked it with the greatest success. But the report of his wealth soon reached the ears of the Count De Lemos, who was then viceroy of Peru ; his envy was aroused, and he desired to possess himself of the mine.

Salcedo, by his generosity to his wife's countrymen, and the benevolence with which he treated his miners, had won himself a high reputation with the Indians, and was greatly beloved by his adopted family. The

viceroy therefore found that the most plausible plea to urge against him would be that he was exciting the Indians against the Spanish government. Accordingly he accused him of high treason, arrested him, and he was tried and condemned to die.

He pleaded hard to be allowed to appeal to the court at Madrid, and to send thither the documents relating to his trial; he also proposed, that if the viceroy would allow him this privilege, he would pay him the daily tribute of a bar of silver from the day when the ship sailed from Calloa with the papers, till the day of his return. This recorded fact gives some idea of the wealth of Salcedo's mine, for at that period the length of such a voyage varied from twelve to sixteen months. But in spite of the offer of Salcedo, and the prayers and tears of the Indians, the viceroy, bent on possessing the mine itself and not a portion of its produce, ordered the prisoner to be hanged, and set forth to Puno to take possession of the mine.

But this cruel injustice failed of success ; no sooner had the disastrous news of Salcedo's death reached the ears of the Indians, than they, with his wife, his mother-in-law, and a large body of her relations and friends, proceeded to the mine, flooded it, destroyed the works, altered the course of some of the mountain streams, so as to devastate the whole valley, and closed up the entrance of the mine so effectually, that De Lemos and his followers wearied themselves in vain to find it. Having finished their work of revenge, the Indians dispersed and fled ; but though many of them were afterwards found, captured, and tortured, not one would open his lips to disclose the longed-for wealth to the murderer of his benefactor, or point out the mouth of the mine ; with sullen apathy they chose rather to die, and to this day the mine remains undiscovered.

All that is known with any certainty respecting it is *that it was situated in the neighbourhood of*

Cerro de Laycacote, in the southern portion of Peru.

The deepest silver mine in the world is that of Kongsberg in Norway, which descends 2,250 feet below the surface. That of Guanaxuato, in Mexico, descends to a depth of 1,713 feet. It is generally found that silver ores are richest nearest to the surface, and deteriorate in quality as they descend. Great loss of life has resulted from the working of the American silver mines, partly owing to the recklessness of the Spanish masters, and partly to the miserable apathy of the Indians.

But the direful accidents which occur from time to time, are less to be deplored than the use of quicksilver at the mouths of the Peruvian silver mines, in order to separate the silver from the dross by amalgamating with the ore. At this deadly work multitudes of Indians are employed, the method pursued being to trample the mixture for many hours with bare feet till the whole is thoroughly pervaded with the quicksilver.

Paralysis, nervous tremors, loss of sight, convulsions, and a fearful hue of body, are the frequent effects of this work ; few men can survive more than five or six years ; and if horses are substituted, the quicksilver speedily loosens the hoofs of the poor animals and renders them unfit for work. The Indians adopt the precaution of keeping a small piece of gold in the mouth, in order to attract the mercury ; but such is the quantity that is sometimes absorbed into the human frame, under this constant exposure to the deadly mineral, that if a piece of gold is rubbed on the hand or leg of the victim, quicksilver will exude from the pores of the skin in sufficient quantity to be distinctly visible.

Silver may be beaten out into leaves $\frac{1}{160000}$ th part of an inch in thickness, and such is its tenacity that silver wire, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, will bear a weight of 150 pounds, or, in other words, a silver wire of the size of an ordinary bellwire, will support a man of fully the average size and weight.

In this valuable quality of tenacity, it yields only to iron, copper, and platinum. A copper wire of the above-mentioned diameter will support 392 pounds weight. And one of iron will sustain 705 pounds.

The standard silver of the realm contains one part of copper to every twelve and one-third of silver.

Joseph's silver cup is the first-mentioned instance of the use of silver for luxurious or ornamental purposes, but as a means of exchange it was used much earlier. Abraham weighed out silver to the children of Heth, in return for the cave in which he buried Sarah, giving for it 400 shekels of silver, current money with the merchant. But the circumstance that Abraham weighed it, proves that the silver was not coined, but passed from hand to hand as bullion.

FISHER LIFE.

No. 1.



ALL those who, from time to time, are led to take up their residence in different parts of this our native country, find in different localities great varieties of manners, customs, and even of language. In this paper I propose to give some account of a village on the north-eastern coast, which attracts large numbers of those who seek recreation or health in the contemplation of nature in her sterner moods.

Beetling limestone crags, caverns of contrabandist notoriety, rocks of grotesque form, waves dashing themselves into white foam at their feet, the cry of the sea-parrot, and other birds which frequent in myriads the ledges of the cliffs at certain times of the year, and the rude efforts of the wind to make a clear coast for itself, are among the attractions of the spot.

The tourist, however, seldom remains there more than a few hours, and then returns to some neighbouring watering-place, where though the scenic effects may not be so fine, there are more comforts for the inner man than are wont to be met with on this eastern peninsula of our sea-girt isle. Times have, however, changed there as elsewhere, and although its charming solitude is not yet broken by long lines of handsome houses which invite the temporary tenant during the summer months, and are left in all desolate magnificence when those months are gone, yet accommodation more spacious can now be obtained for man and horse than was to be found in days not long past, when in a small apartment not more than twelve feet square, in the only "hotel" near the beach, a crowd of gentility were wont to be only too glad to shelter themselves from a passing shower, and to try, oftentimes in vain, to conciliate the independent spoken hostess to hasten a little in bringing the refreshments with which they sought to beguile the weary hour.

But in these kind of adventures and transient discomforts, we find much of the amusement we seek in visiting stranger places; and so the tourist, for one reason or another,—with which the price demanded for very common fare has nothing, of course, to do—always chooses an unfrequented route, and if possible an unknown place to visit. This desideratum it is not quite impossible to find, even now, in our much trodden isle of England.

Since those who visit the peninsula of which I am speaking do not stay very long within its boundaries, but as the day wanes generally take their departure also, a knowledge of the manners and customs of its inhabitants cannot be supposed to have been an object which such transient visitors had in view; yet these are very different from those which are common among themselves. All will doubtless remark, even in passing on their day's excursion, that the people of the village are an unusually fine looking tall race, and hale in their appearance. That though there are no signs of the refinements which wealth produces, and few little garden plots which show that the cottager has his regular hours of work, and that his wife and children have leisure hours while he is labouring for their daily bread, yet there are unmistakeable signs that poverty will not be found among the stern realities of this spot. We must look for some other reason why the gay flower border blooms not in

front of these cottages, for the interiors appear to be well filled with good furniture, and the children and people generally are well and warmly dressed.

Let me enter a cottage with my reader, and I shall choose to do so for the first time when all will be trim and tidy. I cannot say at what part of the day it will be, for this depends upon two circumstances variable to a proverb, namely, upon the state of the tide and of the weather.

If our fishermen are out following their hazardous calling, and the wife and daughter have collected their bait ready for the morrow's expedition, all will be bright and clean. If the family are at their social meal, after the father's return, there will be a profusion of good, not to say rich viands, for my simpler taste would decline as too rich, the spiced bread, *alias* plum-cake, the short-cake, and the cheese-cake, which, with characteristic hospitality, would be offered to us were we (which I do not think it, however, becoming to do) to intrude upon our neighbours' repast. As I have selected a time when the boats are all out, and no men or boys to be seen about the village, saving here and there a few who are too old or too young to take part with the rest in the dangers of the deep, we will accost "old Mary;" from her we may learn something of what we are seeking to know, namely, the peculiarity of the mode of life which obtains in this village. The fisherman's wife has her share to perform in the occupation of fishing. I remember seeing from my window about midnight, a number of lights dancing to and fro on the road, down the hill-side which leads into the village. They look like a company of Will-o'-the-Wisp; but that cannot be in such a situation; nor did I ever hear of any of that class being of gregarious habits! There they are! men with torches coming to disturb our peaceful slumbers—there has been an incendiary fire in the neighbourhood. Are they coming to set us alight? Down the hill they come,—now they are invisible, the out-lying houses hide them from our view. Again they are seen; nearer and nearer; there are eight or ten figures carrying lights. The pastor of the village is appealed to for information; he had been contemplating lights further off!—those set in the firmament to proclaim to man the "*glory of the Lord*," which in the bright clear atmosphere of that north-eastern parish reveal themselves with distinctness *irresistible to the possessor of an achromatic telescope and*

a lover of science. From him I learn that the women go out occasionally with torches to collect worms for bait; and these are the labourers whose return we have been witnessing. Old Mary would not be among them; she does not collect bait now. There are some, however, of her age among her neighbours who do so, but the greater number are younger women. Crabs, and many kinds of shell-fish, are the objects sought for by these hardy daughters of the sea. Sometimes the younger ones will descend cliffs which are almost perpendicular in pursuit of their prey, supporting themselves by a strong line fixed firmly at the top of the cliff; and many thousands of whelks and limpets are daily collected by them at that season of the year when fish which require such bait are caught; for fish, like the reasonable part of the creation, require to have their taste consulted; and all who have any designs upon them, whether to lead them into harm or into good, must adapt their bait to the same. This is well known to the enemy of the human kind, and we shall do well to be on our guard; for if we know ourselves to be unassailable by such temptations as pleasure or the world, riches or fame, the pride of intellectual power may be beguiling us into neglecting to work out our salvation, which is the great work we have to do in this world.

To return to Mary. "You are tired, Mary. How do you do to-day?"

"Well, thank thee, I'm middling. I's tired, but not more than common. I's just come fra t' Quay, and I was at the sand by four o'clock t' morn."

"How very early! do you always rise so early?"

"Oh, that is as the boats come in. It is oftentimes by two or three o'clock ie' t' morn when I goes down to t' sand. I goes to get my bit of fish, you know; the lads always gie' me some o' t' small fish when they sort the boat loads; and I bring it home and rest me a bit, and carries it round to the quality, and to t' Quay; and when I come home wi' my donkey, I's in general tired like, and ready for my tea, you know."

"And for bed too, Mary, I suppose."

This is a picture of Mary's life; yet she is not a miserable looking old woman, who looks as if she were only an object of compassion and of charity. Oh, no! Mary is much respected among her neighbours, and she enjoys her daily

round of calls at the houses of the quality, in every member of whose different families she takes a particular and intelligent interest, as much, perhaps more, than many whose morning occupation it is to pay more formal visits to the same quality, on somewhat different terms of intimacy no doubt; but Mary yields to none in consciousness of her own independence and importance, clad as she may be in garments suited to her weather-beaten life, a blue cloth sailor's pea jacket, a yellow silk or cotton kerchief, and black bonnet placed in the reverse position to that by which young ladies at this day present as large a portion as possible of the face and head to the influence of sun or breeze. She sits with upright mien between her paniers, and has a friendly nod ready for most of the passers-by, be they gentle or simple folk.

Mary's history is a touching one, and as its counterpart would be found in many a one which the annals of that village, were they written, would record, I will give a short sketch to my readers.

When she was about six or seven years old, her father was lost at sea under the following circumstances:—In the morning early, on an autumn day, the little rock-protected cove and the way thither from the village, were thronged with fishermen, their wives and children, and a troop of donkeys; each, with the exception of the first-named, laden according to their various capacities. Large coils of fishing lines, each garnished with from four to five hundred little barbed weapons well baited for cod or for ling; piles of nets, casks of small dimensions, and boats of large size, cordage, and sundry necessities for the day's toil, were among the burdens being carried to the boats.—The fisherman takes no part in this labour; it appears to be the custom that his work commences and ends with his boat, for on arriving with his boatload of fish, the latter is immediately sold by Dutch auction, and he goes home, the purchaser taking charge of it at once, with the packing and conveyance.

In the afternoon of the day of my story, the little fleet of boats might have been seen, much tossed by the troubled water, hastening towards their cove for safety, the men therein having been warned of an approaching gale by signs which sailors read so truly and so anxiously. Before nightfall all the boats were safely drawn up high and dry *on the shore—save one, and that with its three brave men*

was coming in; now riding on the top of a crested wave, then lost to sight in the "trough" between the billows. Bravely the three men pull at their oars; it is for life or death! they have ventured to linger till the last moment ere running for the cove of refuge, and hope is high that they shall gain it, as they have often done before, with another hair-breadth 'scape to rejoice in.

Mary's father was in that boat, and among the anxious lookers-on from the shore, was his friend, Thomas J——, who was ever ready with a kind hand or a wise word, for he was "getting into years," for his neighbour's good. He had retired from a seafaring life, and was now living comfortably on the fruit of his youthful industry, guarded by long-tried prudence. Thomas was a very tall man, and strong beyond his years; and when he saw, as all the watchers on that evening did, the boat he had been watching capsized by a breaker, just as it all but reached the desired shore, he rushed into the foaming waves to save his friend, but in vain; for though he succeeded in laying hold of one of the drowning men, who were exhausted by their efforts to bring in the boat, when he was brought ashore it was not his friend.

Friendship in a good heart and true is not discouraged by a defeated purpose. "I would ha' saved the lad," he said to the widow, "but such were no the will of God. My bairns are doing well for themselves now, so you and yours maun look to me." And he brought up Mary and her brothers and sisters with a father's care.

Where are Mary's brothers now? They, with her husband and, I believe, all her sons, save one who was cut off in the prime of youth by a fever, are in an ocean grave. The history of their different departures from home in health and strength "sa bonnie," and of the sudden catastrophe which laid each low, Mary will give with tears, as if each were a new sorrow, closing all with murmuring, "It is the Lord's will, you know, but it seems hard."

The life of a fisherman is truly fraught with danger, yet his occupation is one which tends to keep both body and mind well braced, healthy, and cheerful. His gains vary *much*; sometimes in one night a boat will bring in sixty pounds sterling worth of herrings, to be divided among the three, if they are each owners of a craft; and at other times a few shillings might purchase the haul. In general,

however, fishing is a trade which pays well, and when habits of prudence become the characteristics of our fishermen, they will, as many do now, enjoy, when age disinclines and incapacitates them for the arduous labour of their calling, a comfortable annuity on which to live. Very large sums pass through their hands, but they have also considerable expenses. A set of nets will cost from five pounds to sixty; these nets require renewing every three or four years, and occasionally a heavy loss will come; dog-fish will break up a new net, and bite without eating the fish which are in its pockets; or they are torn on the submerged rocks, or they are loosened from their moorings and entirely lost. The boats, or as they are called by our fishermen on the north-east coast, cobbles, are expensive to purchase, and require constant attention to keep in repair; so that the fisherman is not like the day-labourer, who gives merely his labour for his day's wages, without the exercise of those qualities which the possession of property of any kind calls out so usefully. According to his management of what he has, his prudence and ability, he may reasonably expect to prosper or no; he has a feeling of responsibility, apart from his aptitude in his calling; and the fishermen of Great Britain will be found to be a very independent, courageous, and fearless race of men, shrewd and observant as far as their sphere extends. They are possessed of strong feelings and prejudices; gratitude is one of their excellent qualities, and my readers will, from Mary's story, add to this, kindness in misfortune. One of the oldest traditions of the village I have been speaking of, tells of gratitude towards a benefactor, and is so characteristic that I will with this close my sketch of the F—— fisherman.

It was at the time when larger boats were kept than can now be maintained at that fishery, when a little fleet of boats made their way up to London, to bring home the dead body of one of the members of a family who had long owned property among them, and who had undertaken to plead their cause in a trial which ended successfully in releasing the fishermen from paying tithe to the lay impropriator of the parish. The plague was then in London, and their friend was cut down as he was about to return victorious. It was a gallant act, right worthy of a Britisher, to undertake a long and dangerous voyage, for *such it is with small craft, to rescue from the "dead cart,"*

the body of a benefactor, dreaded by all but those in whom gratitude had laid low all fear, that it might be interred among those for whom he had sacrificed his life. A few years ago, there were those alive who had heard this story from their "fore-elders" who had witnessed the feat. I am not able now to find any who can do this; nevertheless, the old feeling of gratitude is not extinct, and you may yet hear the expression,—“We’ve good right to love Mr. —, for one of his fore-elders was the best friend ever fisher-folk had.”

J. O.



ON SEARCHING FOR "HIDDEN TREASURE."

THE rules laid down by the Rev. Ashton Oxendon, in his valuable manual, "The Pathway of Safety," under the section of "The Bible," are—Read your Bible *daily, with solemnity, prayerfully, in order, and methodically.* The last two points may seem comparatively of little importance, but two reasons may be given why we should read the Bible in *order* and with *method*, as well as with solemnity, prayerfully and daily. Mr. Oxendon gives one: If we have no method, we shall read parts of the Bible, but "after all, this fitful desultory kind of reading will give but a very imperfect knowledge of God's truth—of His truth as a whole." Also, with a method, we are more likely to persevere in *daily* reading; the hindrance arising from the question, "What shall I read?" is removed once for all.

We will suppose, then, that you, "not knowing where to begin," begin at the beginning. It is a better plan to read five, ten, fifteen minutes, than to read so many verses or chapters. At intervals it will

be well to read chapters continuously; to read an epistle through, for instance; but this is rather surveying the ground than *searching* for the hid treasure. In searching you are more likely to find if you limit your field of view; and, knowing that *every* word is precious, methinks your sphere of working cannot be too limited. You will thus learn more fully the value of "the Word of God." When you find that it is precious not as a whole merely, nor in that it contains beautiful passages, but also that its *every* word is gold, yea, fine gold.

The value of individual words is brought out by the late Professor Blunt, in his "Scriptural Coincidences." Paley had previously wrought the same vein in the New Testament. Blunt takes it up in the Old, and shows, for instance, that the history of Abraham, Isaac, the wanderings of the children of Israel, &c., bears the impress of truth from the words that are, as it were, accidentally dropped here and there, but which, compared together, agree and throw light upon each other, and bear powerful testimony *to the truth of the history* of Scripture.

In like manner we may derive comforting evidence of *the truth of the doctrine* of Scripture by comparing individual words, and, in this process of searching, the unity of truth in the Old and New Testament is beautifully brought out. The conviction that the same mind wrote the whole book is irresistible. The attention is arrested by a single word, and the first thought is, "Why use that word?" It seems, perhaps, unsuitable; but oftentimes, by comparing Scripture with Scripture, the expression assumes an almost indescribable beauty; the whole passage is lighted up by that one word; and, perhaps, a doctrine is disclosed which is more clearly revealed in other parts of Scripture; and in our search for this we are led to consider a beautiful set of passages, which may be compared to pearls strung on one golden thread.

We will take an instance presently, but meanwhile imagine the encouragement that one such discovery will give to study every part of the Bible methodically, for this has been found not in what you may be pleased to call your favourite chapter, but in your ordinary course; and if this unseen treasure was brought out by prayerful searching, how many more lie hid ready to be revealed!

Take an instance, Lev. xxvi. 28—the word “chastise” commands attention. It is the first time that we have met with it. Cruden gives some fifty passages in which the word is used. Among these, Heb. xii. 5—11, stands foremost, for “chastisement” is *the subject* of those verses. And in them the golden thread of love is very distinct, love founded on relationship—the relationship of a child to its father. How much more solemn is the threatening in Leviticus when read in this light—they are the words of a father! And now with this clue read through the other passages, and with few exceptions—and those, exceptions which further searching may remove—the other passages will receive and impart fresh beauty and instruction. Thus much, and more than is well to express (for it is my object rather to encourage you to search than to search for you), may be gathered by help of the English Concordance. If you have other helps use them. I say nothing of a Commentary. It is sure to get its share of attention, but it is rather a lazy way of searching. If you are satisfied with using a Commentary, unless the Commentary stirs you to search the mine further, I would rather you did not use one at all. Ready-made clothes seldom fit, so the instruction that a Commentary brings out of Scripture is not likely of itself to be so suitable as that which you get for yourself by your own patient labour. What can be so suitable as *that which* is suggested in answer to prayer by the same Spirit who wrote the book! Other helps, however, may be at command which will enable you to

carry on still further this mode of searching the Scripture. The knowledge of Hebrew would, no doubt, be most valuable; but wanting this, other languages may serve. It is natural to expect that, each version being a translation of the same original, will throw additional light on the words used, and especially the Greek, which is the original of the New Testament, and which, as the language of the Septuagint, has received the highest sanction, the words being quoted by our Lord (Luke iv. 18) and his Apostles (Acts ii. 25), when they have occasion to refer to the Old Testament.

To return to the passage in Leviticus, we find the inference drawn from our comparison of this passage with Hebrew xii. confirmed by consulting the Greek version. In both passages the same word is used for "chastise," and the idea of relationship, which we gathered from the English version of Hebrew xii. is still further impressed on us when we see it embodied in the single word which is used in both places, *παιδεία* (*paideia*).

The word *παιδεία* means literally instruction, and this throws an additional light on chastisement; its object is to instruct us, and it is the Father instructing his *children*. It is used in this its first signification—Deut. xxxii. 10; Psalm l. 17, and frequently in the early chapters of Proverbs, which are the exhortations of a *father* to his son—i. 2, 7, 8; iv. 13; v. 12, 23; x. 17; xii. 1; xvi. 22; xxiii. 12; xxiv. 32—and you will remember that the passage in Hebrews is a quotation from Proverbs; accordingly the same word is used for chasten, chap. iii. 2; and that the ideas are kindred appears in chap. xiii. 18, 24, and xv. 10, 32, 33, where both words occur. In the New Testament also the word is used in its primary sense: Acts vii. 22, "was *learned*;" xxii. 3, "*taught*;" Rom. ii. 20, "an *instructor*;" Eph. vi. 4, "*nurture*;" 1 Tim. i. 20, "that they may *learn*;" 2 Tim. iii. 16, "for *instruction*."

And further, this same word is used in Lev. xxvi. 18, "I will *punish* you;" 23, "if ye will not be *reformed*;" Psalm ii. 12, which in the Septuagint is, "Kiss the *rod*, lest the Lord be angry;" Psalm xxxix. 11, "*correct*;" Prov. see above, "*instruct*;" also v. 13, "*teachers*;" Isaiah l. 5. in LXX. "the *chastening* of the Lord God openeth mine ears;" Jer. v. 3, "*correction*;" xvii. 23, xxxii. 33, xxxv. (in LXX. xlii. 13), "*instruction*." Ezek. xxiii. 48, "*taught*;" Zeph. iii. 7, "*instruction*."

I purposely avoid reference to those passages which you will find by reference to your English Concordance, which with very few exceptions give the same word. One exception, Dan. ix. 12, confirms us in the conviction that the word is designedly used when it occurs, for in this passage it would be strained to say that Daniel was dealing with *himself* as with a child; *κακωω*, which is literally "abase," is more suitable. The same word is used Deut. viii. 2, and translated "to humble thee." Luke xxiii. 16 is at first sight exceptional, but when we remember Pilate's qualms of conscience, we see an incidental testimony to the truth of the narrative when we find Pilate saying, "I will *chastise* him," whilst the act when spoken of by another is described as *scourging*. Compare John xix. 1, and Matt. xx. 19.

It would be possible to extend these remarks indefinitely, for every passage suggests a thought; but enough has been said to show that a single word of Scripture will bear searching, and will repay you for the time you spend.

In such a search it is best to write out the passages in full, as you find them, underscoring the particular word which is under consideration, for it is only after many times reading that the whole beauty comes out,—the extra trouble is not worth mentioning.

X. P.

MARKED.

CHAPTER II.

MY little companion had drawn up her sleeve, and was looking at her delicate wrist attentively, and with a wistful air. I replied, humouring her gravity with as much seriousness as I could command, "I have no sword to make a mark with, little one; but," I added, feeling in my pocket, "I have, I think I have, a penknife or something of that kind;" and I produced a little knife, which I was proceeding to open when the child shrank from me with terror, and her face became suffused with crimson.

"Well," said I; "shall I put it up again?"

She answered faintly, "Yes;" and when it was safe in my pocket she crept nearer again.

"So, you see, you were not in earnest in your wish," I observed; but, seeing her still disturbed, I continued, "I thought you would understand, my child, that I was only playing with you. I desired just to let you see that you did not truly wish me to inflict any pain on you."

"I did wish it—I was in earnest till the time came," she replied with equal truth and intelligence; "and I did not mean to be so frightened. Till you took out that knife I was quite sure that I should like to have a mark made on my wrist."

"Do you think so now?"

"Oh no."

"Then, something worth remembering has been fixed in your mind this morning. Do you know what it is?"

The little girl shook her head.

"It is that you are not to be depended on."

"But I knew that before," she answered, blushing.

"No; not so, or you would not have supposed that you had courage to submit to anything painful, or to do anything that crossed your inclination, even though you had made a resolution that seemed a strong one beforehand. This would be of no consequence if your inclination in general led you to do what is right, and if the pleasant *thing to do was always the right thing*; but as you and all

are by nature wicked, we always wish to do what is contrary to the will of God, we are inclined to do the wrong thing; and if we depend on ourselves we shall certainly do it."

"Then," said the child with a sudden vehemence of voice and gesture, "what a sad thing it is that God does not make us a little stronger!" Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and for a moment it was evident that this infant of our rebel race was accusing her Maker in her heart. But, as I have said, she was exceedingly timid by nature, and when she observed my silence and displeased gravity, she speedily checked herself, and presently said humbly, "I did not mean to say anything wrong, M. le Pasteur."

I replied, "It would be a very sad thing for us if God had suffered us to be stronger."

"Why?" she asked with surprise.

"Because then we could in some degree depend on ourselves, we should not be obliged to depend entirely on Him, therefore we should be much worse off than we are; for God's strength is not made perfect in our strength, but in our weakness."

An incredulous smile dawned on the features of my little friend, but she turned her face away to hide it.

"Why do you smile?" I asked.

"Because, because," she stammered, and then evaded the question by saying, "You know, Monsieur, my mother is always saying that I have no courage, none at all, and am such a silly, weak child, and she wishes—every day she tells me that she wishes—I was more like my grandmother."

"But that is not what made you smile."

"No, but you will be displeased if I tell you."

"I will not, though I think it was something wrong: tell it me, for if it was wrong I may then be able to set you right."

"Well, I was thinking, M. le Pasteur, that there is no good in being brave and strong, and I need not wish to be like my grandmother, if what you said was true about God's strength being made perfect in weakness, because then the weak people are the best off. Perhaps you do not think I ever pray to God to let me trust in him, but I often do—I am obliged."

"Obliged!" I repeated, surprised at the singularity of the expression.

"Yes; because I am often so frightened, so terribly frightened, and my mother said if I trusted in God I should not be so frightened."

"What is it that frightens you, my child?" I inquired.

"Many things; when there is a thunder storm, and when the wind cracks off the great boughs, and I hear them come thundering down, and when I am awake in the night and think of robbers, I am frightened; but my grandmother never is; she is not even afraid in the high winds; it does not come into her head to expect that anything terrible is going to happen."

"And then when these fears come into your head you pray to God. Is that so?" I asked.

"Yes; I know some prayers that my mother taught me, and I pray them when I am frightened, and I say that verse about the high wind over and over again in the night—

‘Howl, mountain winds, your force combine,
Without His high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow’s nest.’”

"Do you never pray to God excepting when you are afraid?" I now asked my little friend.

"I always say my prayers morning and night," she replied.

"But only pray when you are frightened?"

"I have not any occasion, you know," she answered ingenuously, and then added, "my mother says, to pray is to ask God for something that we want, and I don't want anything when I am not in danger; when I am I want God to take care of me."

"And when you pray, do you feel less afraid?"

"A little less sometimes; and when it is over I know very often that there was really no need to be afraid, and I say to myself that the next time the storm or the wind comes I will be brave; but it is no use; as soon as they come again I begin to tremble; or, perhaps, something new comes, and then I am more frightened than ever—as I was yesterday when my mother fainted; but yet when she got better, grandmother said there had not been any danger."

"You are quite aware," I then said, "that constantly to think there is danger when there is none is a proof of how weak you are."

"Oh yes," she replied; "my mother is always telling me so."

"And you pray to God because he is strong enough to take care of, and to save you?"

"Yes; and because God hears people when they pray."

"If God answers your prayer, and does take care of you, is not that better than if you were strong enough to take care of yourself?"

"Yes; because God is Almighty."

"Then what a good thing it is for you that you are weak, for if you felt strong, and saw no danger, you say you should not want to pray; but now, though you are a little, ignorant creature, and scarcely know what danger really is, or what the protection you ask for means, you are far better off than many who feel strong and at ease; for God, who does know all the dangers that beset you—the known and unknown dangers—will surely protect you; and that is what is meant by His strength being made perfect in weakness."

"Is it?" she answered with surprise; but her childish mind did not seem able to grasp the subject that I had been trying to bring before it; she caught but a glimpse of it; and I thinking it not well to lead her to dwell on her own feelings, or consider her own character too closely, soon reverted to other matters, and suffered her to talk to me of her rabbits, her daily lessons, and anything that interested her.

I was ever a lover of children, and this child, though from having lived an exceedingly secluded life, she was simple, and very unlike most other children in her habits, had an intelligence about her as well as a singular frankness that I liked to see; it interested me also to notice how, without any external resemblance to her grandmother, that elegance of manner, and that refinement of mind and sentiment, which she had never seen elsewhere, seemed naturally to fall upon her like an inheritance; she was no sooner brought into contact with it than it became her own.

I remembered that conversation thus distinctly, less because it was the last I then held with my little friend, *than* because the subject of it bore strongly on my then feelings and experience. In a few days both I and the child were removed from our quiet sojourn in the secluded farmhouse; she to be educated at a school in one of the

northern cities, and I to take charge of a small congregation far away on the borders of one of the Canadian lakes.

I thus, in a great degree, lost sight of my friends of the farm, for I do not belong to a letter-writing generation, and they were too much occupied with the active business of life to have time for correspondence with other than the members of their own families.

Ten years passed away before I visited that sunny and beautiful spot again, and approached the porch on a clear, hot evening in autumn; the grandmother stood in the doorway to welcome me, and a young girl was at her side; the mother was dead, and we who survived to meet again were very much changed. One had grown and was approaching womanhood, the other two were tottering and descending into the vale of years. The splendid rose colour of an American sunset illuminated the two faces, and gave a bloom to the girl that nature had not bestowed; her white dress shared it with the fair cheek, and as she stepped forward, the smile of her childhood stole over her modest face, and recalled her to my recollection as I had first seen her.

They brought me in, and during the short twilight we sat talking together as parted friends must talk when they meet again, for there are always some changes to be spoken of, some death or removal to occupy their thoughts; there are some natural regrets to find expression, and there are things to be noted but not referred to in words—evidences of the coming on of old age, the increase of infirmity, or, on the other hand, the growth of beauty, and the coming as of the generation that is to occupy our place when we are gone.

The twilight deepened into night, and we sat still by the window, from which we could see down into the deep ravine, where the bluebird and the oriole built, and where the last evening notes of the whip-poor-will were sounding; we could hear the tumbling of the stream at the bottom, and further to the right we could see the broad river into which it fell; it was calm and clear, so that many stars were reflected in its bosom; but just where the noisy stream fell into it, I noticed that its surface was rippled, which gently rocked a small white boat, that was tied to an overhanging tree.

"That is a pretty boat," I observed to the grandmother.

"Yes," she replied; "it belongs to our Estelle."

"If I remember rightly," I continued, "it is lying near

to that cavity that there used to be in the rocky bank of the river; I hope the water has not washed it away."

A silence followed that I thought betrayed embarrassment, and it was not broken to answer my question, for the young Estelle rose, and as she came forward into the full moonlight, she said, "It is time, grandmother," to which the old lady replied, "God go with you, my child."

Estelle as she stood, turned her head towards the river, and remaining with her hands slightly clasped, seemed to be considering attentively the familiar landscape with more than common care; she then raised her hand to her ear, as one who listens, and the grandmother at the same time ceasing to speak, and laying down her netting shuttle, a silence so deep followed, that we could hear far-distant sounds, which before I had not noticed; and the longer Estelle listened the more this seemed to be the case.

At length she dropped her hand, as if satisfied, and at the same instant her grandmother took up her netting needle, and Estelle quickly left the room. Just before she had concluded her watch I had heard the distant note of the American robin, and far from connecting it with the actions of my companion, I had said, by way of making a remark that would not appear to be intrusive, "I never heard the robin's note so long after sunset before."

But the words were no sooner uttered than I perceived that they disturbed my hostess; she looked at me attentively, and after a cautious pause said, calmly: "Probably you may be mistaken in thinking that was the note of the robin."

"Probably," I replied, still conscious that there was something peculiar in the conduct of my old friend, and still anxious to dispel it by conversing on indifferent subjects—"probably so; and if that is the case it was doubtless a signal call from some hunter or fisher down the river to a comrade. I have often noticed the peculiar aptitude of the settlers hereabouts for imitating the cries of wild animals."

Another silence followed, and I felt hurt, for I perceived beyond the possibility of a doubt that something I had said had disturbed the tranquillity of my friend. What it might be I could not tell, but fearful of repeating my mistake, I saw a light figure, clothed in a dark cloak or mantle, pass across the little space in front of the house,

and begin to descend the steep path into the ravine, without making any comment upon the circumstance.

That this person was the young Estelle I did not doubt, but I waited for her grandmother to speak, which she did at length, by inquiring after the welfare of two runaway slaves whom I had been happy enough to assist after their escape to Canada.

I told her all the particulars I could remember respecting them, but the interest of the conversation did not prevent my watching the path into the ravine, and wondering how long it would be before the maiden in the mantle came up by it again.

In addition to this path I could not but notice the beauty of the night view, the polished stillness of the river (now flooded with moonlight, excepting in the shadow of the two hills between which ran the ravine), the long waving reflection of the planet Jupiter, and the beauty of the constellations that glittered above the trees. The moon hung at the head of the ravine, consequently her light fell upon the river between the shadows of the hills, making a vivid but narrow space of light. Suddenly as my eye glanced down at it from the height where we were seated, I beheld it ringed with ripples, and in another instant a little white boat had shot into it, and was crossing it with rapid oars. Only one person sat in the boat; the moonlight was full on the face, and distant as it was I thought it was not a manly face or figure, but more than this I could not discern; moreover, the boat had soon crossed the illuminated portion of water, and was deep under the shadow of the hills. I could not, therefore, see more, and I made no remarks on what I had seen; but where, I thought, was Estelle, if she was not in the boat; and why was she there, if my conjecture was correct.

My meditations were interrupted by the entrance of black Clara, who came in to spread a cloth for supper and bring a lighted lamp into the room. Curtains for the windows are not much used in that secluded part of the country—your nearest neighbour being generally three or four miles off does not overlook you, and the night and the stars are too fair to be shut out. I accordingly still turned my face to the open window, though now the discourse of my old friend interested me so much that I did not consider *what it revealed to me with so much attention.*

She informed me that her granddaughter was about to marry an estimable man, with whom she had become acquainted during a visit to some friends in one of the northern states. "And young as she is," proceeded the old lady, "there is nothing I desire so much as to see her speedily blessed with a good husband; for I am old, I cannot live long, and I begin to feel the infirmities of my time of life. This marriage is almost all I could desire, though I have to regret that the younger John Evans should have excited the angry feelings of some of the slaveowners hereabouts. Being an Englishman, or, rather, the son of an English settler, he does not understand the necessity of prudence and caution, and I regret to find that he is already a marked man."

"*A marked man!*" The expression being so common would not, perhaps, have struck me under any other circumstances, but as it was I thought of the mark that my old friend bore about with her, and remembered the childish wish of the fair Estelle.

"Please, Missis," said Black Clara, putting in her head, "here's Mas'r Kilmer come to see missis."

"Show him in," said my old friend; and straightway a somewhat pleasant-looking man entered and Estelle following him closely; he had no sooner spoken to her grandmother than he faced about and paid his compliments to her.

We seated ourselves at supper, and I noticed that Estelle had the air of attempting to be calm and unexcited, though in spite of her self-restraint, her dilated eyes had somewhat of the frightened eagerness that I had observed in her childhood, and her breath came quickly, as if she had been exerting herself.

"So Silas is come back," said the young American, pausing in his supper; "I met him and Minister round by his clearing. 'Well?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'if this arn't an abominable business enough to drive a man clean mad.' 'Not overtaken 'em?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'they've made tracks too far away north for that. And,' says he, 'I feel real wicked like, for what's the good of a man's doing his duty.' 'Go along,' says Minister, 'don't talk that 'ar way; the righteous must look for untoward providences and ingratitude from the evil-minded in this life: you meet it in a right spirit, and it'll all turn out for the best.' 'It jest shows,' says I, 'the ingratitude of

niggers.' 'It jest does,' says Minister. Stranger in these parts?"

This question he addressed to me, and being now aware of the sentiments of my fellow-guest, I was specially careful how I answered his after observations; the more so, as I noticed that though he talked, ate, and made himself at home with unabashed persistency, the young American never took his eyes from the face of Estelle, though it was not admiration that they expressed so much as curiosity.

At last the little white boat was spoken of. "How did she 'get along' in learning to row?" asked the young man of Estelle. "O, she could manage it very well now." "That was strange," he remarked, "for he never saw her on the river." Estelle blushed painfully. "You might have seen her there often a month or so ago," replied the grandmother; and I thought Estelle's blush was explained, for at the time mentioned her lover had doubtless accompanied her in the boat.

The guest asserted that he had often seen her on the river a month ago, and it being a moonlight night, requested, as it would shorten his way very much to go by water, that she would lend him the boat. It seemed a natural request, but it was made rather deliberately, and with scrutinising eyes.

"My granddaughter will wish to take our friend down the river to-morrow," said the old lady, for Estelle appealed to her with frightened eyes.

"I could return the boat by noon," replied the young man, and he still looked at Estelle; but again her grandmother answered for her: "I believe we shall not have the pleasure of lending it to you at present."

After this decided answer the young man rose to take leave, and we all accompanied him into the porch. His parting words were: "Well, good evening, Miss Estelle; if I had my way, ladies should not go about in boats alone; it only gets 'em into danger, and so Silas says."

"Danger," repeated Estelle; but he said no more, and we stood listening to his departing footsteps as he dashed down the steep path into the ravine, at rather too quick a pace, I thought, to be safely pursued in the moonlight.

"Now, grandmother," exclaimed Estelle, when he was out of hearing, "what did he mean by that?"

"They have heard something, child, it is plain, or they

suspect something," replied the old lady: "Oh, that my limbs were not so stiff!"

"In that case would you go down the ravine to-night?"

"Yes; I would."

"And warn *them*?" asked the girl, regardless of my presence.

"No, child, no; but I would hide the boat."

"Oh, I cannot do that. I tried yesterday, in the daylight, but failed; I thought I would ascertain whether it could be done if necessary."

"Can I give any help, for any purpose?" I now inquired.

"I should not consent to receive help unless you knew the purpose," replied the grandmother.

"Tell it me, then."

"You mentioned a cavern in the bank—you remember it, but are mistaken as to its position—it is half a mile from the place where the boat was moored—"

"Well?"

She hesitated.

"Nothing you are likely to tell me concerning that cavern will cause me any surprise," I presently said.

"It may as well be uttered, then," she replied: "under its heavy roof are sheltered three runaway slaves."

(To be continued.)



A COTTAGE IN A CHINE.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

We reach'd the place by night,
And heard the waves breaking.
They came to meet us with candles alight
To show the path we were taking;
A myrtle train'd on the gate was white,
With tufted flowers down shaking.

With head beneath its wing
A little wren was sleeping,
So near, I had found it an easy thing
To steal it for my keeping,
From the myrtle-bough that with easy swing
Across the path was sweeping.

Down rocky steps, rough-hew'd,
Where cup mosses flower'd,
And under the trees, all twisted and rude,
Wherewith the dell was dower'd,
They led us, where deep in its solitude
Lay the cottage leaf embower'd.

The thatch was all bespread
With climbing passion-flowers,
They were wet, and glisten'd with raindrops' shed
That day in genial showers.
"Was never a sweeter nest," we said,
"Than this little nest of ours!"

We lay us down to sleep,
But as for me—waking,
I heard the plunge of the muffled deep
On its sandy reaches breaking,
For heart-joyance doth sometimes keep
From slumber, like heart-aching.

And I was glad that night,
With no reason ready,
To give my own heart, for its deep delight
That flow'd like some tidal eddy,
Or shone like a star that was rising bright,
With comforting radiance steady.

But on a sudden, hark!
Music struck asunder
Those meshes of bliss, and I wept in the dark,
So sweet was the unseen wonder;
So swiftly it touch'd as if struck at a mark,
The trouble that joy kept under.

I rose, the moon outshone,
I saw the sea heaving,
And a little vessel sailing alone,
The small crisp wavelets cleaving,
'Twas she as she sail'd to her port unknown
Was that track of sweetness leaving.

We know they music made
In heaven ere man's creation,
But when God threw it down to us that stray'd,
It dropt with lamentation,
And ever since doth its sweetness shade,
With sighs for its first station.

Its joyance folds regret,
Its most for more is yearning,
And it brings to the soul that its voice hath met
No rest that cadence learning,
But a conscious part in the sighs that fret
Its nature, for returning.

O Eve, sweet Eve, methought
When sometimes comfort winning,
As she watch'd the first children's tender sport,
Sole joy born since her sinning,
If a bird in Eden sang, it brought
The pang as at beginning.

Each eye would rain its tear,
Her prattlers little heeding,
Would utter, "This bird with its wild-note clear
When the red clay was kneaden,
And God made Adam, our father dear,
Sang to him thus in Eden."

The moon went in—the sky
And earth and sea hiding,
I lay me down with the yearning sigh
Of that strain in my heart abiding,
I slept, and the barque that had sail'd so nigh
In my dream was ever gliding.

I slept, but waked amazed,
With sudden noise frightened,
And voices without and a flash that dazed
My eyes from candles lighted;
Ah surely, methought, by these shouts upraised,
Some travellers are benighted.

A voice was at my side,
“ Waken, madam! waken !
The long pray’d-for ship at her anchor doth ride,
Let the child from its rest be taken,
For the Captain doth weary for babe and for bride,
Waken, madam, waken !

“ The home you left but late,
He speeds to it light-hearted,
By the wires he sent this news, and straight
To you with it they started.”
Oh joy for a yearning heart too great,
Oh union for the parted !

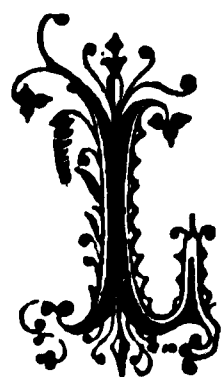
We rose up in the night,
The morning star was shining,
We carried the child in its slumber light,
Out by the myrtles twining ;
Orion over the sea hung bright,
And glorious in declining.

Mother to meet her son,
Smiled on, but wept the rather,
And wife to bind up those links undone,
And cherish’d words to gather ;
And to show the face of her little one
That had never seen its father.

That cottage in a chine,
We were not to behold it,
But there may the purest of sunbeams shine,
May sweetest flowers enfold it ;
For the sake of that news which our hearts must twine
With the bowers where we were told it.

Now oft left lone again,
Sit mother and sit daughter,
And bless the good ship that sail’d over the main,
And the favouring wind that brought her,
While still some new beauty they fable and feign,
For the cottage by the water.

THE SUSPICIOUS JACKDAW.



LITTLE Patience carried her glow-worms upstairs, and amused herself with them a long time; for she had nothing to do but to enjoy herself when her daily task of needlework was done; and as her mistress never set her more to accomplish than she could finish before dusk, she often had a good game at play with a clear conscience. That night, however, she was not in such good spirits as usual, because her mistress had been angry with her, and if it had not been for the glow-worms she would have felt very dull indeed.

However, she hung them up in a gauze bag that she had made for them, and long after she was in bed she lay looking at them, but thought they grew brighter and brighter. She fell fast asleep at last, and fast asleep she was when her mistress came into the room with a candle in her hand, and softly stole up to her bedside.

Patience looked very happy and peaceful in her sleep, and the suspicious old lady could find nothing lying about to excite her doubts. The child had left her box open, and Madam Mortimer, though she did not choose to touch or move anything in it, used her eyes very sharply, and scrutinised its contents with astonishing deliberation. At length Patience moved, and Madam Mortimer, shading her candle, stole away again, feeling that she had done something to be ashamed of.

The next morning she sent for Patience, and said to her, "Patience, I told you that I had lost my red necklace, I must have you to help me to search for it, but first tell me whether you know where it is."

"I know where I think it is, Ma'am," Patience answered quite simply.

"Where?" asked her mistress; but she spoke and looked so severely that Patience hung her head and faltered, and at last said, "She didn't know, she only thought it might be;" and when pressed for an answer, she said, "She thought it might be in the empty side of the tea-caddy, for Jack often took things and put them into it." While the little girl spoke she looked so bashful and confused, that

her mistress was confirmed in her bad opinion of her, but she allowed her to help all the morning in searching for the lost necklace; "for, after all," she thought, "I *may* be mistaken."

However, the necklace was not to be found; and though the jackdaw chattered and bustled about a great deal, and told over and over again, in the jackdaw's language, what he had done with it, nobody took the slightest notice of him; and the longer she searched, the more unhappy Madam Mortimer became. "It is not the value of the necklace," she often said to herself; "but it is the being obliged to suspect this child, that I am so sorry for; for she was the only person in the wide world that I felt I could trust, excepting my own children."

But if people trust *only* one person, and can make up their minds to be distrustful of every one else, their suspicions are almost sure at last to reach the one remaining; and so Madam Mortimer had now found.

She sent for the little maid's mother, and without finding fault with the child, said to her that she did not require her services any longer; and when the mother said, "I hope it is for no fault that you part with her, Ma'am?" She replied, evasively, "Patience has her faults like other people;" and with that answer the mother was obliged to be satisfied.

When Patience was gone her mistress felt very unhappy. She had felt a pleasure in her company, because she was such a child, and so guileless. She had meant to keep her with her, and teach her so long as she lived, and trust her; but now all this was over, and she had nobody whom she chose to trust. The jackdaw, too, appeared to feel dull; there was nobody to play with him and carry him on her shoulder. He was dull, too, because he had lost that pretty necklace, for he often thought he should like to have it again to put among his treasures on the roof; therefore, he was fond of flying to the edge of the well, and gabbling there with great volubility; but I need not say that his chatter and his regret did not make the necklace float.

After a time, however, he found something else to amuse him, for one of Madam Mortimer's sons and his little boy came to visit her, and the jackdaw delighted in teasing the little fellow, and pecking his heels, and stealing his bits of *string*, and hiding his pencils; while the boy, on the other

hand, was constantly teasing the bird, stroking his feathers the wrong way, snatching away his crusts, and otherwise plaguing him.

"I wish Patience was here to play with that child, and keep him from teasing my Jack," said the old lady fretfully. "I get so infirm that children are a trouble to me."

"Who is Patience?" asked her son.

So then Madam Mortimer told him the whole story; the boy and the jackdaw having previously gone out of the room together—the boy tantalizing him, and the bird gabbling and pecking at his ankles. When she had finished, her son said, "Mother, I believe this will end in your suspecting me next! Why did you not ascertain whether the girl was innocent or guilty before you parted with her?"

"I feel certain she is guilty," answered the mother, "and I never mean to trust any servant again."

"But if you could be certain she was innocent?" asked the son.

"Why, then, I would never suspect a servant again, I think," she replied. "Certainly I should never suspect her—she seemed as open as the day—and you do not know, son, what a painful thing it is to have nobody about me that I can trust."

"Excuse me, mother," replied the son, "you mean nobody that you do trust; for all your servants have been with you for years, and deserve to be trusted, as far as we can see."

"Well, well," said the mother; "it makes me unhappy enough, I assure you, to be obliged to suspect everybody; and if I could have that child back I should be truly glad; but I cannot harbour a thief."

But at this point of the discourse the boy and the jackdaw were heard in the yard making such a noise, and quarrelling, that the son went down, at his mother's request, to see what was the matter. "He is a thief," said the boy; "I saw him fly to the roof with a long bit of blue ribbon that belongs to cook."

The jackdaw gabbled angrily in reply, and it is highly probable that he understood part of the accusation, for he ruffled his feathers, and hopped about in a very excited way; and as the boy kept pointing at him, jeering him, the bird at last flew at him angrily, and gave him a very

severe peck with a loud croak, that might have been meant to express, "Take that."

Having it on his hands to make up this quarrel, the little boy's father could not go on with the discourse he had begun with his mother at that time; but when he found another opportunity he said a great deal to her; and if it had not been that the jackdaw's suspicions being aroused, that troublesome bird would insist on listening to all he said, with his head on one side and his twinkling eye fixed on his face,—and if he would have been quiet, instead of incessantly changing his place, as if he thought he could hear better on the right arm of the chair than the left, it is possible that the gentleman's discourse might have had a great effect on the old lady's mind; as it was, he interrupted his mistress's attention so much, that it is doubtful whether she remembered what her son had been talking of. And there was no sooner a pause in what the jackdaw probably regarded as a disagreeable subject, than he hopped to a private little cupboard that he kept under the turned-up edge of the carpet, and bringing out five or six mouldy bits of bread, laid them in a row on the rug before his mistress and her son, and walking about before them with an air of reflection, seemed as if he would have said, "I must attend to my business, whether people talk or not."

"I never saw such a queer fellow in my life as that bird is!" exclaimed the son.

"Why, Jack, you miser!" said his mistress; "one would think you were starved."

The jackdaw gabbled something which was no doubt meant for impertinence, till hearing footsteps outside the door, he hastily snatched up some of his mouldy property and flew with it to the top of the cabinet; then he stood staring at the remainder, fluttering his wings, and making a great outcry, for he did not dare to fly down for it, because his little tormentor had just rushed into the room.

"Papa, papa!" exclaimed the boy.

"Hold your tongue, Jack," cried the grandmother; "one at a time is enough."

"Come, and I will take you on my knee," said his father, "and then the daw will fly down for his bread."

The daw no sooner saw his little enemy in a place of safety, than he descended, snatched up his bread, and having

secured it all, came again to give the boy a malicious little peck.

"Now what do you want to say?" asked his father.

"Papa," repeated the boy, "do currants ever grow under water?"

"No," said his father.

"But," replied the boy, "there is something growing in the well, just under water, that looks like currants; and, Papa, will you get it for me, please, for I should like to have it if it is good to eat."

"Pooh," said his grandmother, "the boy is dreaming."

But the boy made such a fuss about the bunch of currants, and was so positive as to their growing down in the well, that though it was now autumn and the leaves were falling, and all the currants were either eaten up or stowed away in jam pots long before, his father and grandmother allowed him to take them to the well; but first the latter put on her black silk bonnet and her cloak, and fetched her stick from its place, lamenting all the while that Patience was not there to do all her little errands for her.

Now the weather all that summer and autumn had been remarkably dry, and the consequence was, that this old well, which had long been disused because it contained so little water, had now less than ever, but that little was clear; though when the old lady and her son looked over the edge they could not at first see down into it, because a few drops of rain had fallen, and had wetted the fern leaves which were still dripping a little and covering its surface with dimples.

"There are no red currants here, nor plums either, my child," said the grandmother; and as she spoke she put down her gold-headed stick and shook the tuft of ferns that had been dripping, till she had shaken down all the water they contained.

The surface was now covered with little eddies and dimples. But when the water grew smooth again, "There they are!" exclaimed the boy; "there are the currants. Look, grandmother, they lie just under the shadow of those long leaves."

"I see something," replied his grandmother, shading her eyes; "but it is six times as long as a bunch of currants, and the berries are three times as large. I shouldn't wonder, son, if that was my cornelian necklace!"

"I will see if we can ascertain," said her son ; " there are several ladders about the premises, and the well is not at all deep." So off he went, leaving the old lady and her grandson to look at the necklace ; but the jackdaw, having by this time missed his mistress from her accustomed haunts, and being suspicious lest she might be inspecting some of his hoards, had set a search on foot for her, and now flew up screaming and making a great outcry, as if he thought he was going to be robbed. However, having lighted on the edge of the well, and observed that the necklace was there all safe, he felt more at his ease ; and if his mistress could have understood the tongue of a Daw, she would have now heard him relate how he threw it there ; as it was, she only heard him gabble, and saw him now and then peck at the boy's pinafore. When the jackdaw saw a ladder brought, however, his mind misgave him that his mistress meant to get the necklace out again ; and his thievish spirit sank very low. However, being a politic bird, he was quite silent while the ladder was lowered, and while the gardener's boy descended to the bottom of the well and groped about with his hands, for there was not a foot of water. " There is my necklace, sure enough," exclaimed the old lady as the boy lifted up the long row of shining beads ; " bring it out, James." " Please, Ma'am, here's the great silver skewer that was lost a year ago," exclaimed the boy ; " and, dear me, here's the nozzle of a candlestick."

The old lady held up her hands ; she had parted with a good cook, in consequence of the loss of this skewer. But the sight of the necklace dangling from the youth's hand as he prepared to mount the ladder was too much for the jackdaw—he suddenly flew down, gave the hand a tremendous peck with his hard bill, and while the boy cried out and dropped the necklace, the bird made a sudden dart at it, snatched it up before it touched the water, and flew up with it into a tree. There he rested a few minutes playing with the wet necklace, and shaking it in the sunlight ; but not all his mistress's entreaties and coaxing could bring him down, and in a few minutes he flew off again and settled on the roof of the house.

There, in less than ten minutes, he was found by his mistress and her son, with all his ill-gotten gains spread out before him ; everything was taken from him, and when

his mistress saw the articles whose loss had caused her to suspect almost every one about her of theft, she was so vexed that she actually shed tears. "Mother," said her son, "it appears to me that you have trusted the only creature about you that was utterly unworthy of trust!"

The old lady was so much disheartened that she could not say a word; but such is the audacity of a jackdaw's nature, that not half an hour after this, when the footboy brought in the tea things, Jack walked in after him with a grave expression of countenance, and hopped on to the tea table as if nothing had happened.

"Patience shall come back again, thought the old lady; I'll send for her and her mother, and I'll never suspect her any more. It is plain enough now that Jack must have thrown my property down there."

So the mother of Patience was sent for, but, alas, what disappointments people are doomed to! The mother expressed herself much obliged to Madam Mortimer, but said, that her cousin, in London, hearing that she was out of place, had sent for her to serve in her shop, "And that I look on as a great rise in life for her," said the mother, with an air of satisfaction: "and I am going to send a box of clothes to her next week," she continued, "and I shall tell her, ma'am, that you have not forgotten her."

Madam Mortimer was very much vexed; but the necklace was in her hand, and a sudden thought struck her that she would give it to Patience. So she said, with a sigh, "Well, Mrs. Grey, when you send the box you may put this in it."

Her mother at first looked pleased, but she presently drew back, and said, "Thank you, kindly, ma'am, but that necklace is by far too fine for my Patience, and it might do her harm to have it, and I never encourage her to wish for fine clothes."

"Good evening, then," said Madam Mortimer; and as the woman went away, she walked softly to the hole in the blind, and watched her talking and laughing with the cook, rather, as it seemed, in a triumphant way, as if she was exulting in the good fortune of her child, and the evident discomfiture of her former mistress. "It is entirely the fault of that thieving jackdaw," said the old lady, as she returned to her chair; and as she spoke she saw the suspicious bird, sitting, listening to her with his head on one side. "It is

enough to make anybody suspicious to lose things as I have lost them," she thought. "However, I shall soon leave off the habit, as I find it a bad one. I wonder whether that woman is gone yet—I'll just take a peep, and see what they are about, gossiping, down there. Ah, there she is! I wish I hadn't sent Patience away; but, perhaps, if I had been kinder to her than I was, she would have given me cause to suspect her before long."

Madam Mortimer then settled herself in her chair and began to doze. When she awoke, the necklace was gone again; and perhaps it is a proof that she really was somewhat improved, that though she said, "I suspect, Jack, you know where that necklace is," she never took any steps in the matter, but left her glittering stones in the bird's greedy keeping; and after taking a little time for consideration, put a patch upon the hole in the blind, so that she could never look through it any more. Whether she was cured of her suspicious turn of mind is more than I can tell, but it is certain that she, henceforth, looked on suspicions as undesirable, and seldom thought of little Patience without a sigh.



PAGE OF EXTRACTS.

LET not parents think that by a just and necessary amount of punishment they run any risk of impairing a child's affections. The risk is far greater of impairing them by indulgence. A spoilt child never loves its mother; never at least with the same measure of love as if it were unspoilt. And there is in human nature an essential, though mysterious connexion of love with fear, which, though chiefly recognised in the relations between man and God, is also discernible in the relations between man and man, and especially in those between child and parent. Love in either relation is deepened by some degree—not oppressive or too disturbing—some slight degree of fear; *and the very truth of the text, that "perfect love casteth*

out fear" shows that fear must be there, before the love is made perfect. Therefore the parent who shrinks from inflicting just and proper punishment upon a child, deprives that child, not only of the rest to be found in duty and obedience, but also of the blessings of a deeper love.—*Notes on Life.*

"When the first Adam fell, God cursed the ground for man's sake, and said, *Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee.* When Christ, the second Adam, came to be made a curse for us, He was crowned with those very thorns with which the earth was cursed, thereby removing the curse far from us. How wretchedly poor are my best conceptions of this most glorious work! Dear Lord, enlighten my understanding, that I may more and more see the infinite value of this wondrous work of everlasting love; and may my base ingratitude and unbelief never be thorns to wound thee afresh! Give me more of that precious faith which purifies the heart and works by love."—*Life of Mrs. Winslow.*

"He who knows, like St. Paul, both how to spare and how to abound, has a great knowledge; for if we take account of all the virtues with which *money* is mixed up—honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, forethought, self-sacrifice, and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity; and a right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would *almost* argue a perfect man."—*Notes on Life.*

Some kinds of adversity are chiefly of the character of trials, and others of discipline. By discipline is to be understood, anything, whether of the character of adversity or not, that has a *direct tendency to produce improvement*, or to create some qualification that did not exist before; and by trial, anything that tends to *ascertain* what improvement *has* been made, or what qualities exist. — *Bacon's Essays, with Annotations by Whately.*

MY BOWL, AND WHERE I FILLED IT.

IN writing of the barnacle I must take care to point out the particular species which is suitable for an Aquarium; this is the balanus or acorn-barnacle, not the creature which hangs by a flexible pipe to the keels of ships, but a delicate little animal which inhabits a multivalve shell, and after spending its infancy in freedom, swimming—or rather spinning about in the water, no sooner reaches maturity than it fixes itself by its base to a rock, a pile of wood, or a shell, and spends the rest of its days in what some observers call fanning itself. It is remarkable that no two persons agree as to what they see with their eyes; in one little treatise that I have been reading on the acorn barnacle, the throwing out of what I have called feathers, is called the flinging of a casting net or fishing net; while Mr. Wood, in his “Common Objects of the Seashore,” calls the same apparatus a little hand. “There is scarcely a prettier sight than a large stone, or piece of rock, that is covered with balani and immersed in clear sea water. Each little conical shell then opens at the top, and from the aperture a fairy little hand is constantly thrust, grasping at some coveted object, and then closed and withdrawn. There is a grace and elegance about the whole movement that is not easily described. . . . With all this beauty, however, the balani are uncongenial inhabitants of an aquarium, although they add much to its appearance at first. They soon become languid, their graceful cirrhi remain half protruded from the shell; they then die, and shortly exude such a detestably scented gas, that the surrounding water soon becomes unfit for the respiration of the other inhabitants; they in their turn die, and the whole aquarium is ruined. So present beauty *must be sacrificed to ulterior service*; and if any

balani are growing on a rock intended for the aquarium, they must be removed before it is placed in the tank."

I have given this extract, partly because it illustrates the truth of what I have often heard advanced of late, namely, that no two observers, or even experimenters on marine zoology, arrive at the same conclusions, or have to record precisely the same results of their researches.

The acorn barnacle soon dies, said the writer whom I have quoted ; my experience is more like that of a little girl who, coming in to peep at my aquarium, remarked simply, "We used to have some of those *acorns* in our glass, but we have none now." "Did they die?" I asked. "No," she replied; "they did not exactly die, the whelks *deaded* them. They were very happy, fruffing out their little combs, till papa put in the whelks," added the moralist of six years, in a pathetic tone, "and they didn't know what was going to be done to them, so they did not shut themselves up, and they were *deaded*."

Now this is just what happens in my bowl; the little feathers flutter and shake, and the tiny valves open restlessly, so long as nothing is at hand to bring them to a violent end. I have now possessed some acorn barnacles for several weeks, in company with a hermit crab; some large ones on the back of the very shell which the said hermit inhabits, and some of middle size, and of a beautiful pink colour, fixed on a little piece of marble; a few, moreover, on the roof of some limpets, and they do not grow languid, nor show any signs of discomfort. But I ventured to introduce a living mussel, on whose back were located a dozen or so of particularly active ones, into my bowl; they were very large, and had shells white as snow; the mussel in the course of an hour threw out a dozen of loose filmy hairs, about an inch long, which fixed themselves to the glass by means of little suckers, and while their host was so occupied, he lived in a con-

tinual eddy and whirl, caused by the fans of the restless guests. I saw no reason why these new inmates should not be as happy as their fellow barnacles in my other establishment: but I was woefully mistaken. Attracted perhaps by the pleasing eddy, perhaps by some appetizing smell in its neighbourhood, one of my star-fishes began to poke out his feelers from the residence that I have provided for him; namely, from the shell of a large clam, which I have set up against the side of the glass, so as to produce a little cave; behind the clam he spends at least half his time, pleased, it seems, with the grateful shade it affords. A piece of green weed has also insinuated itself behind the shell; and the weed and the star look very pretty together.

He now advanced with portentous swiftness towards the mussel, and doubling up two of his rays like a caterpillar that is about to jump, he began to pass the tips of the other three over the barnacles; these quickly retreated into their cells, and the star-fish comfortably settled himself above them, covering one side of the mussel completely. There he remained without stirring the whole day, and in the evening, when he slowly retired, four of the largest shells were perfectly empty. I was sorry, but as the thing could not be helped, I was obliged to abide by the loss; but it certainly did rouse my indignation when I saw a smaller star, not half an inch long, proceeding to the scene of action, and quietly establishing himself on the top of one of the remaining balani. He made quicker work than his brother had done, for in a very short time another shell was empty, and the feather, fully expanded, floated away, that being all that remained of the poor little victim. My experience would therefore tend to show that the balani is much more likely to be "*deaded*," in the expressive language of the child, than to die of its own accord. The mussel probably did not like to be obliged to support so heavy an animal

as the star-fish on his back; for shortly after the retreat of the latter, the former put out his lithe tongue, cut off all the threads by which he had affixed himself to the glass, and retired behind a bit of rock. Here we had the amusement of seeing him spin some more threads, and the manner of the operation was this: he touched the glass with his tongue, and from it seemed to exude some glutinous substance, which on the slow retreat of the tongue, was drawn out in a film, like a spider's thread, but much stronger; he had soon produced a great many of these films, and being now lighter by the loss of several large balani, he swung in his corner very much at his ease.

In forming aquaria, it is not an easy matter to abide by the recorded experience of others; it is not agreeable to be obliged to throw away an interesting specimen because somebody in a book declares that other specimens will eat him, or fight him, or persecute him, or disagree with him if he eats them. Neither is it easy to decline the offers of zealous friends who will bring contributions, dead and living, to your store, and feel naturally annoyed if you decline to receive them. A large green crab is presented, and you are kindly pressed to put him among your anemones, to the great danger of their lives; or worse than that, you must accept him and place him with your hermits or your squinados, whom he soon demolishes, and then he walks out of his residence, and is seen marching across the sofa just as you request a visitor to take a seat on it.

Crabs are certainly amusing creatures, but they are more decidedly unamiable than any living things that I have had an opportunity of observing, save and except monkeys, and these animals they strongly resemble in their mode of feeding themselves.

The hermits are very hungry creatures; I put one into a bowl, where I had a few bits of rock and weed, and one or two shell-fish. I laid before him the half

of a good-sized mussel, and he instantly darted upon it in a kind of ecstasy, and hugging it to him disappeared with a sudden snap with it into his shell. There he lay' for a minute or two, then he slowly came forth again, pushing his food before him, which he turned over and over with an apparent fondness that was very ludicrous to the beholder; he then handed it to his mouth with his two claws, and bit pieces out of it, just as we do from bread and butter, only that we hold the said bread and butter with one hand. When he had eaten as much as he could, he pushed the remainder under his shell, and I gave the other half of the mussel to a poor little spider-crab,* who, while the other ate his meal, was looking on with an air of sheepish meekness. He had no sooner made a movement towards it, than the hermit sidled towards him, gave him a rap with one claw, and with the other seized his dinner, which he dragged away, and turned over a good many times, while the spider-crab squatted submissively before him, sitting upright in the droll attitude peculiar to his species. When the hermit was tired of playing with his slave's dinner, he tossed it over his own shell, and as it was plain that he did not mean to let it be approached, I took out the poor persecuted little squinado, and put him into another establishment, where there was no inmate but a crab of his own tribe, rather smaller than himself. And now appeared all the meanness of his nature. I threw a shrimp to him, which I supposed to be dead; but it no sooner found itself in salt water, than it began to spring; the larger crab, however, soon put a stop to that by stretching out his long claw and clasping his transparent body; the poor shrimp was soon killed, and that feat accomplished, the crab pulled off each leg in turn, and handed it to his mouth, holding the shrimp's body at a distance; he then pulled off his tail and eat all the soft flesh it contained, allowing the

* *Maia Squinado*.

shell to float away. This was evidently enough for his meal ; he now drew the remainder to a bit of rock, and pushed it under, sitting near at hand to watch the place ; the other crab, who had not yet been fed, looked on with hungry admiration, till at last, when his sated rival moved away altogether and hid himself behind a large shell, he ventured humbly to the spot, but had no sooner put a claw beneath the rock in search of the rejected morsel, than out darted the enemy, and he was fain to retreat as fast as his legs would carry him, while his scornful rival took out the shrimp and played with it in his sight, as a cat does with a mouse, pushing it from him with his claws, tossing it up and catching it again, tantalizing the other poor fellow, but evidently not able to eat any more himself.

I then dropped a piece of meat close to the destitute crab, but the other no sooner saw it than he left his shrimp, and proceeded to the spot ; whereupon I took him away to a third receptacle, where there was no one for him to torment with his grudging disposition, and where he walked about disconsolately, finding nothing of the crab kind to fight with. Thus I became practically convinced that it is of no use trying to keep more than one crab in the same aquarium.

Among the prettiest little shellfish that I have found on this shore is the silver-top, or top-shell ; its name among conchologists is *trochus cinerarius*. It is of a delicate grey colour, and marked like a pencilled pheasant ; but when discovered feeding on its favourite brown weed, the *chondrus crispus*, better known as Carrageen moss, it does not exhibit half its beauty. I put three specimens of this pretty little creature into my aquarium, and shortly after had the pleasure to see them walking about on the glass, feeling their way by means of two horns, like miniature porcupine's quills, zoned with brown and white, and three times the length of the periwinkle's horn ; besides

these, it puts out several somewhat shorter horns from its sides, and this probably because in marching its body projects in such a very slight degree from the shell, that unless these feelers were provided it would not be made aware of obstructions, or of the neighbourhood of its food.

The silver-top appears to be somewhat more intelligent than the yellow or the green periwinkle, for these little animals, if they once creep over the lip of the aquarium, and begin to descend its outer side, are seldom acute enough to return by the same path, but will sometimes remain for several days waiting for the vainly-expected tide to come and cover them, or they will effect a descent to the table on which my bowl stands. The silver-tops never do either; they walk out of the water when they have been immersed a few hours, and after resting on the dry glass for awhile, they find their way back, probably smelling it, or having instinct enough to know in what direction it lies. The limpets are equally sagacious, and, indeed, the more these little creatures are watched, the higher they seem to rise in the scale of intelligence.

But if some animals improve on acquaintance, others need only be known to be rejected. I found one morning on the shore, after a very rough tide, a beautiful specimen of the lilac sea-snail, smooth, glossy, pure in colour, and with a beautifully thick lip. I put him into my aquarium, and happened not to look at it again for some hours. On approaching it I saw, to my surprise, a thing like a fritter, or, rather, like a small muffin, pressed against its side. The said thing was decidedly larger than the palm of my hand, and, as may be imagined, was not ornamental. The creature had merely expanded himself in his ordinary fashion, and was taking a late and somewhat frugal dinner on some delicate bits of alva. It is quite astonishing that so large a substance could have been packed into such a shell. I have often seen garden-

snails as large. He was speedily dislodged from his new house, and on being laid down on some seaweed he gradually folded and compressed himself again into the little shell which, as far as I could see, had been perfectly empty when he was in his fritter form, and had been merely carried behind him. I had him boiled, and intend to give his handsome shell to a hermit crab who has outgrown his present abode.

Beside these animals I have several fine anemones of the smooth or red kind, generally now called the "mes," for English people do not love long words, and no sooner become familiar with things or creatures that are not suited with names in the vernacular than they give them some that are sure to be short, so as to save time, and plain, so that there may be no mispronouncing of them. *Actinea mesembryanthemum* is too fine a name for daily use, but "mes" the most unlearned lips need not be afraid of pronouncing; and the "mes," the "crass," the "daisy," and the "wheatsheaf" anemones are now so well known that one is happily able to drop their scientific names.

The first of these zoophytes flourishes just below high-water mark, and is often found at the lowest point of low-water mark. As one cannot walk about without seeing it, few directions need be given for its capture; it may, however, be noticed, that the higher and lighter the locality in which this anemone flourishes, the darker is its colour; those specimens which are exposed for many hours daily to the light, air, and sun being in this place uniformly of a deep brownish red, approaching to liver colour; while those found at low-water mark are of a fine clear rose colour, and in some cases, where the rock and weed overhang, I have found them of a paleness almost approaching to pink.

The crass varies also in colour according to its locality, the finest specimens I have seen being those most exposed to the light; but at the same time nearest to low-water mark.

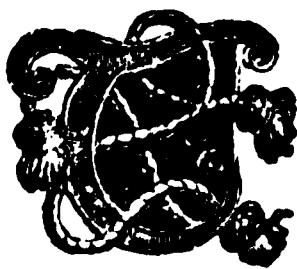
Many people who collect sea creatures with interest have never seen a crass, and look in vain for them, for want of knowing what appearance they may be expected to present.

As a general rule the crass loves a crevice. One of its favourite haunts is a small cleft under an overhanging boulder, from which depends a thick drapery of banner weed and fungus. If in your researches you reach such a boulder when the tide is at its lowest, turn back the weed, and you will, perhaps, see a tiny rivulet of water flowing over some little stones and shells; if you look long enough at those shells and stones you will perhaps see that sundry of them appear to be arranged with something like method; when that is the case touch them, and you will find that they are supported upon a soft substance; that substance is a "crass." You will now probably perceive that there are several more within a foot of the first seen, and if you wish to possess yourself of some it behoves you to take off your glove and feel with your finger whether their bases are settled upon the solid rock or whether upon the coarse sand and stones which fill the crevice. When the former is the case it is seldom worth while to concern yourself about them, for the crass holds to the rock with such desperate energy that it is very difficult to take him without tearing his base, and when this has been done he seldom lives long in captivity. But though there are many shores which afford no specimens of this beautiful creature, you may be certain of finding fifty where you have found one; therefore, move on to another boulder, and if need be, still to another, and in the end you will probably find some individuals that are fixed in small broken pieces of stone, which you can lift out with your hand, leaving the creatures undisturbed upon them. In this manner I took seven specimens from one little rocky pool; they were all small, and two of them are now flourishing in *my bowl*. The largest of them is, when expanded, not

equal in size to the palm of my hand ; the smaller is little larger than a florin— this is a great recommendation, as the small “crass” lives much longer in an aquarium than the larger, besides being more ornamental, though not generally so deep and rich in colour.



ON LOCAL NAMES.



THE word “Garth” is of wider affinity than may generally be supposed. The French “jardin,” the Italian “giardino,” are akin to this northern word. The signification is “garden ;” and “garthwaite” thus means “the garden of the farm,” and “applegarth” the “apple orchard.” The word itself is northern. The Danish for vineyard is “viingard ;” and “yard” is no other than “garden.” Thus in the well-known Scotch song of “Logie of Buchan,” we hear—

“ They hae ta'en awa' Jamie that *delved i' the yard.*”

In Norway the word is usually applied to an *estate*, with the same idea of enclosure as “town,” or “farm ;” but to English ears the word gives the idea of a paved court, rather than an enclosure for the growth of vines, olives, or apples.

Grafton is the “farm-house of the bailiff.” The greeve of our Saxon ancestors appears to have been coeval with the German graf ; but the latter soon far outstripped the more humble farm-bailiff in importance. “Graf” is now the title of a German baron ; and although the title is a common one abroad, where titles abound, yet even in Germany, the land of titles, the Herr Graf is a man of importance.

The syllable “gun” occurs not unfrequently in English localities. We have Gunby, in Lincolnshire ; Gunthorpe, Gundry, and Gunter, are common names of families. Gunter the king figures in the venerable poem in old German, called, “the Niebelungen Noth,” or “Disasters of the Niebelungen.” Gundreda, or Gundrada, daughter to the famous Conqueror, Duke William, lies buried under a quaintly

carved gravestone at Lewes Castle, in Sussex, recently brought to light. Gunhilda is a common name of Saxon maidens. This fact will lead us to the *kühn* (our English *keen*)—"bold," as the most probable derivation of these seemingly inexplicable names imposed on men and places before the invention of gunpowder. The *Cenomanni* of Cæsar are clearly (as we have elsewhere mentioned) the *kühnmänner* or "braves" of the German tribes contiguous to the Rhein. Conrade, or Gundred—now Gundry, is the "Bold Speaker," the Nestor of the old Witenagemote, or wise men's meeting. Cenelm is the "brave helmet;" Kenwulph is the "brave wolf." So, in all probability, Gunby is Northern for "fine dwelling-house," and Gunthorpe "the fine or handsomely-built village." We now apply "*keen*" not to heroes, but to wit, to the edge of steel, or the bitterness of the wind.

We now arrive at the very common word *Ham*, existing in so many places, either alone or in compounds; such as Framlingham, or "the Stranger's home;" Tottenham, "the home of Toot or Thoth;" and such like. The word itself has been very useful towards proving the theory of the love of stability inherent in our Saxon forefathers. *Ham*, *By*, *Sted*, and *Stow*, are all tokens of a wish to rest after conquest—a desire to enjoy in perpetuity the prey of their bow and spear. Dr. Worsaae, the Danish traveller, has observed as much, although he insists that the monosyllable "*By*," or "*House*," betokens the presence not of the Saxon, but of the Dane, his countryman. The word is as old, doubtless, as the Teutonic language. In the *Saga* (or *Sayings*—whence our word *Saws*,) of the Scandinavian Scalds or Poets, the fabled abodes of Flame and Mist—*Musfelheim* and *Niflheim*, play a distinguished part. *Alfheim*, again, is the dwelling-place of the elves or fairies, and the fortress of the Goddess of Liberty, or the Scandinavian Venus, *Freja*. Lastly, *Heimskringla* is the *Orbis Terrarum*, the round ball of the earth. In Germany the word appears in the form *Heim*, as *Hochheim*, noted for its wine; yet the fortress of *Hamm*, so long the involuntary abode of Napoleon III., coincides with the English form of spelling extant with us. Among the *Hollanders* the word is corrupted into *Um*, as *Workum*, *Dokkum*. On the coast of Norway is *Homstad*, or our *English Homestead*; a term which we apply to a farm

house. "Home's home, be it never so homely," was awkward welcome of a humble retainer, when the gentleman entered his magnificent abode after a lengthened absence. "There's no place like home" will be, we hope, gathering cry of every inhabitant of our island. A favorite song of the domestic Louis Philippe began—

"Ah, qu'il est doux être chez nous !"

Hinton is a common name in most counties ; for instance Cherry Hinton, near Cambridge ; Broad Hinton, Marlborough ; and in a more abbreviated form, Hints, Tamworth. The meaning may be guessed from the situation, as these villages are situated *behind* rising ground. The Scotch "ahint," for "behind," preserves this form of the word better than our English. Another form of the same word is Overton or Orton.

Hoe, Hoo, Hough, Haugh, are all forms of the same word ; the German "Hock," signifying "High," or "Height," appears derived more immediately from the Danish "Høj," "a hill, or height." We have "The Hoe," the favorite promenade of the great city of Plymouth. We have Ivinghoe, in Bedfordshire, which has lent its name to one of the most chivalric stories of Sir Walter Scott. The name itself occurs in the old rhyme, composed to commemorate the fine inflicted on an ancestor of the patriot Hampden arising from a quarrel with the celebrated "Sable Warrior," the Black Prince, who *should* have been Edward Fourth :—

"Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
Hampden did forego,
For striking the Prince a blow,
And glad to have 'scaped so."

"Haughton" is of very common occurrence. The epithet "haughty," connected with the Latin *alt-us*, the Celtic "aill," is related intimately with the original word High or Hoch. *Hoo* occurs on the coast of Sussex. In the time of Charles the Second, when our relations with Holland were much more intimate, either in war or peace than now, the sobriquet of the Dutch was "The Hog Mogars." The Dutch senate, it seems, were called "Hog Mooghe" in the preamble, or style, of their names ; *High and Mighty* is the literal translation. The

is connected with a great naval victory, and a still greater land-fight of our nation. Cape la Hogue, in Normandy, was the scene of one, and Hougoumont, or the High Mount, on the somewhat tame and level field of Waterloo, is the other. The German wine "Hock," has the same meaning; as the heights of the Rhine, such as Hochheimer, produce this same luxury under careful cultivation, and constant relays of baskets of earth, carried up continually by the patient German women on their shoulders. The Dutch Hougoumont, indeed, has in Shropshire an almost entire counterpart in the English village, Hocklemont. In the same county we also find Hockleton. The word Hook has nothing to do with Hock or Hoch. The Dutch Hoech, occurring often in the tales of Washington Irving, has the same meaning as our Hook or Nook. Like the Danish Vig, and our Wick, we are reminded by the word of the opening line of Goldsmith's ballad—

"Far in the *windings* of a vale."

The unpoetical Hogs Norton is probably a corruption of Hooks Norton, and akin to the American Pawles Hook and Kinderhook, traces of the Dutch founders of their New York.

Connected with Hook, we find the Dutch Eyck, and the German or High Dutch Ecke. Van Eyck was the famous Flemish painter of what are called the Dark Ages; and has rivalled, or perhaps excited the rivalry of the Præ-Raphaelite school of Painters. His miniature touch, and exceeding nicety of finish, appear wellnigh unapproachable. His pictures, again, being square (the Italian Quadro, and the French Cadre), suggest the German compound *Vier-eckig*, four-cornered; at first sight hopelessly removed from all affinity with our rural English "Nook," the beau-ideal of retirement and rustic leisure—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

"Holt" is common in England, as well as in Schleswig-Holstein and Germany. The word signifies "Wood." So "Norderholt," in Ditmarsch, is "Norwood;" and the old German family of the Holzhausen, immortalized by a portrait by Albert Durer, preserved at Nuremberg, is our common "Woodhouse." The unpronounceable and mysterious "Zündhölzchen," commonly impressed upon German lucifer match boxes, is better known to our English housewives as "*brimstone matches*."

Holt, by an easy transition, conducts us to Hurst. This is no other than the French forêt, once spelt and pronounced forest, and the German Forst, to which we owe the proper names of Foster, and Forester. The New Forest, covering a tract of sixty miles in length, is known to be the work of the mighty hunter, Duke William; but that it was depopulated by him, previous to its formation, is a matter of historic doubt. The name itself is to be seen on the brass of a priest of Dorchester, buried in that British and Roman site, the Castra on the Dwr, the Water Camp. The inscription is an early instance of English being used instead of Norman, French, or late Latin, in sepulchral memorials:—

“ Here lyeth Sir Richard Newforeste,
Pray 'Thū geve his soule gode reste.”

The respectful title, “Sir,” we may remark, being accorded in former days to the clergy as well as to the knightly warrior: as witness the “Sir Hugh Evans” of Shakspeare, and the “Sir John Mumble-Mass,” a common term of derision in the first bitter contests which arose from the great movement of Luther, Zuingle, Melancthon, Bucer, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley,

“Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.”

Hove, near Brighton, *may* be a corruption of Hoo, or Height; but Haf is the Norsk word for the sea, and generally applied to that part of the sea which is near the shore. Hence we have, not only in Danish, but in English also, the word Havn, or Haven, for the German Harb'our. *Harfrne*, and *Harmand*, are the Mermaid and Merman of the German Ocean; and the “Sounds and Seas” of the Belt or Baltic. Havhest is the Sea Horse of the fabulous Neptune and his satellite train of Tritons, blowing their conchs and sea-shells; and *Havfugl*, and *Harfisk* are the creatures, fowl and fish, which sport above or below the surface of the deep. Sir Walter Scott uses the word often in his occasional Norsk songs; as for instance—

“We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing while we haul,
For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all.”

Or,

“Children of dark Thule, know
Those who dwell by Haaf and Voe.”

We have already touched on the word *Har*, derived from the German *Haer*, an army, the "*Hær*" of the Dane. *Harestreet*, in Somersetshire, is an old military highway. *Harwich*, in Essex, was a convenient landing-place for the swarms of Zutes, and Angles, and Danes, who directed to that bay the prows of their piratical vessels. *Harbour* itself, in old English spelling "*Herberow*," is the *Haarborg* of the German, as much as "*Heerstrasse*" is the "*Harestreet*" now nearly obliterated by the hand of time. *Ariovistus*, the foe, and nearly the successful foe, of *Julius Cæsar*, is Latinized from the old German "*Heerfürst*," or "*Army Prince*," *Imperator*, or *Generalissimo*. *Hardwick*, however, has another derivation. The Northern goddess *Hertha*, or *Earth*, has left her impress in the many *Hardwicks* of England, just as indelibly as in the forests of the *Harz* mountains, or the *Sylva Hercinia* of "*broad-fronted Cæsar*." *Erdewick* is the name of a village in *Staffordshire*, which gave birth to a once well-known antiquarian, who has, in turn, become matter of antiquity, and has shared, long ago, the fate of his coeval *Hearne*—to whom the *Destroyer* is made to exclaim,—

" ' Whatever *I* forget, *you* learn : '
 Quoth *Hearne* to *Time*, ' We're equal yet—
 For what *I* learn, *you* soon forget.' "

E. R. P.

REVIEWS.

IS KILLING MURDER? A Key to the Adulteration of our Daily Food. Marlborough and Co.

THE CHRISTIAN VILLAGER'S GUIDE BOOK; a Manual of Practical Instructions, pointing out the Way to a holy and happy Life. Nisbet and Co.

THE first-mentioned book is a careful compilation of the facts which have lately come before the people of England, concerning the adulteration of their food, and which are of such universal concern and importance, that they seem for that very reason to meet with far less attention than they deserve.

If it had been proved to us that our baker in London sold *us stones for bread*, that baker would have been ruined by

the desertion of every customer; if we had been shown that our butcher sold us diseased meat, that butcher would have been mobbed, and forced to conceal himself from the just indignation of his victims; if we could have been convinced that our infant's life had been sacrificed because a plaister had been applied to its chest, which should have been mustard, but was compounded of wheaten flower, turmeric, cayenne pepper, and bi-chromate of potass, the grocer who sold that compound might have spared himself the trouble of taking down his shop shutters ever after, and besides, might, by keeping them up, have prevented the breaking of his windows. But if all the bakers, and the great majority of the butchers treat us thus, and if it is agreed on all hands that there is no such thing to be got, at any price, as genuine ground mustard, what is the use of being indignant? why feel resentment against one tradesman in particular? his goods are, perhaps, no worse than his neighbours; and perhaps he will tell you, in extenuation, that his practice is the common rule of the trade; or that he is not the only adulterator; and moreover, however willing he might be to sell a genuine article, he cannot get it pure from the manufacturer; he may add, that if you go to the manufacturer, you will be no better off, for that the materials used in his manufacture come from abroad, and *none of them are pure when he receives them.*

If the evils pointed out here had been an hundredth part as great as they are, something might have been done to remedy them; but as it is, turn where we will we find little hope of eating what we are supposed to eat, and in some cases we actually prefer the deleterious compound from being accustomed to it, and should not know the genuine article if presented to us. Besides, in spite of the great wrong that is done us, we are living on, and some of us are in good health; we therefore have come to think that as we cannot help ourselves, it is best to dismiss this unpleasant subject. And, after all, we argue, no one of us is worse off than all his neighbours.

As a proof that none of us have ever seen pure mustard, let us inquire what colour it is. Yellow, assuredly. Did we ever see black mustard? and would we eat it if we did? Certainly not! We are accustomed to be ill-used, we know we must not expect a truly genuine article, but there are bounds that we should suppose the most daring impostor would hardly have impudence enough to pass; and whatever

hue may be worn by the article in the mustard-pot, at least it should not be black.

“Whether as a condiment or a medicine,” says the compiler of this book, “mustard is of singular value; and while apparently the most simple and purest of articles, it is impossible to obtain it without an adulteration, which renders it tasteless as a condiment, and quite inefficacious as a medicine. . . . With reference to this article, Mr. Richard Gay, superintendent of the mustard department in Her Majesty’s victualling yard at Deptford, said, ‘I was a mustard and chicory manufacturer, and drug and spice grinder, until my place was burnt down; I have partly had the contract with the government for mustard, and I suggested to the authorities the propriety of erecting machinery. I offered my services, and was accepted by the government, who established a manufactory in consequence of the impurity of the mustard, which they found it almost impossible to purchase (in a genuine condition).’

“‘I think it almost impossible to procure pure mustard. I have some samples of pure mustard with me. I do not know anything more easy of detection than adulterated mustard; but still it is almost impossible to obtain it pure. I know I have tried it myself, and a gentleman connected with me spent a great deal of money to introduce the genuine article, but the brown mustard flour, after being mixed about twenty-four hours, becomes black, and people do not like to see it; they like to see it of a nice bright yellow appearance, and to keep so for two or three days after it is mixed; *they think it is not mustard when it turns black, whereas in fact it is.* The adulteration is, I think, generally speaking, done to cheapen the article, and to get a greater profit. Mustard seed is very dear. Brown mustard seed is worth from 20s. to 25s. a bushel; it will only produce 25lbs. of flour to the bushel, and there is a great deal of mustard selling at 4d. a pound!’”

“As to mustard,” again says Dr. Hassall, “the conclusions resulting from the examination of the various samples of this article were, that genuine mustard, whatever be the price paid for it, *is scarcely ever to be obtained*; that the whole of the forty-two samples submitted to examination were adulterated; that the adulteration practised in every case was the same in kind, varying only in degree, and *consisted in the admixture of genuine mustard with very large quantities of wheaten flour highly coloured with turner’s*

"Nothing can be more conclusive of the iniquity and danger of this adulteration, than the corroborative testimony of Dr. Challice, who says, 'Life is often sacrificed by the adulteration of mustard. If a medical man is called to a child with inflammation of the lungs, and he wishes to produce counter-irritation, he orders a mustard plaster; when he calls again he finds the child is worse, probably dying, the plaster not having taken any effect; and because a strong stimulant, as it is supposed, has taken no effect, the parent has probably given up employing other remedies; when, in reality, the mustard plaster has been merely an application of flour and turmeric, with a very small portion of mustard, which produces no effect.'"

But why, it may be asked, discuss such a subject as this in a Youth's Magazine. Can young people prevent grocers from adulterating mustard? No, they cannot; but the point is discussed because it is one on which young people ought to be well informed, and one concerning which they may be able to make themselves practically useful. Mustard and cress is very commonly bought by young people for sowing in their gardens; they therefore know perfectly well what mustard seed is like. If, therefore, in some case of illness in the household, they should hear that mustard is to be used, how easy it would be for an intelligent young person to mention some of the facts here detailed, and ask leave to procure a small quantity of mustard seed. Most likely the request would be granted; and if so, the seed should be tied up in a piece of linen, and carefully pounded in a mortar with a pestle; the flour of mustard so produced would be pure and extremely powerful, and that under circumstances when possibly life might, humanly speaking, depend on its purity and power.

Still, considering this important subject in a practical light, and as one which should be early entered on by the young, I would remind all the readers of this little Magazine, that it is the lamentable ignorance of the consumer which encourages and renders possible the frauds of the producer. No house can be comfortable, and no table supplied with really good and wholesome food, unless there is at least one thoroughly good housekeeper in the house, and unless real intelligence presides over what is set on the table. A great deal of severe illness is caused in cities by the use of unwholesome meat and stale vegetables. Yet these are not articles which can, in the ordinary sense of the word, be

adulterated ; and there is nothing more easy than to learn how to distinguish the good from the bad, the fresh from the stale, the young from the old. What a pity it is, therefore, that this knowledge is not more generally sought after, especially as almost all good housekeepers are pleased when asked questions concerning their art !

But young people, particularly very young people, often think it somewhat beneath them to know anything concerning the details of housekeeping ; would feel a sense of disgust at having to choose a joint from a shop full of raw meat, or to select a dish of fish, or decide as to the respective claims of two rival pieces of bacon. Now this is very silly, to say the least of it, and extremely inconsistent ; for we must eat, and if we eat what is unwholesome we must suffer. Surely, then, we ought to possess such an intelligent knowledge on this despised subject of eating, that we shall not be left to the carelessness of a cook, sometimes a young and ignorant cook, or what is as bad, to the fraudulent practices of interested tradespeople.

Bread is invariably adulterated with alum, and very generally with a substance called Paris white, with clay, peas, beans, Indian corn, barley, oats, an Egyptian grain called Dari, rice, potatoes, whiting, soda, &c. ; but as the baker is generally a far greater delinquent than the miller, those who use home-made bread escape most of the evils resulting from the consumption of baker's bread ; yet so much does habit influence the human palate, that most persons who have been accustomed to use the latter prefer it to a more genuine article, and like that peculiar texture, colour, and flavour, which cannot be produced by mere wheaten flour, water, salt, and yeast !

Now the adulteration of mustard may be prevented if the consumers will take the trouble to pound it themselves ; the use of bad meat may be prevented by a moderate degree of knowledge on the part of the purchaser ; people need not eat clay, chalk, &c., in their bread, if they will have it made at home ; and a fourth article of consumption may now be mentioned, from the adulteration of which serious consequences frequently follow, but which is very easily produced at home in a perfectly pure state.

“ With respect to *Vinegar*,” says Dr. Hassall, “ the conclusions resulting from the examination of a second series of samples of the vinegars of the principal manufacturers, twenty-eight in number, were as follows : that seven of the

samples were entirely free from sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol; that twenty-one were adulterated with that powerful and corrosive mineral acid, the amount of which was variable and often very considerable, from 63, the lowest, to 6·02, the highest quantity in 1000 grains; that two of the samples contained it in very small quantity only; that in three samples it was present in considerable amount; that nine contained it in very considerable amount; that in seven samples it was present in immense quantity."

"The common vinegar sold about the streets," says Dr. Letheby, "which we see poor people shaking upon oysters, is nothing but sulphuric acid, coloured with burnt sugar."

Who, after reading this, would like to use vinegar bought at shops! But as in London it is not easy to make vinegar in the ordinary manner, a description of that curious fungus, the vinegar plant,* may not be out of place here.

The vinegar plant is a growth apparently without root, branch, leaf, or bud; it looks like a flat, and rather thick cream cheese when it is young, and when old becomes thin and of a clear brown colour. These plants are not to be bought, but being not uncommonly used, especially by foreigners living in London, one may generally be procured after a little trouble. When you have got one, set it aside in a dark place, procure a pound of very coarse dark-coloured sugar; some persons use what is called "foot sugar;" put the sugar into one gallon of spring water, and let it boil briskly for twenty minutes; when quite cold, pour it into a six-quart jar, and put in the vinegar plant; tie a thick piece of brown paper over the top of the jar, prick some holes in the paper, set the jar in a cool *dry* closet, and do not open it for five or six weeks. Upon uncovering the jar, you will find that on the top of the plant you originally put in, a new plant, precisely like it, but not attached to it, has grown while the parent plant has wasted to half its former size, and the liquid in which it has been floating has become vinegar.

This vinegar is pale in colour, and not so strongly flavoured as what is bought in shops; it must be strained through a cloth till it is clear, and then bottled for use.

You have now two plants, each of which will make vinegar. You can try the experiment over again; and if *this time* you wish your vinegar to be stronger, and darker

* *Penicillium Glaucum*.

in colour, set the jar on the corner of the kitchen mantel-shelf, but not where it will ever be actually warm, and prick no holes in the paper; leave it for a month and then open it, but remember that if you once look into the jar while fermentation is going on, you will spoil the young plant. By this simple process you may always procure perfectly wholesome vinegar."

This small book, published at the price of one shilling, contains a great deal of interesting information on a subject which is far too much neglected. It well repays careful perusal, and may not only put intelligent readers, young and old, on their guard, but induce them to think of remedies for some of the evils described. The division of labour is no doubt a very good thing, a proof and a result of civilization; but we have too much of this good thing, for it renders fraud more easy than it otherwise could be, and we should now take back into our own houses and our own hands some of the labour that is so officiously spared us by tradespeople, and collect again that knowledge which our great grandmothers possessed, but which we have flung from us in this very enlightened age. As we have now adopted their hoops, let us take these articles down the kitchen stairs, as they did!

THE CHRISTIAN VILLAGER'S GUIDE BOOK, though it has a somewhat ambitious title, is very simply written, and likely to be acceptable to the persons for whom it is intended. Not the less so, perhaps, in consequence of a certain quaintness of language, and for the use of the true second person singular, instead of our more artificial "you," which, though it has now obtained a footing among the common people in some of the southern counties, does not seem to have gone north of the Trent, nor to find favour in most of the Western counties.

One or two extracts may serve to show the style and scope of the book.

On religious behaviour:—

"Be more anxious to be a Christian than to pass for one. 'Esteem others better than thyself.' Keep thy own vineyard, thy own heart, diligently. Thou hast plenty to do then, and wilt find in that occupation enough to humble thee every passing hour."

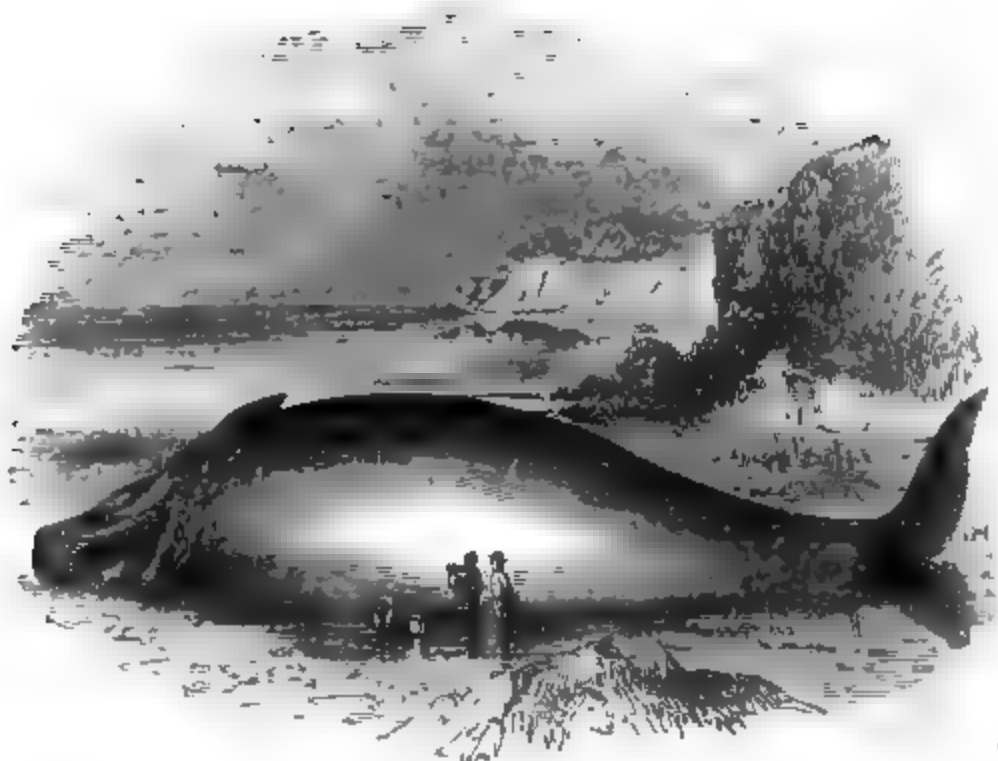
Again: "Beware of being a religious talker. This leads to vanity, hypocrisy, and a hardened state. When thou talkest on religious subjects, 'let not thy heart be hasty to

utter anything before God.' Consider that He is always by thee, and knows thee thoroughly: and when thou namest His name, do it reverently. There be many whose practice it is to be always uttering that holy name, whether suitable or not. They will be saying on every occasion, 'Bless the Lord,' and 'Thank the Lord,' and 'With the blessing of God,' and such like; when it is manifest they are either not thinking of God at all, or certainly not with the reverence which is due to him. But, believe me, *this is taking the Lord's name in vain.*"

Reading the Holy Scriptures:

"Be not dismayed because thou canst not understand everything which thou readest there. *Difficulties* are thy heavenly Father's means of trying thy faith and exercising thy humility; and it is good for thee to know but in part until thou canst bear to know all without being puffed up by it. Besides, the sea of Divine truth hath its shallows as well as its depths, and thou wilt find plenty of such waters as thou canst easily wade in, as well as many in which thou must swim. And if thou art indeed a disciple of Christ, thou art a regular scholar in his school, and hast a promise of thy Master's on this very subject. Thou knowest the good Spirit is his appointed teacher; and He undertakes to lead them into *all* truth. As long, therefore, as thou readest sincerely and simply for thy edification, the Spirit will shed light upon the Word, at least sufficient for thy purposes; and thou mayest confidently expect, if thou goest steadily under His teaching, that He will open thine eyes more and more to see the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, in proportion as thou art able to bear them. And thus the Word will be to thee as a telescope, by which thou mayest look into heaven. For, as the astronomer puts one glass into another, to bring the stars as it were closer to his eye, so mayest thou join one bright truth of Scripture to another, to bring the glorious God nearer to thy view. And it is this manner of beholding the holy word of God, that beautifies as well delights the soul. As the Apostle saith, thou wilt be 'changed into the same image, from glory to glory,' by the inward work of the Lord's Spirit, who uses the Word of Truth for this blessed purpose."

Two chapters are specially worthy of praise, that "on Private Prayer," and "on Bringing up Children;" but all are likely to be useful and acceptable, and have the great advantages of being neither obscure nor tedious.



THE WHALE.

THE word "whale," as we learn from good authorities, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *whæl*; it spreads through several European languages, being in Danish, *wal*, in Swedish, *hwal*. It probably has affinity with the German verb, *wallen*, in Anglo-Saxon, *walwian*, to roll or wallow.

It would appear that we now pronounce this word, at least in the south of England, in a manner that our ancestors would have considered vulgar. We entirely leave out the *h*, by which it ought to be distinguished from the principality of Wales—*whales* and *wales* being now pronounced precisely alike; but we read in old Hakluyt's *Voyages* the following admonition on this subject:—

"While you take in hand to schoole and to teach them by what name a *whalefish* is to be called in our tongue, leaving out through ignorance the letter *h*,

which almost alone maketh up the signification of the worde, you deliuer that which is not true ; for *val* in our language signifyeth not a whale, but chusing or choise, of the verbe, *eg vel*, that is to say, I chose, or I make choise."

Hakluyt certainly appears to have right on his side ; *val* or *wale* still exists as a word expressing choice in the whole northern portion of the island.

" He *waled* a portion with judicious care ;
And ' Let us worship God,' he said, ' wi' solemn air,'"

says Burns, in writing of his " Cotter."

It has been observed, and with no small probability of truth, that no creature is so badly represented in pictures, cuts, or statuary, as the whale. When in the water, say the intelligent among whalers, he shows generally little more than his crown and the top of his back ; when he bounds up with an awful spring clear out of the water, and then tilting down his square head into the acres of curded sea, raging, foaming, and frothing ; shakes his mighty flukes, and sinks sheer down forty or fifty fathoms,—the beholders, if they are tolerably near, have enough to do to keep their rocking boat from swamping, while breathlessly they watch the jerking line as the stricken fish makes it run out, fathom after fathom, till the boat's side smokes, and she quivers on the boiling surge as it cowered and frightened. No time then for scientific remarks on his figure. The sailors sit still as long as the boat is stationary, or one bales out water and pours it on the smoking rope, till suddenly the boat begins to churn on through the seething flood ; the line, pulled by an invisible power, is tight with such a tension as it is wonderful that it can bear ; and sitting helpless, clinging each man to his seat, and the gunwale continually dipping down into the sea, on they go. Faster than steamer could take them, mile upon mile straight as a dart, their slow ship coming

after, but sinking in the icy horizon, till there is a sudden stoppage in their course ; the sea, some distance before them, begins to foam, and the foam takes a ruddy tinge, not altogether from the arctic sun, or flashing meteors overhead ; and up comes, rolling and wallowing, the great black sea-monster, very faint and breathless, breathing, and quivering, and spouting out spray, and sorely in want of rest, but not destined to have it, for the fresh harpoons are sent into his ample side, and the lance pierces him, and down he goes again, but only for a few minutes ; he floats up again into the relentless neighbourhood of his pursuers, and they begin to haul in their lines, and he begins to lash the water till he and all around him are utterly hidden in fog and spray that falls about like great feathers, and boiling waves, that imperil the boats, and dash them back to a distance. At last the fog subsides, the sullen breakers sink, and the froth of the sea lies over and about a huge black rock-like body, which they approach and tow to their ships, while hundreds and thousands of sea-birds collect together and scream overhead, and the army of sharks begin to rush together, looking for a feast, as turned upon his back he is drawn on to the vessel, and the two together, somewhat alike in blackness and in length, lie moored like a wreck dismasted and laden almost to the water's edge, and the triumphant enemy that has made her a prize.

There are three species of whale which this cut might be supposed to represent, though it does not adequately represent any of them.

These are the Greenland whale (the *Mysticetus* of the naturalist, and the Right whale of the fisher); the Sperm whale, a creature of vaster bulk and more unwieldy head; and the *Balæna physalis*, or Razor-back of the whaler.

The Greenland whale tapers towards the tail far more than does this representation; it moreover

harbours seaweed on its back, not unfrequently quantities of barnacles, and its skin is exceedingly rough and uneven, so that young crabs and other crustacea harbour in its folds, according to Scoresby.

On the other hand, the Sperm whale is smooth, glossy, and has a head of great size, and of so acute a figure that in rowing to meet it full face it looks like a blank black wall. His eyes being so much at the sides of his head he does not see his antagonist if he is confronted thus; but though a few have ventured to meet him in this manner, there is danger lest he should swim over the foolhardy adventurers, and bear them down by that great wall of forehead. Moreover, the sperm whale is far more knowing and sagacious than the right whale; and there are instances on record which prove that he entertains malice against his persecutors, and cherishes a sentiment of revenge which, having been once attacked, he will wreak on his enemy after some interval of time.

In several instances he has been known to pursue the terrified boats' crews even to their vessel, though all the time wounded by their lances and harpoons; and if the vessel set sail, he has followed it, and only taken to flight when convinced that she was not alive and sentient. Twice a sperm whale has been known to attack a boat's crew, and when they got on board the ship, and fastened the lines of the harpoons to the masts, has actually towed her bulky hull through the water, till the lines broke or he was killed; and the American ship *Essex* was totally lost through the rage of a large sperm whale who had been wounded, and rushing from the shoal straight to her, dashed his forehead against her hull and stove her in, so that she actually settled, and having as yet no oil on board went down in the open sea, her crew with difficulty saving themselves in their boats.

With regard to the Razor-back, it is far longer in proportion to its bulk than this cut, being, according to Scoresby, the longest animal of the whale tribe, and

probably the most powerful and bulky of created beings. It is very little valued by the whaler, being far more difficult of capture than the right whale, and exceedingly apt to carry off the line and escape. "Its blowing is very violent," he says, "and may be heard in calm weather at the distance of a mile. It swims with a velocity, at the greatest, of about twelve miles an hour. It is by no means a timid animal, yet it does not appear to be revengeful or treacherous. When closely pursued by boats it manifests little fear, and does not attempt to outstrip them in the race, but merely endeavours to avoid them by diving or changing its direction. The great speed and activity of the *Physalis* renders it a difficult or dangerous object of attack, while the small quantity of inferior oil it affords makes it unworthy the general attention of the fishers. A *Physalis* was struck by one of my inexperienced harpooners, who mistook it for a *Mysticetus*. It dived obliquely with such velocity, that 480 fathoms of line were withdrawn from the boat in about a minute of time. This whale, together with two others, was lost by the breaking of the line.

The length of a *Physalis* which was found stranded and lying dead in Davis's Straits was 105 feet, and its circumference, where greatest, about thirty-eight feet.

The Greenland or Right whale, on the other hand, has only an average length of sixty feet, and never in the present day attains more than seventy feet. "Of 322 individuals in the capture of which I was personally concerned," says Scoresby, "no one, I believe, exceeded sixty feet in length."

The Sperm whale rarely reaches the length of the *Physalis*, yet the dimensions often assigned to it exceed these vast proportions; and our present notions of whales—formidable creatures enough surely without any exaggeration—sink into nothing compared with the views gravely entertained by those who were before us.

"*The Indian Sea*," says one, "breedeth the most

and the biggest fishes that are; among which the whales or *whirlepooles*, called *Balanæ*, take up as much as four acres or arpens of land.”*

The Right whale is not now found in nearly such abundance as formerly. Man has disturbed and driven him from his favourite haunts to higher latitudes than there are any means of following him; besides which, there has been a reckless and cruel custom among whalers of harpooning the young whales or “suckers” as they swim near their mothers, in order to induce those poor fond creatures to forget their own safety, and rush to the rescue; this they frequently do by spreading their fins over the hapless young, encouraging it to attempt flight, and protecting it by rushing between it and the boats, in which position they are easily harpooned and taken.

The Right whale of average size has generally a thickness of not less than twenty inches of fat or oil beneath its skin. Its tongue yields one ton of oil, lips more than twice as much. Greenland fish are estimated and named according to the length of the whalebone attached to the upper jaw. When this is six feet long the whale is called a size fish. The following table is taken from Scoresby, and shows the quantity of oil yielded by fish of different sizes :—

Bone in Feet.	Oil in Tons.
1	$\frac{1}{2}$
2	$\frac{3}{4}$
5	2
8	9
9	11
10	13
11	16
12	20

The word *bone* here used refers to the *whalebone*,

* Holland. Plinie, b. ix. ch. 3.

that is to say, that which forms the sieve through which the whale sifts its food, his other bones are suffered to sink with his carcase. It has been long supposed that the food of the whale consists chiefly of medusæ, or jelly-fish, actiniæ, or sea anemones, and other zoophytes, chiefly very small in size; but recent observers declare that the whale preys very largely on shrimps and prawns. The mouth of a large one inspected by Scoresby was filled with small shrimps; and when we consider that a jolly-boat with six men in it could row into the cavity without danger of touching the roof, we may form some idea of the number of shrimps required for the monster's breakfast; be it also remembered that the orifice in the throat is not large enough to admit of a hen's egg being swallowed, and this will account for the quantity found in the mouth. It must take an hour or more gradually to swallow a mouthful.

The whale feeds under water, and is often seen swimming swiftly with its vast mouth wide open, its net-work of fan-like whalebone allowing the water to rush through at the sides, while it detains the smallest particle of food.

The whale seldom remains under water more than half an hour, after which it must rise to the surface to "blow," as sailors call it, that is, to take its deep inspirations. If unmolested he is said always to remain the same number of minutes, and to blow the same number of times.

Thus, if the whalers have, in the commencement of a chase, seen a whale blow fifty times and then descend, they know he will want fifty breaths when he rises: and their object is to drive him down long before he has got his number, because then they know that he must speedily rise to accomplish them, or he cannot "sound" or descend for many minutes. Some whales want as many as seventy inspirations, others *not half that number*; but the same whale always

breathes, if it possibly can, the same number of times. Some are probably, therefore, in the habit of descending to greater depths than others, and have thus to endure greater pressure from the weight of the water. This pressure is sometimes so great that it exhausts them, and they die soon after rising; and sometimes terror, when they are wounded, will induce them to sound so swiftly and so far that they absolutely cannot sustain the weight of the water, which forces them to part with the air they have taken down, and thus they are absolutely suffocated—*drowned* in their own element. When a whale of average size descends to the depth of 800 fathoms,* the weight of water pressing upon it exceeds 210,000 tons, besides the usual pressure of the atmosphere.

Captain Scoresby, the greatest authority as concerns the habits of the Right whale, describes the sudden descent of a large one that had been wounded by a harpoon, and in little more than a minute had pulled out of the boat the whole length of the lines, 720 fathoms, when, the strain being very great, the men sprang on to an adjacent berg, and shortly the boat disappeared.

To what depths it was carried cannot be known, but when the whale came up again the harpoon was still fast in its side, to the other end of which the boat was dangling 720 fathoms below.

Imagining that the boat was entangled in rocks at the bottom of the sea, they fastened the secured end of the rope, and with incredible labour hauled it up. When it was drawn upon deck the pressure it had undergone had forced off nearly all the paint, and every pore of the wood was so completely permeated with water, that portions of it, when broken and flung in the water, sank like lead. It could not be dried, and, when found to be useless in other respects, it was chopped up for firewood, it would not burn. These

* 4800 feet.

facts serve to account for the ease with which some whales are captured; fear and the desire to escape from the dreaded harpoon induce them to descend to such depths that the pressure of the water exhausts and nearly kills them before they will rise, and thus their native element conspires with man for their destruction. If it were not that we can only fish for them three or four months in the year, they must soon become extinct; but they dwell safely during the long winter in the dark, while icebergs set in motion by the ground-swell, and the rising wind dash against each other, while revolving fields, miles in extent, crush each other to pieces with horrible crash and din, while their vapoury breath falls down upon them like a sharp shower of frozen hailstones, and while snow falls thick enough to cover their dark backs ere they sound.

In the Sperm-whale fisheries, principally carried on in the southern seas, the men and vessels are chiefly American. According to Enderby, the Sperm fishing in the year 1847 produced 43,064 tons, representing, at the average American prices, a value of £1,420,447; whereas in the same year the produce of the British whale fishery (including Greenland, etc.), was only an eighth part, representing, at the average British prices, a value of £249,181.

Formerly, the dangers of whale fishing being great, and other trades offering a more tempting opening, the supply of oil fell short, and Parliament was in the habit of offering bounty to every ship engaged in the whale fishery. The first bounty was 20s. a ton to every ship of more than 200 tons' burden. Afterwards it was found needful to double the bounty; but in 1777 it was reduced to 30s.; and in 1795, the trade still increasing, it was again reduced to 20s., at which rate it remained until 1824, when the supply of oil being fully equal to the demand, it was altogether withdrawn.

MARKED.

CHAPTER III.



HREE runaway slaves! When my old friend said that, my heart stood still for an instant, and I remained fixed in alarm to think of the peril they were braving, she and her timid young granddaughter.

When I recovered myself, I said to Estelle: "Child, have you counted the cost?"

She made no direct answer, but the moon shone full into her face, and her frightened eyes seemed to be searching the darkness under the trees. "The woman was sick, and they had beaten her," she presently said, not looking at me, but into the summer darkness.

"Do you know that the States' law will not bear you out in what you are doing?" I continued; but she went on with her former words:

"And they had taken away her children, and flogged her old mother to death."

"And besides that," I urged, "do you not know by frequent experience that the planters hereabout think nothing of taking the law into their own hands?"

"And now her master has offered a reward to any one that will bring her back, or that, failing to secure her, will shoot her down," continued Estelle, in the dreamy tone of one that is weary, but with a certain suppressed vehemence. Her slack hands, which had lightly clasped each other, when their guest departed, dropped listlessly by her side as she spoke; but when she found that I said no more—for, indeed, I was lost in thought, and doubtful as to how I could help her—she raised them, clasped them firmly and tightly over her breast, and turning to her grandmother said, with flashing eyes: "Is this your friend? Is he going to warn away all the little courage I have? I want no warning; my heart warns me enough of everything terrible that can happen. What I want is encouragement."

"And help," I suggested.

"Yes, if you can give it, and I know you would be willing," said the grandmother.

"Certainly, if I first know that I am helping those who are at work with their eyes open."

"Ah, my eyes are never closed, my heart is never secure," said Estelle.

The grandmother looked at her, and then at me; the mixture of timidity and determination in Estelle's manner was very striking, but perhaps she might be accustomed to both, for she said nothing to soothe these evident fears, and did not seem in the least to doubt that whatever ought to be done would be done by Estelle, in spite of them.

A short consultation brought us to the conclusion, that it was best at once to go down to the cavern, and warn its temporary inhabitants; they were to be concealed somewhere else in the wood, and we were to bring back the little white boat. Estelle took a dark lantern with her, to show the path to me, who could scarcely pursue it with safety in the dark, under those thickly-leaved trees; she also carried with her a little bag of money, consisting of small silver change, a man's hat, and a loaf of bread.

By the help of overhanging boughs, which we could clasp, and with the lantern to guide our feet, we got down to the shore of the river; and now, having the moon to light us, we made our way very easily towards the place where, when I had looked out just after sunset, the little white boat was moored. I felt Estelle's hand tremble on my arm as she stopped me, and with bewildered eagerness paced hither and thither. We had found the place, and the tree to which the little white boat had been secured, but it was not there; the end of the rope hung loose into the water, but the boat had been cut adrift, and was gone.

Estelle sighed; she was exceedingly weary, but she said that, by the help of the moon, we could make our way slowly through the trees towards the cavern, for the ground was now even; but we must shut up the lantern, lest it should betray us. I was surprised at her determined spirit, but would say nothing to daunt it, though I kept a keen look out, and avoided all needless noise; for I considered that, if our young guest had turned the boat down the stream, he was likely to be near to watch the result. Very slowly and silently we neared the cavern; I knew from recollection that it was a wide opening in the limestone.

bank, but that its entrance was exceedingly low, so much so as to be completely overhung and concealed by drooping ferns, ivy, and climbing plants from above, while only at one point, where the bank slightly receded, it could be entered from the shore, for it faced the water, over which its lowering roof projected.

Every leaf dripped with dew, and in the heat and stillness the fireflies wandered about, and the scents of the various forest flowers were oppressively sweet.

"The cavern is just below us," whispered Estelle; "I thought I heard a voice speaking within; pray be cautious." We approached the place where it could be entered with exceeding caution, and stood still to listen. If the slaves were undisturbed, they were doubtless asleep; but it behoved us to be certain that they had not been discovered before we ventured to look in. We stood so long listening and gazing about us, that, though my body stood upright, and my eyes were open, a dream came and passed before my mind,—a dream which, however, failed not to mix up in its scenes the setting moon, the shooting stars that were now falling across the sky, the deepening darkness, and the coming out of innumerable stars. At length a low moan within, as of a child in pain, and then sobs, and a man's voice, sleepy, but distinct enough to be audible without: "Put thee trust in God, thee knows he is the God of the fatherless."

"It is one of the friends," whispered Estelle; and she advanced and stepped into the cavern. The man who had spoken was up in an instant; he had been sitting on the ground, with his hand clasping his knees, and probably dozing; further back lay a child half asleep, a negress of probably seven or eight years; and these were the only apparent inmates of the place.

"Danger?" was his succinct inquiry. Estelle told him what the young American had said, and asked what had become of the parents of the child?

"The opportunity was ripe for his escape," he replied; "and I came down to let him know just after thee left, as they told me."

"Oh, I am very grateful, then, he is gone," exclaimed Estelle.

"Yes, and I told him to take the boat, as we agreed," proceeded the friend; "he had but to drop down the river

five miles, and then land and come up to our clearing. Friend John D—— has arrived, and we have planned that he shall take the man Paul in his covered wagon behind his *notions*. Thee knows John D——."

"Oh yes; he sells brushes and rugs and baskets."

"Aye, that is so; he will take him three hundred miles on his way, and feed him; thee understands."

"Oh, I am so grateful!" repeated Estelle; "but, Dinah," she continued, looking round, "she seemed so feeble, so faint, when I went away; surely she could not go with him."

"The woman Dinah is dead," said the Quaker solemnly; "she was as thee said, feeble and faint; and when her husband had left her, she lay down and died. I have closed her eyes, and covered her body with boughs, and I am waiting here till day dawns that I may bury her. Thee will help," he added, addressing me; "and thee," speaking to Estelle, "will caution the child, for children, thee knows, are not to be trusted, and this one might be coming out to play."

Estelle assented, and we set down our dark lantern on the floor, where it shed a little light into the dreary recesses of the cavern; we then sat down on the stony ground, and propping our backs against the sides, waited for the dawn, and sometimes dozed a little, waking up to wonder where we were, when the child would moan in her sleep, and mutter: "Oh mammy; oh, daddy!" Probably it was past one o'clock when we entered the cavern, for the time that we sat dozing there did not seem long, though, ever since, this scene, so unusual, and so full of anxious interest, has been frequently present to me in my dreams. There was the roof, so low at the entrance, that we had been obliged to creep into it almost on our hands and knees, but which rose afterwards to a height of thirty feet or more; there was the sight of the sleeping slave, the child of a degraded race; and of the prostrate friend, with his athletic figure, and mild, impassive face; there was the strange flicker of the lantern, and the restless flitting of a few fireflies, which had wandered in; there was the soft gurgle of the water, that washed the very mouth of the cave, and stirred the tips of the long leaves that dropped over it; and there was the utter darkness without, which permitted nothing to be seen but the reflections of the stars on the scarcely

rippled water, and but for which, and for the sound of it, we could not have been aware whether water, land, or a blank wall bounded the entrance of the cave.

I was asleep and dreaming when a hand on my arm awoke me, and the "friend" beckoned me to follow him. I arose quietly, it was still quite dark, but the candle was flickering in the socket, and by its remaining light we made our way out of the cavern. There was already a little stir among the leaves, the morning air was growing fresh, and the still sleepy doves, parrots, and song-birds were beginning to get restless, and to chirp and twitter on their roosts; but it was dark even in the east.

"What are you going to do?" I asked of the young man.

"To bury the woman," he replied; "for by what our young friend says, there is suspicion abroad."

"But we cannot bury her in the dark."

"Nay, but I guess I can find the place where I laid her before dawn; and, if so, we shall soon fix the grave."

I had often observed the sudden coming on of morning in those latitudes; yet when the friend told me I could stop, for we had gone far enough, and I looked again to the dark east, and saw the morning star shining, and the black tree trunk scarcely visible, I was troubled to think that he had brought me out so soon, for a little more rest would not have been unwelcome.

But while I was thinking so, a sudden line of lurid orange flushed behind the hills, and the morning star died out in a moment; while I was still gazing at its vacant place, the black landscape took a thousand colours, and the leaves that hung above us were suddenly green, the orange sunbeams were dropping on our feet and lighting up our tired faces, the flashing of wings, the humming of insects, noise of singing, and chattering and running to and fro of the forest animals was all about us, and the river, white as milk, was glistening between the trees. I stepped back a pace in surprise and admiration.

"Friend," exclaimed the young Quaker seriously, "mind where thee sets thy foot; the dead lies behind thee."

I turned hastily at his words, and the dead woman lay at my feet; the limbs, decently composed, and clothed in the gay chintz gown in which the poor slave had died, were further protected by numerous small boughs of the sumach-tree, which the young Quaker had broken off wherewith

to cover her during the night. The leaves were glistening with dew, and as the fresh morning air stirred them, they revealed the emaciated but calm and passionless features of her who, from birth to death, had been sinned against so much. Close to where the body lay, a tree had been torn up by the roots, leaving a deep cavity in the soil.

"It will be easier to fill this in than to dig a grave," said the Quaker, "and that is why I brought thee here."

Carefully and reverently we lifted up the poor body, and laid it in the hollow, covering it thickly with leaves and boughs first; this done, the friend raised the call that I had heard the night before, namely, the note of the American robin, and not many minutes after Estelle issued from the cavern, leading the child. The latter walked to the hollow, and looked with listless apathy on the features of her mother; but when some more boughs were brought and laid upon the dead face, she moaned a little and shed a few tears.

But we had now no time to attend to her; it was full daylight, and it behoved us, including Estelle, to cover in the grave as quickly as possible; stones, earth, branches, anything we could get we heaped into it; and when after a quarter of an hour's toil it was level with the surrounding ground and well trodden down, we knelt, and I read a few verses of Scripture, and offered up a short prayer that God would soften the hearts of this poor victim's persecutors, and grant that her husband and child might escape them.

As we rose from our knees, the extreme pallor and exhaustion of Estelle struck both me and the friend at the same moment, and he requested me to take her down to the cavern, and give her some food and water which I should find there; then, without a word of farewell, he seized the little sobbing negress by the hand, and began swiftly to make his way with her towards some fresh place of temporary concealment, where he had previously told her that he intended to place her,—stopping, however, and calling to me when at a little distance. "Come back, friend, as soon as thee can, and cover the place with vines."

"We had best do that first," said Estelle; and I was of the same opinion, especially as the task was neither a long nor a hard one. The prostrate tree was covered with

creepers ; the wild grape-vine was there ; the hop, and the plant that across the Atlantic they call the honeysuckle, but which has little likeness to its European namesake, excepting its love of climbing. These we drew carefully away from the clasp of the fallen tree, and trailed them across the grave till all signs of it were obliterated ; and then I took my weary charge to the water's edge, where, though the morning was already hot, there was freshness and beauty enough to revive her ; so, resting on a grey rock hard by the mouth of the cavern, we brought from it the milk which Estelle had carried there the night before, and the loaf of bread, by means of which, together with some wild fruits, we made a sumptuous breakfast.

Excitement and fatigue had exhausted her ; and though we were both anxious to return and relieve the anxiety of her grandmother, we were obliged to sit awhile and rest till a little strength returned for the walk.

As she sat, I now noticed on Estelle's arm a small bracelet of nearly white hair ; she had turned back her sleeve and laid aside her heavy mantle, in order to bathe her hands and face in the river, and thus this somewhat singular ornament became visible.

"Is that your grandmother's hair ?" I asked.

She blushed, and answered in the affirmative, saying that it had been given to her by her lover ; adding, "One day, when we were sitting near here together, I told him how, when I was a child, I had wished to have a mark such as my grandmother bears ; he is a very brave man, but I think he understands my weakness. Some time afterwards he gave me this bracelet, and called it a *mark* for me."

"But you must not consider yourself so weak now, my child," I observed ; "since you are able to do things that many women would shrink from. For how long a time have you visited this cavern nightly in the dark ?"

"For nearly three weeks ; you know it required that one who thoroughly knew the path should go to them and bring their food ; my grandmother is too old ; her limbs are stiff now, and she is not active, so—so I did it." As she spoke she turned the bracelet unconsciously on her arm, and sighed.

"It was a dangerous service," I observed.

"Yes," she answered ; "and I often felt sick with fear when I was coming through the wood—fear, not so much

of discovery or real danger, as of things that have no name, and to brave people no existence—can you fancy so foolish a thing as a grown-up woman afraid of *the dark* ?”

“ Yes, I can ; when we can see we fancy that nothing is about us that is hidden from our eyes ; but when all is veiled the invisible presences make themselves felt to some of us—a thing is ‘ secretly brought to us, and our ears receive a little thereof.’ * There can be no sense of security, then, unless paramount to this feeling is that of the invisible and protecting presence of God.”

“ Yes,” she answered frankly, for our unusual circumstances seemed to take away her reserve ; “ as I go down this path I often repeat to myself, when I am most afraid, ‘ The Lord is my rock, the Lord is my rock.’ ”

My mind, on hearing her say this, reverted to the conversation that I had held with her several years ago, and I asked her if she remembered it ; but it appeared that she did not, though it seemed, from what she said, that she connected certain religious impressions with my visit, and had not forgotten her childish request that I would make a mark on her arm.

“ But that haunting fear,” she continued, “ that I began to feel so early in my life—the fear lest I should utterly fail if called on to do some painful duty, or shrink from ‘ enduring hardness’ for Christ’s sake, has nearly left me now. It was nothing but want of faith that made it so strong in my heart. If I could always trust in Him, I should know and believe steadily, that His strength can overcome my weakness, and that my best strength is my dependence.”

We sat silent for a few minutes after this, till Estelle, rising, intimated that she should now like to return home. “ I feel quite rested with sitting in this delightful place,” she observed.

“ Morning, Miss Estelle ; morning, old gentleman,” said a voice behind her ; “ you are out bright and early, surely.”

I rose, and saw the young American, who, to do him justice, actually looked a little ashamed of himself at being found, at this time in the morning, spying about his neighbour’s land.

“ Yes,” said Estelle, quite joyously ; “ and we have

* Job iv. 12.

breakfasted, as you see." A recollection of the safety of the slaves evidently delighted her, and the young man's confusion made her certain that he was come to see if he could find some trace of them.

"Ain't there a *sorter* cavern hereabouts?" he observed, advancing to the entrance.

"Yes," said Estelle.

"Well, now, it's *curus*, I've a notion I should like to go in and see it again."

"Do," replied Estelle.

I shall not soon forget her happy smile as she stood, bonnet in hand, on the ferny knoll, while the young man crept into the deserted cavern; the thoughtful Friend, before we reached the place, had removed every crust of bread, every particle of clothing, and had thrown the tin cup and the bottle from which the poor creatures had drank into the river. We had carried away the lantern away with us to the grave, and from thence to our breakfast-place; it was standing between us; but the skirts of Estelle's gown had concealed it from the uninvited guest, and she now snatched it up and put it into the covered basket from which we had taken our loaf, the loaf that she had carried down the night before, and the bottle of milk. These she set down on the shady side of the rock, previously gathering some large leaves to lay over the bread.

"I shall send the boy for them," she observed, taking the basket on her arm; "but, M. le Pasteur, when Mr. Kilmer comes out, would you be kind enough to offer him some breakfast, for I ought to go home."

Mr. Kilmer was some time in the cavern; when he came out it was with rather a crestfallen air.

"Well," said I, "how did you like the place?"

"Why, stranger, it's *sorter* gloomy, and makes a man shudder, it's so chill."

"Yes, I've been in it, and I thought at the time that I should not like to sit there for an hour or two if I had anything particular on my conscience; it is, as you say, gloomy."

The young man looked at me with an air of distrust, and seemed to wince a little.

"The water, sobbing against its sides, makes a noise just like human moans," I continued; "and I could not help thinking that if a man had caused any of his fellow-

creatures to moan and groan, he would be sure to hear their voices over again there."

"It did seem uncommon full of moans," said he, still regarding me with distrust, and moistening his parched lips.

"Will you eat and drink something?" I said, pointing to the viands; "you see there is a breakfast left for you, and I was bidden to say you were welcome to it."

"Well, old gentleman, I think I will." So saying, he sat down, and appeared much to relish his meal. "Now, what should you say to that cave for a hiding-place for runaway niggers?" he observed, stopping after his second slice of bread.

"I say that I should be very sorry to hide there if I was a runaway."

"Why so, old gentleman?"

"Because I should expect you to walk straight up to it the first thing in the morning, and find me there."

"I shouldn't wonder now," proceeded the young man in a pondering tone, "if those *ongrateful critters* did try that place afore they made tracks northwards."

"Why do you think so?" I observed carelessly; "because it seemed so full of moans?"

Not observing the satire of this speech, he rejoined, still in the same reflective tone, "Well, it might be that, or it might be the place being so dark, and so secret, and so dismal-like; but I've eaten enough; I must go about my business. Good morning, old gentleman."

CHRIST'S FOLLOWERS.

BY SIMON DACH. BORN, 1605; DIED, 1659.

CHRIST shall on him bestow no guerdon,
 Who in bright sunny rays
 Alone will live; who plays
 With jest and laugh, but bears no burden.
 No rose-garden must be expected
 By God's elected.

If we to reign with Christ hopes cherish,
Let us also propose,
In this our world of woes,
With him to suffer and to perish.
God here, what he above intends us,
Through the Cross sends us.

Was Christ himself from grief defended ?
Through direst want he came,
Through death of bitter shame,
He to his radiant Throne ascended.
And Thou canst justify complaining
When joy is waning ?

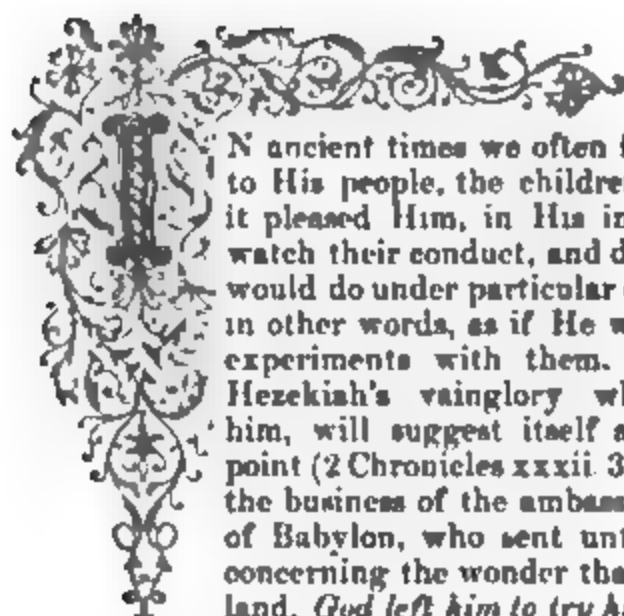
The purple grape needs painful pressing,
Before its sweet juice can
Make glad the heart of man.
Comes not the corn, chief earthly blessing,
Through mills, and ovens' glowing portals
To strengthen mortals ?

Gold and much else that is enduring
Must through the fire go,
Ere worth or beauty show.
The sick, in order to their curing,
Would drink of the Physician's potion
A very ocean.

Who wears the victor's crown of glory,
But, the proud foe before,
Has learn'd, in sweat and gore,
And misery, a thrilling story ?
What runner e'er the goal attained
By dust unstained ?

In sooth, our woes need not depress us ;
We cannot this our care
With those delights compare,
Which God reserves to bless us ;
Since, after a few tears of sadness,
Comes endless gladness.

THE FALSE CRY.



IN ancient times we often find God speaking to His people, the children of Israel, as if it pleased Him, in His infinite wisdom, to watch their conduct, and discover what they would do under particular circumstances; or, in other words, as if He was pleased to try experiments with them. The record of Hezekiah's vainglory when God proved him, will suggest itself as an instance in point (2 Chronicles xxxii. 33). "Howbeit, in the business of the ambassadors of the king of Babylon, who sent unto him to inquire concerning the wonder that was done in the land, God left him to try him, that He might know all that was in his heart." Accordingly, Hezekiah proved to God and to himself that pride and vainglory were in his heart, and that he desired the applause and admiration of the heathen Babylonians, with whom God had said that Israel should make no league or covenant, lest they should become mingled with the heathen, and learn the knowledge of their ways.

That God proved the Israelites during their wanderings in the wilderness, we find frequently asserted; and that in a manner which enables us to perceive that His dealings with them were but a sample of His dealings with all the nations—a specimen of the way in which He proves us. "Thou shalt remember," says Moses, "all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments, or no. And He humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that He might make thee to know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."—Deut. viii. 2, 3.

It would often be difficult for man to believe what is in . . .

his heart, but for this humbling and proving. He would without, as he sometimes does in spite of it, reply, when shown the deceitfulness of his nature, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" and would turn away from mere precepts, as if not in danger of falling into the faults he is warned against.

But, in addition to warning and example, besides this "proving" of His people, God set before them in old days the blessing that should follow on national uprightness, and the curse which should inevitably fall upon them if they forsook His commandments.

Prosperity, it has often been said, is the promise of the Old Testament; but adversity the promise of the New. And, though this may be true concerning individuals, yet there seems to be no Scriptural ground for supposing that such a mode of moral government extends to nations and kingdoms.

Still, we find that nationally they that honour God, He will honour, and those that despise Him shall be lightly esteemed. When nations sin—cast off their allegiance to the Great Disposer of Nations, or openly and nationally profane His Sabbaths, they are still, as nations, punished. When they proclaim fasts—when, in times of famine, or revolt, or sickness, they humble themselves, and cry to the Lord, they are still nationally heard and relieved. God honours them openly, as they have honoured Him.

There is nothing more strange than the slowness of man to learn, and his unwillingness to admit that certain reverses are sent to punish him for definite faults which he has committed. We are too much in the habit of forgetting that the eyes of the Lord are in every place still; and though He does not send prophets now to reprove kings or direct generals, He is not the less near to us on that account. He does not the less observe the motives and current of a nation's acts because the nation forgets *Him*.

To the student of modern history it is often an interesting work to trace second causes in their effects on people and tribes; but how seldom do we look for a cause higher than any that works below; and how apt we are to screen ourselves, and deny the consequences of our own faults, when they overtake us: calling that misfortune which we should consider a punishment, and speaking of inscrutable providences when we should speak of evident retribution!

To take but two instances of what is meant, let us turn to the history of British India—a history easily studied, and short ; for, from the battle of Plassy till the great revolt, it comprises but a hundred years.

There can be little doubt that we have governed far more justly, more mercifully, more liberally, than the former conquerors of the Hindoos. We have given them the benefit of many of our laws ; we have protected property ; and have prevented extortion. But what may emphatically be called the date of our accession to the government of India, was the date of a strange, and happily an unusual act of treachery, on the part of our General. Clive basely deceived the mean and treacherous man through whose means he chiefly looked for success. He treated him with all his own duplicity and cunning, and with a dissimulation so wily as to lull the crafty Oriental into security, till a false treaty was signed, and an honest name forged. Then, crowned with success, and standing in the splendid palace of his conquered territory, Clive said to his victim—“ Omichund, it is time to undeceive you. The red treaty is a trick ;” and the unhappy man was openly told by an Englishman that, in spite of the promises of vast wealth that had been made to him, and the assurance that he should possess power and favour—in spite of the Oriental embrace and the false kiss which had been bestowed—he was to have nothing and to be nothing.

“The truth seems to have been,” says Macaulay, “that he considered Oriental politics as a game in which nothing was unfair. He knew that the standard of morality among the natives of India differed widely from that established in England. He knew that he had to deal with men destitute of what in Europe is called honour ; with men who would give any promise without hesitation, and break any promise without shame ; with men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, to compass their ends. His letters show that the great difference between Asiatic and European morality was constantly in his thoughts. He seems to have imagined, most erroneously, in our opinion, that he would effect nothing against such adversaries, if he was content to be bound by ties from which they were free, if he went on telling truth and hearing none, if he fulfilled to his own hurt all his engagements with *confederates* who never kept an engagement which

was not to their advantage. Accordingly, this man, in the other parts of his life an honourable English gentleman and a soldier, was no sooner matched against an Indian intriguer, than he became himself an Indian intriguer; and descended, without scruple, to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of hands."

In times like this it is scarcely too much to suppose that most of us are acquainted with the manner in which Clive (then only twenty-five years of age) commenced his daring and brilliant exploits in the Carnatic, by attacking Arcot, in order to induce Chunda Sahib and his French auxiliaries to raise the siege of Trichinopoly; but all are not fully aware of the crooked policy which disgraced some of his proceedings, and which has been slurred over by some of his historians, and absolutely defended by another. His behaviour to Omichund, the great Calcutta merchant—through whom most of his negotiations before the battle of Plassy were carried on—no guilt, no treachery, on the part of that unhappy man, can justify; yet he justified it by saying that Omichund being himself a villain, and willing to deceive if able, he was not bound to keep faith with him, or fulfil the treaty which he had signed. In order to deceive the wary Bengalee, he therefore caused two treaties to be drawn up, one on white paper, the other on red; the latter contained the clauses for which Omichund had stipulated, and was a false one. The white was the real treaty, and contained no mention of Omichund's name.

What a sad reflection it is, that one century after, treachery, on the anniversary of that victory, was employed against the nation which had profited by the treachery of its General, and which, though it had visited upon him personally the weight of its displeasure, had never made any public amends for the breach of faith of which he had been guilty. But we had India given to us, as if God had said: "Take this rich country for one hundred years; possess it peaceably; govern it securely; reign, be feared, be admired, be trusted; and see what in that time you can do for it and with it."

So England took the country, and drew great revenues from it; and was, on the whole, just, and, in the main, kind, to the people; but committed one most fearful mistake, which, when the murderous Sepoys revolted, they

made her feel; for, as if in bitter and ironical mockery of her irreparable error, their frantic cry was: "They want to make Christians of us; they are trying to make us give up our religion; they are going to deprive us of caste, and force us to read their Holy Book."

In vain the shocking truth, the shameful fact, was loudly declared, that England had always studiously avoided disturbing their religious rites, and had even disgraced herself by suffering till a very few years ago that the guns from her forts should fire salutes on the anniversaries of idol festivals, kept by Hindoos and Mohammedans; had permitted the wretched inhabitants to burn the widows of their relatives; and, even to this day, allowed them to stifle their dying friends with the mud of the Ganges. In vain the insurgents were reasoned with, and asked how that Government could be desirous of making Christians of them, which had given grants in times of famine and drought, that the people might offer them at idol shrines, to propitiate their gods, and cry to them for rain. Still, in the face of reason, and contrary to all sense, the fatal fact of our national neglect to persuade, to inform, to enlighten, was denied; all our protestations, for many years past, were unheeded; our promises disbelieved; the unholy pledge to leave their vile immoralities untouched, was forgotten. "Such," it was repeated, "had ever been the policy of the Government;" but still their false and foolish cry sounded like mockery in the despairing ears of their victims: "The Sahibs are depriving us of our religion. They want to oblige us to become Christians."

That they should revolt was not very remarkable. That cruelty should mark their course is only what might be expected; but that they should have been permitted to give such a reason for their base treachery as this, is surely strange; for, as a people and a Government, we had done nothing to recommend our religion, or to spread it; nothing to spread the knowledge of our Holy Book. We have possessed India for one hundred years; and now that is proved to us which we would not have believed concerning ourselves, but for this proof—namely, that we have drawn great revenues from her, but not sent her the Gospel; for our missionaries have not amounted to one of every million of her people; that, in our hearts, we have believed more *in the power of error than in the power of truth, and have*

shown that error was more firmly fixed in the minds of our dependents, than truth in our own, by shrinking from proclaiming and publishing the truth, through dread of the strength of their error; we, the conquerors, have let our faith lie inactive and dead, because the faith of the conquered was living and active. We have been afraid to risk dominion for our religion; for we saw that they, by thousands, would sacrifice life for theirs.

And now God has proved to us what was in our hearts; and has punished us, as a nation, by suffering that many of the best, and bravest, and holiest of our people should fall by vile and treacherous hands. The most bitter mockery that ever was reserved for Christian ears in any time has been sounded in ours; we have been accused of wishing to obey our Saviour's last command, when it was not in our hearts to do so; of wanting to spread our Holy Book, when it was denied admission to the Government schools. If such a cry should ever be raised against us in future years—if our countrymen must once more fall with such a sentence in their dying ears—let them be martyrs for it as a truth, and not the victims of error. Let it be a true cry that we are urgent with them to read our Holy Book; and that we long, and that we live, and that we die to make Christians of them.

MY BOWL, AND WHERE I FILLED IT.



WITH regard to the whelk tribe, let not the incautious and confiding keeper of Aquaria put any of them into his bowls, unless they are little ones of the smooth white kind. The large wrinkled whelk is a fine creature when shut up in his shell, but too ugly to be endured when he displays himself. I had a present made me of three very large whelks, each nearly three inches long from tip to lip, but having had some experience of shell fish by that time, I put them into a bowl by themselves, and would not

introduce them among other creatures, till I had seen them eat and walk.

I watched them with no little interest, and shortly the three began to lift themselves up till their shells were elevated at least two inches, while their bodies looked like the thick stalks of mushrooms ; they then protruded a thick fleshy pipe exceedingly unpleasant to look at, because it was freckled with raised black spots, as indeed were their bodies. They next began to march in company up to the top of the bowl, which they soon reached, and escaped from making themselves quite disagreeable, from their hideous appearance, thin large horns, speckled pipes, and general restlessness. These animals are called "Roaring Buckies," by boys in Scotland, but I am bound to say that they made no noise excepting when the shells rattled against each other.

I took an interest in them at first, because they were spoken of by Doctor Landsborough as affording, after their decease, the favourite haunt of the hermit crab within, and of the spotted sea anemone without. These two animals so constantly have a partnership interest in the same shell, as to lead many persons to think that they intentionally share it, and it is certain that whenever the anemone catches anything fit for food in its feelers the crab comes out and shares it, while the anemone derives benefit from the circumstance that the crab is able to go about in search of prey, bearing it on his house top, to its no small advantage.

I had several pretty little specimens of the spotted sea anemone, but they were not found in shells, but in holes in limestone rock : they appear to be extremely tender, yet none live and thrive better in a bowl : we found it quite impossible to detach them from the rock without killing them, and were therefore obliged to strike off pieces of it with the hammer ; but even then the least jar appeared to offend them

so much, that they threw out slender white threads from their crowns with a suicidal air of intending to divest themselves of their internal arrangements. However, after a time they were drawn in again, and when settled in the aquarium, no zoophytes did so well, or seemed to mind a long journey so little. It is curious that besides their brown, and red, and orange frill of feelers, they occasionally put forth transparent tubes of considerable length, and wave them about in the water as if in search of food; sometimes only one tube will be protruded, and will swing about in lonely activity—I have seen as many as four playing at the same time—but it is noticeable that none but the largest specimens indulge in this display, and that seldom more than once a week, or perhaps seldomer.

I am sorry to say that I did not succeed in getting the fishermen to bring me any of the refuse of their dredging nets: either the weather was not favourable, and they could not go out, or they forgot it, or they had brought some up; but as it was nothing but rubbish, they were “certain sure the *Lairdy* would not pay for it, so they had heaved it into the wather.”

In vain I offered to pay for it, they said it was worth nothing!

At last I found a man who said he would save the wreck for me. I said I should like to have it just as it was. No, he thought that would be a pity; he *knowed* all about the sea; and he would pick it over, and bring anything *curus* that he found to the house where I was—he had found a spider crab once as big as his head very nigh. At last I made him understand that I positively insisted on having the rubbish, and when tempted with some money, he declared that it would be a shame to bring such stuff to a *Lairdy*, and it wasn't worth a groat; but he would take a bucket, and I really should have whatever the net brought up. So he took a bucket, but the night was so stormy that he was glad to get home safely, and did not throw his nets at all.

After all it should be fully understood that the real trouble, risk and loss in establishing an aquarium, is the transporting it across the country by railway, and persuading the unhappy creatures that they had better get over the annoyances of the journey, and settle themselves comfortably in their new home. I was resolved that if possible I would let them have the privilege of sea water from their own particular locality, and accordingly I ransacked the little place for stone jars, but unfortunately stone jars which could be warranted new and perfectly clean, were not to be got; there was one for sale at Mrs. B.'s, I was informed by Mrs. A.; but she thought her husband had brought it from Hull with spirits in it. That would not do.

There is a pretty ravine running up from the shore with a favourite spring in it, just under the fishermen's houses; we went through it one day when the girls were busy filling certain little barrels and kegs with fresh water for the use of the fishermen, who were going out herring fishing.

Their larger boats, called cobbles, had all come in that morning, and were lying in the bay; the brown nets had been brought ashore in the little boats, together with baskets full of glittering fish; every wave was washing up the dead dogfish that had been killed, and thrown overboard, as well as the herrings that these marauders had bitten. It was tide-time, and the water all but reached the entrance of the green ravine, which was beautified no less by afternoon sunshine among its trees and grasses than by the picturesque figures of the fisher folk, who with their kegs on their heads, their gowns tucked up and pinned behind them in the old English fashion, and the coloured petticoats, which we have lately seen fit to adopt, were marching single file along the narrow path to meet us.

As we came up, they took down the kegs, and sat on the steep bank for a moment to rest.

This was fortunate; we stopped before them, and using the subject of the weather as an introduction, hoped it would be favourable for the fishermen.

"Happen it might," said one, fanning herself with her straw bonnet; and then we sat down beside them, and entered into discourse. We asked if they would sell us one of the kegs.

No, they couldn't let the *Lairdies* have none on 'em.

"Where did they think we could buy them?" "At Hull or Whitby;" rather wide marks, both these!

We remarked that we would pay the price of a new one, but we wished for one that they had in use, because we knew it would be properly seasoned, and that they never had anything but fresh water in them.

Girls smiled; "Aye, they didn't wonder that we wanted to take away some of the *wather* o' that spring; folks said there was no *wather* like it; would we like to *taiste* it?" "Yes," we said we should, and forthwith a little was tilted out of a keg, into the loose lid of a small can. We drank with relish, and they then told us that if a new keg would do for us we could buy one at a village about four (Yorkshire) miles off: being then rested, they rose and took leave of us.

We had been warned against a new keg, as imparting a strong taste of tar and wood to the water, so we did not go to the village in question. After this we made inquiries right and left; we were promised kegs, and were disappointed; we were directed to old women whose husbands having been lost in the last gale, might be willing to part with a keg or two; but the widows in question were always out, or if at home they had already parted with the kegs, or perhaps they declared that they wouldn't part with them on any account.

At last, in despair, I despatched to town a hamper full of glass bottles and sea water, and a quantity of green weed loosely packed in "wrack," as the fishermen call the three kinds of common fucus which grow

thereabouts. For as is well known, it is always well to put the weed and water into your aquarium, and let these remain for two or three weeks, before any zoophytes are committed to them.

I had heard once from home that the weed was growing, and the water clear, before I could meet with a keg; at last, one day, a middle-aged fisherman came up to me as I was walking with a friend, and told me that he had heard of one, and would I come up the cliff and look at it. I was very willing, but as the steps were exceedingly steep, I took leave of my friend, and pursued my two hundred feet of climbing, under the escort of the fisherman alone.

"I was bent on getting one *fur* you, ma'am," said this worthy; "'cause the *yung* gentleman said so much about it."

"Oh, indeed, my brother, no doubt."

"Yes," says the fisherman; "the last day as ever was, that I took him out to fish (caught ever so many gurnet he did), 'Fisherman,' says he, 'is that keg come ashore yet?' 'No, sir,' says I. 'No!' says he; 'didn't I tell you we couldn't get one, and didn't you promise me that I should have one out o' your *booat*? I wonder,' says he, 'what sort of consciences you have in Yorkshire!'"

Here he stopped and laughed heartily; "'You're the queerest set of folk that ever I knowed,' says the gentleman; 'here's people begging and praying you to let 'em buy an old keg for the value of a new 'un, and you won't let 'em have it!' How is the gentleman, ma'am?"

"Very well, thank you."

"It's a pity he couldn't stop no longer," continued the fisherman, reflectively. "He says to my mate, 'I can't stop,' says he, 'because I'm a working man, I can't take my pleasure *as you do*, rowing about the bay, and baiting hooks for ladies; I have something else to do;' (never got one bite all that morning, he

didn't, nor the ladies either) : well, ma'am, I've got a keg, but I thought I should like you to see it afore you bought it." It was noticeable that in repeating my brother's words, he did not speak in nearly so broad a dialect, as when he made his own independent remarks.

"Oh it will certainly do," I replied ; "and I shall be very happy to buy it, if it will only hold water."

"So the gentleman said ; says I, ' Will it do, sir, if the paint's a bit knocked off ? ' ' Fisherman,' says he, quite serious like, ' it will do, unless the bottom's knocked out.' "

"I hope the bottom is not knocked out, nor the top knocked in, then," I observed, "as you seem doubtful about my taking it."

"No, that ain't it," said my weather-beaten friend ; "but the *hoops is off*."

"Can they be put on again ? " I inquired.

"Oh, yes, in half an hour I should say, ma'am, and then it'll be as strong as ever. Why that keg only came home from sea yesterday was a fortnight."

Well, to make a long story short, I bought the keg, and gave for it sixpence more than for a new one ; it held more than two buckets of water, and travelled to town in a very satisfactory manner.

I mention this, because the procuring means of transit for the sea water, is often a great difficulty in the way of the naturalist. With all our efforts we could not get a second keg, and I cannot help thinking that in most cases, it is very desirable to bring the barrels or stone bottles for it from home.

But though the water came well, the zoophytes did not. I had taken care to procure a great many, because there was a likelihood that several would die ; but it was a long journey by railway and other conveyances, from nine o'clock in the morning to six in the evening. The creatures were allowed to rest in peace the previous night, in order that nothing reasonable might be

denied them. Very soon after half-past five, my friend and I rose to begin the packing of them, which we effected in certain jars and baskets; the starfishes we put into a jar with water, the scavengers into a basket on weed, the hermits were loose in a light box, and the anemones we packed in weed, as carefully as we could; but some of the finest specimens we were obliged to remove from the sides of the aquarium, to which they had attached themselves. These, without exception, died; so, I regret to say, did the hermits, and all the starfishes with two exceptions. I had a beautiful specimen of the rose-coloured sun starfish (*Solaster papposa*); it was very small, no larger in circumference than a half crown, and had been extremely active for some time in the aquarium; but though it arrived alive it broke off so many of its thirteen rays soon after, that it was by no means ornamental.

Nothing travelled better than some small specimens of the spotted anemone; they were no sooner placed in their new abode than they expanded, and have appeared to be very comfortable ever since.

The silvertops and the little white whelks also throve and are lively as ever; but all the yellow and green periwinkles died, and this I cannot wonder at, for I never found these animals feeding on green weed, but always on the brown fucus; nevertheless, as they are recommended for aquaria, I brought some.

Though the weed had kept the water perfectly clear before the arrival of the "creatures," and was covered with bubbles of oxygen, they were no sooner introduced than it began to flag, and in a few hours the water had become milky and impure. Seeing this I removed all the zoophytes that looked in the least degree unhealthy to a second receptacle, and agitated the water with a stick.

It was not, however, till the third day that the water began to clear and the weed to form fresh globes of oxygen; from that time nothing has died.

all the animals are lively and healthy. I have abundance to stock one good-sized aquarium, but I brought what was intended to stock two. The "crass," the starfish, and the hermit crab, I should characterise as bad travellers, though those which survive of the first two are in excellent health and condition.

From Brighton, and from most parts of the south of England, I should think there would be little difficulty in taking zoophytes to town without losing any; but from a northern watering-place the journey is so long that the more delicate specimens are apt to perish. It is necessary to be very careful in removing them as soon as they begin to look unhealthy, as they immediately infest the water with impurities that imperil the lives of the others.

I had a bell-shaped aquarium, and when I arrived, found it standing in the small greenhouse; but though this was not artificially heated, the sun, as it has a south aspect, made it so hot that I could scarcely stand in it to arrange the zoophytes unless an umbrella was held over my head; and I am sure that there cannot be a worse place in which to keep an aquarium. We had it carried up-stairs to a window, which is partly shaded with vines, and there it is protected from the direct rays of the sun, and has plenty of daylight and moonlight.

I set an inverted jampot in the centre of the glass, as being far lighter than a piece of rock, which, if it has sharp edges, is apt to break the glass. Against the sides of this I piled pieces of white and red spar, portions of rock with weed growing on them, razor shells and stones—no sand. On the top of the pot I then laid a thin and perfectly flat piece of sandstone, which completely hid it, and on this are disposed the finest specimens of green weed, which float out and nearly reach the top of the water. By means of this central elevation I could dispose of the zoophytes at several different depths in the water; the two speci-

mens of the "crass" soon settled themselves among the stones and spar at the bottom, so did the spotted anemones, but the "Mes" evidently prefer to be close to the surface, for all the specimens that I put into the lower part of the aquarium rose gradually up the side till they reached the surface, while those on the central pyramid remained contentedly in their places; the starfishes are always wandering about, but the limpets are provokingly stationary; and here I may remark, that a good-sized limpet, as it holds to the glass with great tenacity, can with difficulty be removed or transported to a new abode; several of my limpets defied all my efforts to get them away; and I was, therefore, obliged to leave them; but if, when first finding them, I had placed them on pieces of rock, instead of encouraging them to hold to the glass, I should have preserved them.

In procuring fresh limpets I would advise the novice not to attempt to dislodge those which are withdrawn into their shells; but to go where the tide is just retiring, and seek in the still pools, where they may be seen with the roof elevated a quarter of an inch; take hold of this with the finger and thumb, and then the creature may be removed without injury.

One of the most pleasing circumstances connected with an aquarium is, the gradual appearance of treasures, which when captured upon the weed were so small as to escape observation.

Five or six red amemones, no larger than pins' heads, ornament a long frond of ulva, and at no great distance from them an infantine daisy spreads its tiny feelers.

I saw the other day three minute objects on a razor shell, which I took for bubbles of air, till I observed that they were in motion, and that from their nearly transparent bodies protruded two filmy horns; whether they are young silvertops or baby whelks I do

not know at present ; but I have two beautiful specimens of the turritella, which are quite large enough to be identified, and which did not make their appearance till a fortnight after the aquarium was established. Mine may now fairly be called a successful experiment ; and, like some other experiments, its interest begins to decrease : it is so easy to keep the zoophytes in good health and spirits, when once you know how ! There is no opposition to overcome ; the formerly insensible or hostile members of the family are reconciled to my “creatures,” and take pleasure in looking at them and admiring their healthy appearance. Three minutes per diem is long enough to spend in seeing that their moderate requirements are at hand : the window at their side must be opened if it is a fine day ; the blind must be drawn down if it is a very sunny day ; and a stick must be used wherewith to agitate the water if it is a dull and heavy day. Such being the case, it is high time to commence another experiment ; and I now intend to add a fresh water aquarium, of which you will probably hear more anon. I am now in a part of England which seems likely to be fertile in water-beetles, little fishes, efts, and other interesting creatures ; and as the learned are agreed that fresh-water aquaria are more easily managed than the salt, I shall hope to succeed very well.

Yours, W. A. E.



THE RIVER OF DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ALL around this valley dreary
Hangs the mist so cold and grey ;
Forth from hence to mortals weary,
Pitying Heaven, show the way !

Ever towards the hill-tops yonder
 Turns mine eye,—those hill-tops fair ;
 If on pinions I could wander,
 Ah, how swift would I be there !

All around breathe flute-notes telling
 Of unearthly peace and love ;
 Breezes far around me swelling
 With fair Judah's spicy grove.
 Gilded fruits are yonder glowing,
 Bosom'd in the dark-green spray ;
 Yonder flow'rets freshly blowing
 Dread no biting winter's sway.

Bathed in sunshine never dying,
 There each hour must sure be blest ;
 O'er those heights the breezes sighing,
 Sure must bid the wearied rest.
 But *me* a torrent parts asunder,
 Roaring loud across my path,
 Hears my heart that voice of thunder,
 And it shrinks and dreads its wrath.

Lo, a boat, and sails that shiver—
 But the pilot, where is he ?
 Oh, to stem that foaming river
 Crowd all sail, and then—be free !
 Thou must tarry, heart so lonely,
 Thou must wait some guiding hand.
 Hope, still hope ! a wonder only
 Leads into that Wondrous Land !

E. R. P.



PAGE OF EXTRACTS.

SOME worthy people think that prayer alone is to obtain them all the benefits they can desire ; that the influences the Holy Spirit will, unassisted by human exertion, produce a transforming change in the temper and the conduct. This they call magnifying the grace of God ; as if could be supposed that His gracious help would ever be *anted for the purpose of slackening, instead of encouraging*

and exciting our own exertions. Do not the Scriptures abound in exhortations, warnings, and threatenings, on the subject of individual watchfulness, diligence, and unceasing conflicts? "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Perhaps you have prayed under the mental delusion I have above described. You have expected the work should be done *for* you, instead of *with* you; that "the constraining love of Christ" would compel you necessarily to abandon your sinful habits; while, in fact, its efficacy consists in constraining you to carry on a perpetual struggle against them.—*Letters to my Unknown Friends.*

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, *purely for conscience sake*, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.—*Paley.*

No man has a right to say he can do nothing for the benefit of mankind, who are less benefited by ambitious projects than by the sober fulfilment by each man of his proper duties. By doing the proper duty in the proper place, a man may make the world his debtor. The results of "patient continuance in well-doing" are never to be measured by the weakness of the instrument, but by the omnipotence of Him who blesseth the sincere efforts of obedient faith alike in the prince and in the cottager.—*Biography of Hannah More.*

An uneasy, jealous, or rebellious feeling, in regard to rank and degrees, argues want of independence through defect of humility. It is the feeling of a man who makes too much account of such things. A begrudging of rank and station, and refusal of such deference as the customs of the world have conceded to them, will generally be found to proceed from the man who secretly overvalues them, and who, if himself in possession of them, would stretch his pretensions too far. For plebeian pride and aristocratic pride issue from one and the same source in human nature. An illiberal self-love is at the bottom of both.

When low-born men of genius, like Burns the poet,

maintain the superiority of intrinsic worth to adventitious distinction, we can readily go along with them so far ; but when they reject the claims of social rank and condition, in a spirit of defiance and resentment, as if suffering a personal injury, we may very well question whether they have not missed of the independence at which they aimed ; for, had their independence been genuine, they would have felt that all they possessed which was valuable was inalienable ; and, having nothing to lose by the social superiority of the better born, they would have made them welcome to it, as being, perhaps, a not inequitable compensation for the comparatively small share bestowed on them of intellectual gifts and abilities.—*Notes on Life.*



ON LOCAL NAMES.

IN tracing the derivations of English words, the more languages the philologist knows the better is his chance of arriving at a just conclusion. To plunge without oar or compass into a stormy sea is not more rash than to attempt to explain most of our English terms without a well-grounded knowledge of ancient and modern speeches. So many different races have, by turns, ruled our island, that the variety of our language is greater than any other. Unlike the German, we do not depend, almost entirely, on our own mother tongue, but borrow freely from Latin, or from any other source. But so many are the aids we use, that our language is in some sort a patchwork—one of velvet, satin, and samite, let us hope, but still a patchwork. The Dane, the Holsteiner, the Swede, sees much embalmed in our speech which is unknown even to the High Dutch or German. Stray words from the Welsh, the Erse, or the Gaelic, start up on every side to the plodding word-lover, as he seeks to thread his way through the “maze of hoar antiquity.” The Frenchman, the Italian, the Portuguese, and the Spaniard have not been niggard in adding their quota to our “*olla podrida*,” or hodge-podge, of speech, and contri-

buting a fresh scent to this "essence de millefleurs." These "kind contributors" have also borrowed much from us, or from our German ancestors. Many of the military and nautical terms of the French and Italians may be traced to a Teuton origin, and come round to us, the original donors, so altered that we cannot recognise the features of our verbal offspring. Who would, at first, have suspected the German "bei-wäche" (or "extra-watch") to lurk under the well-known Gallic "bivouac?" or that "lansquenet" was merely "lanz knecht," the spearman of the retainers of the old German robber-barons? In the same way the "halbert," once carried by every English serjeant, owes its name to the Teutonic "alle-barden," the strike-all of the day, when the 68-pounder and the Enfield rifle were unknown, and personal strength gave its owner the fame of an Ajax or an Achilles. "Halte!" is the German for "stop!" and "étendard," the German "standart," or *stationary* flag of the regiment. But all the nations about us have lent their aid to enrich our language. It may be, therefore, not uninteresting to our readers to consider some of our English words which are less generally understood in their true and original signification.

"Canopy" is a word which has wandered far from its first meaning, namely, a gnat or mosquito curtain. At one time the use of this net against the Eastern plague of flies was a mark of effeminacy. Cleopatra was accompanied by one in the midst of the rough Roman veterans of Marc Antony.* In French the word is used for a bed or sofa. To the readers of Shakspeare the lines uttered by Henry IV. to Sleep will be familiar, when he contrasts the sleepless man of wealth and power,—

"Under the *canopies* of royal state,"—

with the peaceful sleep enjoyed by the tired labourer,—

"Hush'd with buzzing night-flies to his slumber."

But in the East the canopy (in Greek, *conōpion*, from *cōnōps*, a gnat) is solely used to keep off the "buzzing night-fly," which lulls the English peasant. So great

* Horace, describing the queen's appearance, breaks out into great indignation :—

"O shame! amid the legion's standards see,
And blush, O sun! a woman's canopy."

is the plague of the fly, mosquito, and gnat, that Baal Zebub, or "Lord of Flies," was one of the many titles given by the Philistine to his dumb idol of wood or stone.

"Channel," "kennel," and "canal," are one and the same word. The British Channel is certainly a great contrast to the narrow kennel running in our streets; but "canalis," "a reed pipe," is the Latin word which supplies the source of all three modes of spelling. "La canaille" was a term of contempt applied by the French aristocracy to their poorer brethren; and the angry feelings produced by this word are thought to have had no little share in bringing about the French Revolution, when the *kennels* of Paris were too often dyed red with blood. "Channel" is the poetic favourite of the three forms of the same word. Burns says,—

"As streams their channels deeper wear;"—

and the oft-read "Beggar's Petition" tells us that—

"Every furrow in this aged cheek

Has been the channel of a flood of tears."

The knightly and chivalric epithet of "barded," applied to the knight's war-horse, has but a homely origin. "Barder," in French, is to cover a fowl with thin slices of bacon, to preserve the flesh from scorching, while it undergoes the process of roasting. The destrier, or war-horse, when covered with shining plates of metal, inlaid often with gold and jewels, resembled, therefore, the humble barn-door fowl; and our poets have accepted, in ignorance, this domestic metaphor.*

"Candidate," the hero of our elections, owns a Roman origin. The patrician or plebeian who aimed at the votes of the Roman people, to attract their favour appeared in robes of white, rendered glistening by the art of the fuller. "So that no fuller on earth could whiten it," is recorded of the glorious apparel of our Lord at his Transfiguration. So *canaid* comes to mean *true*, from the primary signification of a *shining* white colour.† *Candied*, as applied

* In the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, especially, horses were adorned with *long strips* of richly-worked leather or stuff, stiffened, generally, by steel or more precious metal, thus reminding the spectator of a fowl *barded* or beset with slices of bacon.

† Our *glazed* calico, which resembles the "candidated" toga of the Roman, appears to owe its title to the French word, "glaise," which signifies not only "clay," but "Fuller's earth," which is used to create the desired effect.

to fruits, and to sugar-candy, has a like meaning, from the effect produced by minute glistening crystals. So also "candent" is the proper epithet of *iron* at a *white* heat, or chalk cliffs glowing in the sun.

The word "dappled" appears to be a corruption of the more intelligible "appled." Dappled, as a colour, is expressed in German by "apfel-grau," or *apple-grey*. The French preserve the same metaphor by their word "gris-pommelé." The meaning of the word is best illustrated by a child's wooden horse, in which the white or black spots are most elaborately circular, or, as an Italian would say, "Round as an *O* of [the painter] Giotto." The expressive but somewhat vulgar word, "pummel," is derived from the pommel of a sword. In the monuments and brasses of the knights of old we find the hilt of their "trusty swords" surmounted by a knob, which is often carved to imitate an *apple*. The word apple itself supplied the ancient name of Glastonbury—Avalonia, so called from the luxuriant apple-orchards (*avel* is Welsh for apple) which hemmed in the celebrated abbey, founded, as men said, by Joseph of Arimathea, on his arrival in Britain. A cross pommelé in Heraldry is a cross, of which the four arms are rounded to imitate the fruit we have been discussing. "The dappled morn" applies, however, less to the *spotted* than to the *streaked* appearance of the Eastern skies at the rising of the sun.

To *cancel* originally signified erasure by *cross lines* of ink. "Cancelli" were the rails or partition which screened the ancient steward or major-domo from vulgar eyes. Behind such rails sate of old the Cancellarius, or Chancellor of the Emperors and Exarchs. The chancels of our churches were originally separated by rails from the nave, or body of the edifice; and in many of our churches magnificent screens, in some cases gilt and painted, attest the practice of this old custom.

Owing to the progress of our language, and the advance of so-called civilization, the word "gossip" has sadly degenerated in its acceptation. The Saxon word "God-sib," or "relations in the sight of God," was given to the "God-parents" (as is said in the North), or the sponsors who take on themselves that the child shall fulfil its baptismal vows made at the font. "Sib" is still used by the Scotch for "akin." James I., the Scottish king, bestowed

the title "gossip" on his favourite George Villars, Duke of Buckingham. But the Scotch, who have accepted many French words during their greater intimacy with France, use frequently the term "cummer" for godmother, a corruption of the French *commère*. *Compeer*, or *compère*, is the answering title, and *compère* is as expressive, in French, of the chattering disposition of some neighbours as "gossip" with us. *Gammer* may *possibly* be the same as *cummer*; but is, perhaps, better derived from the Norsk and Danish "gamle," old. "Gamle Norgē," "Old Norway," is as dear to the Norwegian as "Old England," with its accompanying roast beef, to us islanders. "Beef-eater," indeed, appears a sufficing derivation to the burly gentlemen guards of our monarchs, aided by the magnifying garb worn by the attendants of "bluff King Harry." But the French word "buffet," a "sideboard," gives the true meaning. The English traveller in France, if ignorant of the language, will often be puzzled at a railway station by the seemingly inhospitable words, "Buffet en face;" whereas he is thereby politely informed that the refreshment room is in front of him, and no discourteous treatment intended.

"Compilation" was once by no means the respectable employment that it now is. The word means "robbery (or *killing*) in every direction." As original thoughts and expressions are far from common, those who write are often tempted to borrow from their fellow-labourers in the craft of book-writing, or more securely, perhaps, from the half-forgotten or neglected band who have acted as pioneers to Art and Science and Poetry. "I fancy I have heard that before," is the terror of the compiler, or literary brigand, in the strict sense of the word.

"Carpet" is used by us to express the tapis (originally the tapestry) of the French. But "carpette" means any kind of coarse cloth used in packing; in fact, the "carpette" may protect the finer fabrics of the loom which *we* call "carpet." And the word "carpet" at one time was used in a slightly different sense to that in which it is used at present. The Scotch Liturgy ordered (see Wheatley, *Illustr. of Com. Prayer*, p. 261) that "the Holy Table at the Communion 'time should have a *carpet*, and a fair white linen cloth upon it, with other decent furniture meet for the high *mysteries* there to be celebrated." And by the canons of

the English Church, the Holy Table (when not used), "is to be covered with a *carpet* of silk, or rather decent stuff, which was originally designed for the clean keeping of the said [white linen] cloth."

The word "table" itself contains much that is interesting. Originally it signified a square board for a picture or painting. "Tabulæ" were the Roman pocket-books. Tabella is a little tablet, or table. Tableau thus came to signify in French "a picture." Now, the German and Danish and Roman word for the Roman tabula is "bord," or in English, board. In old times it was the custom to take out the board or table, after the esquire or baron and his retainers had satisfied their hunger in the antique hall, and thus to clear the apartment till the next meal time. The tressels on which this movable *board* was supported were left behind or not, as suited our ancestors' convenience. A *banquet* was properly a dessert (the *mensæ secundæ* of the Roman) carried in on a stretcher, and consisting of confectionery, fruits, and flowers arranged in pyramids or fanciful shapes with peculiar care. Capulet, when he says (in Shakspeare), "There's a poor banquet toward," to his departing guests, uses his best argument to make them stay. Banquet, or banquette (in old English and Danish, banket), therefore signifies the same as board and table. "Bhord," in Irish, is used for our "table." So also in Welsh. But banquet brings us to "bankrupt." In Italian, "banco rotto," in French, "banqueroute," in Danish, "bankerot," was applied to those merchants that could not meet their engagements. They became *bankrupt*, as many of our readers are aware, by the infliction of summary justice. Their mob of creditors broke in pieces the table on which the money-changer, or the tradesman, or the merchant exercised his calling. Such a punishment was awarded to capital commercial crimes, and has preserved to our own times the remembrance of this species of Lynch law, or meting out of informal justice.



A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE FAIRY WHO JUDGED HER NEIGHBOURS.



HERE was once a Fairy, who was a good Fairy on the whole, but she had one very bad habit: she was too fond of finding fault with other people, and of taking for granted that everything must be wrong if it did not appear right to her.

One day, when she had been talking very unkindly of some friends of hers, her mother said to her, "My child, I think if you knew a little more of the world you would become more charitable. I would therefore advise you to set out on your travels; you will find plenty of food, for the cowslips are now in bloom, and they contain excellent honey. I need not be anxious about your lodging, for there is no place more delightful for sleeping in than an empty robin's nest, when the young have flown. And if you want a new gown, you can sew two tulip-leaves together, which will make you a very becoming dress, and one that I should be proud to see you in."

The young Fairy was pleased at this permission to set out on her travels; so she kissed her mother, and bade good-bye to her nurse, who gave her a little ball of spiders' threads to sew with, and a beautiful little box, made of the eggshell of a wren, to keep her best thimble in, and took leave of her, wishing her safe home again.

The young Fairy then flew away till she came to a large meadow, with a clear river flowing on one side of it, and some tall oak-trees on the other. She sat down on a high branch in one of these oaks, and, after her long flight, was thinking of a nap; when happening to look down at her little feet, she observed that her shoes were growing shabby and faded. "Quite a disgrace, I declare," said she. "I must look for another pair. Perhaps two of the smallest flowers of that snapdragon which I see growing in the hedge would fit me. I think I should like a pair of yellow slippers." So she flew down, and, after a little trouble, she found two flowers which fitted her very neatly, and she was just going to return to the oak-tree, when she heard a deep sigh beneath her, and, peeping out from her place

among the hawthorn blossom, she saw a fine young Lark sitting in the long grass, and looking the picture of misery.

"What is the matter with you, cousin?" asked the Fairy.

"Oh, I am so unhappy," replied the poor Lark; "I want to build a nest, and I have got no wife."

"Why don't you look for a wife, then?" said the Fairy, laughing at him. "Do you expect one to come and look for you? Fly up, and sing a beautiful song in the sky, and then perhaps some pretty hen will hear you; and perhaps, if you tell her that you will help her to build a capital nest, and that you will sing to her all day long, she will consent to be your wife."

"Oh, I don't like," said the Lark, "I don't like to fly up, I am so ugly. If I were a goldfinch, and had yellow bars on my wings, or a robin, and had red feathers on my breast, I should not mind the defect which now I am afraid to show. But I am only a poor brown Lark, and I know I shall never get a wife."

"I never heard of such an unreasonable bird," said the Fairy. "You cannot expect to have everything."

"Oh, but you don't know," proceeded the Lark, "that if I fly up my feet will be seen; and no other bird has feet like mine. My claws are enough to frighten any one, they are so long; and yet I assure you, Fairy, I am not a cruel bird."

"Let me look at your claws," said the Fairy.

So the Lark lifted up one of his feet, which he had kept hidden in the long grass, lest any one should see it.

"It looks certainly very fierce," said the Fairy. "Your hind claw is at least an inch long, and all your toes have very dangerous-looking points. Are you sure you never use them to fight with?"

"No, never!" said the Lark, earnestly; "I never fought a battle in my life; but yet these claws grow longer and longer, and I am so ashamed of their being seen, that I very often lie in the grass instead of going up to sing, as I could wish."

"I think, if I were you, I would pull them off," said the Fairy.

"That is easier said than done," answered the poor Lark. "I have often got them entangled in the grass, and I scrape them against the hard clods; but it is of no use, you cannot think how fast they stick on."

"Well, I am sorry for you," observed the Fairy; "but at the same time I cannot but see that, in spite of what you say, you must be a quarrelsome bird, or you would not have such long spurs."

"That is just what I am always afraid people should say," sighed the Lark.

"For," proceeded the Fairy, "nothing is given us to be of no use. You would not have wings unless you were to fly, nor a voice unless you were to sing; and so you would not have those dreadful spurs unless you were going to fight. If your spurs are not to fight with," continued the unkind Fairy, "I should like to know what they *are* for?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the Lark, lifting up his foot and looking at it. "Then you are not inclined to help me at all, Fairy? I thought you might be willing to mention among my friends that I am not a quarrelsome bird, and that I should always take care not to hurt my wife and nestlings with my spurs."

"Appearances are very much against you," answered the Fairy; "and it is quite plain to me that those spurs are meant to scratch with. No, I cannot help you. Good morning."

So the Fairy withdrew to her oak-bough, and the poor Lark sat moping in the grass while the Fairy watched him. "After all," she thought, "I am sorry he is such a quarrelsome fellow; for that he is such is fully proved by those long spurs."

While she was so thinking the Grasshopper came chirping up to the Lark, and tried to comfort him.

"I have heard all that the Fairy said to you," she observed, "and I really do not see that it need make you unhappy. I have known you some time, and have never seen you fight or look out of temper; therefore I will spread a report that you are a very good-tempered bird, and that you are looking out for a wife."

The Lark upon this thanked the Grasshopper warmly.

"At the same time," remarked the Grasshopper, "I should be glad if you could tell me what is the use of those claws; because the question might be asked me, and I should not know what to answer."

"Grasshopper," replied the Lark, "I cannot imagine what they are for—that is the real truth."

"Well," said the kind Grasshopper, "perhaps time will *show*."

So he went away, and the Lark, delighted with his promise to speak well of him, flew up into the air, and the higher he went the sweeter and the louder he sang. He was so happy, that he poured forth such delightful notes, so clear and thrilling, that the little ants who were carrying grains to their burrow stopped and put down their burdens to listen; and the doves ceased cooing, and the little field-mice came and sat in the opening of their holes; and the Fairy, who had just begun to doze, woke up delighted; and a pretty brown Lark, who had been sitting under some great foxglove leaves peeped out and exclaimed, "I never heard such a beautiful song in my life—never!"

"It was sung by my friend, the Skylark," said the Grasshopper, who just then happened to be on a leaf near her. "He is a very good-tempered bird, and he wants a wife."

"Hush!" said the pretty brown Lark, "I want to hear the end of that wonderful song."

For just then the Skylark, far up in the heaven, burst forth again, and sang better than ever—so well indeed, that every creature in the field sat still to listen; and the little brown Lark under the foxglove leaves held her breath, for she was afraid of losing a single note.

"Well done, my friend!" exclaimed the Grasshopper, when at length he came down panting, and with tired wings; and then he told him how much his friend the brown Lark, who lived by the foxglove, had been pleased with his song, and he took the poor Skylark to see her.

He walked as carefully as he could that she might not see his feet; and he thought he had never seen such a pretty bird in his life. But when she told him how much she loved music, he sprang up again into the blue sky as if he was not at all tired, and sang anew, clearer, and sweeter than before. He was so glad to think that he could please her.

He sang several songs, and the Grasshopper did not fail to praise him, and say what a cheerful, kind bird he was. The consequence was, that when he asked her to overlook his spurs and be his wife, she said she would see about it.

"I do not mind your spurs particularly," she observed.

"I am very glad of that," said the Skylark. "I was afraid you would disapprove of them."

"Not at all," she replied. "On the contrary, now I think of it, I should not have liked you to have short claws."

like other birds; but I cannot exactly say why, as they seem to be of no use in particular."

This was very good news for the Skylark, and he sang such delightful songs in consequence. And he very soon won his wife; and they built a delightful little nest in the grass, which made him so happy, that he almost forgot to be sorry about his long spurs.

The Fairy, meanwhile, flew about from field to field, and I am sorry to say that she seldom went anywhere without saying something unkind or ill-natured; for, as I told you before, she was very hasty, and had a sad habit of judging her neighbours.

The Fairy had been several days wandering about in search of adventures, when one afternoon she came back to the old oak-tree, because she wanted a new pair of shoes, and there were none to be had so pretty as those made of the yellow snapdragon flower in the hedge hard by.

While she was fitting on her shoes, she saw the Lark's friend.

"How do you do, Grasshopper?" asked the Fairy.

"Thank you, I am very well and very happy," said the Grasshopper; "people are always so kind to me."

"Indeed!" replied the Fairy. "I wish I could say that they were always kind to me. How is that quarrelsome Lark, who found such a pretty brown mate the other day?"

"He is not a quarrelsome bird indeed," replied the Grasshopper. "I wish you would not say that he is."

"Oh well, we need not quarrel about that;" said the Fairy, laughing, "I have seen the world, Grasshopper, and I know a few things, depend upon it. Your friend the Lark does not wear those long spurs for nothing."

The Grasshopper did not choose to contend with the Fairy, who all this time was busily fitting yellow slippers to her tiny feet. When, however, she had found a pair to her mind,

"Suppose you come and see the eggs that our pretty friend the Lark has got in her nest," asked the Grasshopper. "Three pink eggs spotted with brown. I am sure she will show you them with pleasure."

Off they set together; but what was their surprise to find the poor little brown Lark sitting on them with *rumpled feathers, drooping head and trembling limbs.*

"Ah, my pretty eggs!" said the Lark, as soon as she could speak, "I am so miserable about them—they must be trodden, as they will certainly be found."

"What is the matter?" asked the Grasshopper. "Perhaps we can help you?"

"Dear Grasshopper," said the Lark, "I have just heard the farmer and his son talking on the other side of the hedge, and the farmer said that to-morrow morning he should begin to cut this meadow."

"That is a great pity," said the Grasshopper. "What a sad thing it was that you laid your eggs on the ground!"

"Larks always do," said the poor little brown bird; "and I did not know how to make a fine nest such as those in the hedges. Oh, my pretty eggs!—my heart aches for them!—I shall never hear my little nestlings chirp."

So the poor Lark moaned and lamented, and neither the Grasshopper nor the Fairy could do anything to help her. At last her mate dropped down from the white cloud where he had been singing, and when he saw her drooping, and the Grasshopper and the Fairy sitting silently before her, he inquired in a great fright what the matter was.

So they told him, and at first he was very much shocked; but presently he lifted first one and then the other of his feet, and examined his long spurs.

"He does not sympathise much with his poor mate," whispered the Fairy; but the Grasshopper took no notice of the speech.

Still the Lark looked at his spurs, and seemed to be very deep in thought.

"If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge," sighed the poor mother, "among the corn, there would have been plenty of time to rear my birds before harvest time."

"My dear," answered her mate, "don't be unhappy." And so saying, he hopped up to the eggs, and laying one foot upon the prettiest he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange to say it exactly fitted them.

"Oh my clever mate!" cried the poor little mother, reviving; "do you think you can carry them away for me?"

"To be sure I can," replied the Lark, beginning slowly and carefully to hop on with the egg in his right foot; "nothing more easy. I have often thought it was likely that our eggs would be disturbed in this meadow; but it

never occurred to me till this moment that I could provide against the misfortune. I have often wondered what my spurs could be for, and now I see." So saying, he hopped gently on till he came to the hedge, and then got through it, still holding the egg, till he found a nice little hollow place in among the corn, and there he laid it, and came back for the others.

"Hurra!" cried the Grasshopper, "Lark-spurs for ever!"

The Fairy said nothing, but she felt heartily ashamed of herself. She sat looking on till the happy Lark had carried the last of his eggs to a safe place, and had called his mate to come and sit on them. Then, when he sprang up into the sky again, exulting, and rejoicing, and singing to his mate, that now he was quite happy, because he knew what his long spurs were for, she stole gently away saying to herself, "Well, I could not have believed such a thing. I thought he must be a quarrelsome bird as his spurs were so long; but it appears that I was wrong, after all."



FROM THE GERMAN, GEDULD.

AYE, up and down this wilderness
Softly an angel goes,
Sent by our great Creator
To comfort earthly woes;
In every look is peacefulness,
And hallow'd calm of will;
O follow, follow, child of clay,
The angel Patience still!

She'll guide thee with untiring hand
Through every mortal strife,
And whisper tales of brighter worlds,
And more enduring life;
But if thou give no credence,
Yet cloudless is her mood,
Still aiding thee thy cross to bear,
While all things work for good.

She lulls to godly sorrowing
The soul's most gnawing pain—
The wildest heart, bathed in that dew,
Sinks into calm again.

The blackest night of gloominess
 Flushes with rosy glow ;
 And every wound she healeth,
 Sound, though the cure be slow.

Thy stealing tears she scorns not,
 But bids them trickle sweet ;
 She mocks not at thy fleshly heart,
 But guides thy wayward feet ;
 And when, 'mid sorrow's howling storm,
 Thou murmurest " Ah, why ? "
 She points, serenely smiling,
 To heaven, for all reply.

She has not for each questioner
 An answer ready given ;
 The burthen of her song, " Endure !
 " Not far thy refuge, Heaven ! "
 Close by thy side she paceth,
 Yet scarce a word lets fall,
 Still beckoning to the far-off land,
 The glorious goal of all.

E. R. P.

ON A CORRECT TASTE.



T I would appear that there are various opinions afloat as to what may be said to constitute a correct taste. I do not wish to canvass these opinions, but rather to speak on the subject of taste in general, and shall begin by venturing to assert that the possession of correct taste is of importance to us all.

Bad taste, *whatever* may be the subject of it, ought never to be looked upon as a thing of no consequence. It results partly from want of thought, and a too great readiness to admire what is costly or elaborate without reference to its fitness for the use intended, and partly from want of proving, or rather of reasoning out, and constantly referring to, those simple principles to which most matters of taste may be reduced.

Now to speak of rules and principles at all as applied to taste, some persons would utterly deprecate, and yet we might show that there are certain principles which the youngest child is conscious of, and is offended if they are not complied with.

This is a very wide subject, and to begin at its lower and go up to its higher provinces we may say that taste, good or bad, presides over clothing, furniture, architecture, music, painting, poetry, general literature, language, and manners; and I think it may be shown that determined bad taste in any one of these matters, *especially* the few first mentioned, is likely to exert an unfavourable influence over our taste in all the others.

On the few first mentioned I will venture to offer some remarks, and must premise that one of the commonest signs of bad taste is a too great love of ornament. It is the particular vice of our age and nation, and has been so much fostered and familiarized by use, that it is very difficult indeed to keep clear from it.

Thus, to begin with clothing; she whose taste has been vitiated by familiarity with, and constant use of, the over gay and large patterns as well as strongly contrasted colours so much in vogue, and who has ceased to think them too bright, must have acquired, as a general principle, a liking for too much ornament. This taste will affect her choice also in furniture and all household decoration. Her taste will of course be a general taste, and to general tastes all productions are made to minister.

Music suffers. Its purity, its tender sweetness or severe beauty is destroyed by an overloading of quivering trills, and runs, and turns, in which it flashes across the heart, and bustles, and fidgets, and distracts; but it is too restless in all this display of brilliant ornament to obtain power over us either to elevate or to subdue.

Painting is made to put on gayer colours or start into bolder forms than simplicity warrants. Poetry herself, to please a vitiated taste, must "o'erstep the modesty of nature," and ornament herself with exaggerated similes, or rack science and fashion for startling comparisons, or she must be over lavish with the pretty adjunct of rhyme, and forget for its sake the high uses and ennobling end for which she was designed. And when we have thus encumbered *all these arts with too much ornament, and they again have*

acted on our taste and made us expect and look for ornament, who can wonder if the evil extends itself to our general literature, and influences our language and manners?

Bad taste in dress is common both among those who over-estimate, and those who despise the art of dressing. When it exists among those of us whose taste is tolerably good as concerns other matters, it often arises from the habit of looking at things too much in *detail*, and with reference to *themselves*, and not to *ourselves*. Some persons examine a fabric as if they were short-sighted, not considering that what appears neat and graceful enough before it is converted into clothing may be a mass of patches afterwards; the pattern confused, the colours blotched, the effect both showy and vulgar. We should keep in mind also that patterns should always be adapted to the size of the wearer, that is, it should be small enough never to attract attention from the general form and flow of the drapery. Small and slender women should take particular care always to array themselves in smaller patterns than those commonly worn by the tall or stout, the pale and the blooming must not wear the same colours, and the old and the young should preserve a broad line of distinction between them.

All this in theory we know, and yet some of us dress very badly; partly because all this in practice we despise or pretend to despise, and justify the feeling. Now we ought to be above any such nonsense as this. God has given to woman an agreeable appearance as part of her dowry, and a desire to be externally pleasing as part of her nature; she does wish to be a pleasing object in the eyes of her fellows; she has no right to wish otherwise, considering that part of her influence for good, and part of her power to attract regard, arise from the proper use of this gift of her Maker.

Yet we find that many women, and those among the most deserving of their sex, are of opinion that to be elegantly, tastefully, or carefully dressed, is undesirable and inconsistent with a religious profession, and that though God has made them pleasing in appearance it is a kind of duty to do what they can to show that they do not value the gift by dressing unsuitably to their age or condition, by putting on what is well called unbecoming array, and sometimes even by putting it on a little untidily.

On the other hand there are many young women whose love of dress is a snare to them, and who are often mortified at discovering that in spite of what they feel to be an undue degree of care or attention, they are not as well, as suitably, or as becomingly dressed as some who do not think on this subject so much.

I should like to show the former that it is a duty to bestow somewhat more attention to dress than they suppose; and the latter, that by a little knowledge of the first principles of good taste, they might bestow less, and yet be dressed so as to please their own eyes and those of others more.

To the first I would say, that it is very possible her careless toilet and tasteless array may cause her religion to suffer in the eyes of some to whom she wishes to recommend it. "Look at E——, what a figure she is," was the speech of a young lady not long ago; "her collar crumpled because she dressed in such a hurry, and put on her shawl without looking in the glass, and her gown all limp and faded. How mortified her father must be when he sees her such a figure, for he gives her a handsome allowance, and he thinks so much of a lady's dress; he always says a disorderly dress is a sign of a disorderly mind."

"Yes," was the reply, "and did you see how vexed he looked yesterday when she came into the drawing-room before dinner with her hair so badly got up, and that ugly old gown on?"

"Oh," said the first speaker, "she says it is wrong to care about dress and appearance; but I think as her father gives her an allowance for her dress it is not honest to spend so much of it in her district; and besides, as she knows that he takes pleasure in seeing her look pretty, it seems undutiful to neglect her appearance."

Now there is something rather singular in the opinions which seem extensively to prevail among young ladies as to the "allowance" made them for their dress. They appear to consider it in general as their own decided property, and even as a property which must not all be spent on the purpose for which it is given. Of course if the parent has been asked, "May I appropriate some of this money to charity?" and has consented, it is another matter; but if not, then what is given for dress should be *spent on dress*, be it little or much; and what is given away *should be saved by self-denial or extra exertion*. Thus,

a young lady likes to make a gown or trim a bonnet for herself, and will give due attention to the work, so as to do it well, she has a right to spend the money so saved in charity, she has earned it; but simply to take her father's sovereign and give it away to a deserving pauper is no charity, she is only giving her father's money away when he intended her to spend it otherwise.

Yet the young girl who will deny herself a new dress and give away the money, generally does so from a good feeling, though a mistaken one; her charity would be more true and more acceptable if she took care that she earned the money honestly by making or repairing for herself, and at the same time by bestowing such a degree of attention on her apparel as shall ensure her being as well dressed as she would have been if she had spent all her allowance on her dress, but had paid other persons to make or repair it for her. If the neglecters of dress looked on the matter in this light, the self-denial they would thus be obliged to exercise would make them cease to think it one of no importance; and if they would remember that their parents, having long cared for and maintained and educated them, have a right to expect that their wishes and pleasure shall be consulted, they would make a conscience of not disappointing their affectionate pride. We would gratify it by looking as well as youth and health always do in a parent's eyes when dressed neatly and becomingly.

But to turn now to those who think too much of dress, and that partly because they are often mortified to find that they do not "look nice," according to the usual young lady phrase; their gowns are not becoming; their bonnets do not look as if they belonged to them; and their colours never seem to suit them. The reason of all this is, that probably you have not fully settled it in your own mind what your own personal appearance is; secondly, that you do not really know what style of dress suits that appearance; and, thirdly, that you do not proportion your expenditure well to your income.

An article of apparel should never be chosen because it is pretty or neat in itself, for what looks pretty on one person will look vulgar on another; and what looks neat on one will make another look what is called "dowdy."

As a general rule, it may be asserted that persons of medium complexion should wear colours of medium depth and brightness; that those who are very highly coloured

should choose all hues that are sober and subdued; and that those who are pale and deficient in colouring should wear clear, fresh, and cheerful colours.

The girl who has bright eyes, whether grey or black, dark hair, and a very high colour, should not introduce more gay colours than can be helped into her apparel. She is already bright enough, and more gaiety will make her gaudy. She should wear white, black, or the various shades of grey and dust-colour; a very small quantity of green in a white bonnet, a bright ribbon round her neck, is all the colouring she should usually indulge in; and if she wears a muslin gown it should be of very small pattern, and be restricted to one colour on a white ground.

On the other hand, her friend, whose hair, face, and lips are somewhat faint in colour, whose eyes are mild, and whose general pallor and want of freshness give her an air of ill-health even when she is well, should wear several clear fresh colours, and never indulge in grey or brown cloaks, in green or brown or dun-coloured gowns, nor in stone-coloured or dark bonnets. She should be particularly careful not to dress in flimsy and faded materials. A richly-coloured shawl, a plain straw bonnet trimmed with white or pale green, and adorned with some pink or red ribbon within, and a dress of some clear colour will take off the pale aspect in a certain degree; and if she has a thin cheek she should curl her hair, and the light falling on its curves will give a little brightness to her eyes, besides concealing the hollows over which it falls. No lady who does not walk well, evenly and firmly, should venture to wear flounces. She whose gait has the defect of a swing from side to side, or who waddles in the slightest degree, will make these disadvantages very conspicuous by surrounding herself with such ornaments, especially if they are made of a thin material; and it is not good taste to form them of one which is heavy or rich. There is a kind of waste in this which offends good taste; besides which, a flounce, being in its nature loose and floating, should be made of what is light enough to float.

The worst instance of bad taste which English women have presented for some years is that of wearing black collars, sleeves, and caps in mourning. So much of beauty and fitness in dress depends on its perfect cleanliness and *freshness*, that every ornament worn round the throat or

arms of a lady is displeasing unless formed of such materials as can be continually refreshed and renewed. The idea of delicate cleanliness, as well as its actual presence, is necessary to secure approval; but both the ideal and the actual are set at nought by this inelegant custom, which does not suit any woman but she who has red hair, and even to her it is a doubtful advantage. With respect to this same hair, so much admired formerly, and now so unduly depreciated, it is remarkable that women who possess it should be so generally unable to make it look well; being in itself so brilliant a colour, its possessor should seldom put on anything bright; she may indulge in a little blue, but her gown should be of a deep rich brown colour; and if she wears white she should adorn it with a little dark brown velvet, which would become her far better than the blue ribbons she is so fond of. She should never think of wearing a brocaded silk dress, and muslin gowns with showy patterns she should altogether eschew.

In choosing materials for dress, remember that the flowers and leaves which probably adorn the muslin or ribbon must be cut in all directions by the milliner, and be thrown into various folds by the wearer; therefore, if you must have representations of flowers on your dress, let them be very small ones; by the frequent repetition of the same figure, otherwise than when adapted to your figure, that order which is so necessary to beauty will be destroyed. In the selection of a shawl, never take a white one with a distinct pattern of sprigs, or other ornaments repeated at wide intervals, because, when folded, such ornaments will look like distinct patches on the fabric, and give the wearer a piebald appearance. The small, confused running patterns on Wampam belts and Indian fabrics are far less conspicuous and more elegant; when near they please the eye by their beauty, and when more distant they are rich, and have a bloom which is the result of harmonious colouring and minuteness and intricacy of ornament.

In a cold climate like ours, an appearance of richness and warmth is delightful to the eye; it is a kind of beauty that we feel particular contentment in contemplating, and that we could not well dispense with; and yet few nations are so little skilled as ourselves in producing this warmth and richness of effect. This is chiefly because we are fond of clear outlines and patterns stamped upon a plain ground

of uniform colour, whereas, in order to secure richness, the fabric should be so completely and uniformly covered, so evenly ornamented, that the eye can scarcely discern the colour of the ground, and cannot select one portion to gaze at, but must regard the design as an harmonious whole. A shawl or scarf so ornamented is not, as we all know, nearly so gay and conspicuous as one the centre of which consists of one plain colour, blue, white, or red, yet it contains, in small quantities, and under proper subjection to the rest, nearly every colour in the rainbow.

Contrast should be sparingly used ; the contrast should be between the dress and the wearer, not between one part of the dress and the other. There is true good taste in the striped turban of the negress ; it enables her black features to be seen by their violent contrast to the white and yellow or white and red handkerchief of which it is made, and by the light cast from them on her sable skin. Dressed in a black or dark bonnet, her face would be invisible at a little distance.

For want of attention to the fact, that dark features cannot be distinguished from what surrounds them excepting by contrast, a very absurd present was lately made to the wife of a New Zealand chief. An English lady wished to send her mahogany-coloured sister a European bonnet. It was at the time when bonnets were bonnets, and projected some distance beyond the face ; and the New Zealander having become a Christian, it was known that she would be pleased to dress like a Christian lady. So a bonnet was selected, and sent to her through the wife of the missionary, who had interested this lady on her account ; and some time afterwards, talking of her purchase, the donor said, "I had a great deal of trouble in making the selection. I thought she would look so ugly, poor thing ! with a delicate colour next her brown face ; so I chose a brown straw bonnet, and lined and trimmed it with dark mazarine blue, quite a deep purple ; I flatter myself she would not look at all amiss in it."

Now, not to mention the heat and heaviness of such a bonnet, how was this woman's face to be discerned within its dingy depths ? The bonnet should have been semi-transparent, to let the light come on the dark features, and it should have been bright and very cheerful in colour, the further to render them visible. White and orange—such

an orange as Englishwomen never need, or white and deep rose-colour would have been the most suitable hues, and then at least the beholders might have enjoyed the satisfaction of perceiving that there *was* a face in the bonnet, though a brown one; whereas in the presented bonnet, this mahogany-coloured chieftainess must have walked towards them with no apparent face at all in her bonnet, "poor thing!"

But to leave the suitable and speak of the economical. One reason why many young persons do not look as well dressed as their friends have a right to expect, is, that in general they have too many dresses, etc., in their possession at the same time, and that they are too much in the habit of purchasing one article of array in order to save another. If this is necessary, it proves that the first purchase was beyond their means, and had better not have been made, or it was too fragile in texture or too delicate in colour to be suitable for their circumstances; therefore it was an act of extravagance to buy it, even though it should not have been an expensive thing. But if dresses are merely purchased in order that better ones already possessed may be laid by, this also is questionable economy; for the second fabric, in its original purchase, in the making of it, and perhaps its frequent washing, costs as much as would go a great way towards the purchase of a good and substantial dress when the first was worn out.

No young lady should permit herself to purchase a new dress, shawl, etc., excepting in order to replace one which she intends to discard, otherwise she will accumulate half-worn-out dresses, the fashion of which will go by, and they will look less suitable for wear every month; besides which, the merely lying-by spoils many fabrics, and the love of variety is not a worthy feeling to be fostered by one who desires, in dress as in all other matters, to act with Christian simplicity and moderation. As a general rule, those who wish to be always neatly and appropriately dressed should (unless their income is considerable) content themselves with little variety, but select what is best of its kind. If they indulge in what is cheap it should be scrupulously unpretending in pattern and colour; if they occasionally choose what is bright in hue and flimsy in texture, they must be the more careful only to wear it while it is fresh and unsoiled. But the restricted wardrobe is the easiest to

keep in order ; and, on the whole, though it should consist only of things good of their kind, is the most economical in the end. Many "changes of raiment" take up a good deal of room, and occupy much time ; besides which, some of them, if costly or gay, or cut too scrupulously in the prevailing mode, give rather an old-fashioned air to the ornament prescribed in the Bible to be worn with every dress—the ornament of "a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

OLIVINE.

MORNING AND EVENING.

IN gold and purple sets the sun,
The west laughs out with myriad dies,
His course is o'er, his race is run,
And glory now with glory vies,
Of that which frown'd so dark of late
The happy end to celebrate.

For black and troubled rose the morn,
New stepping from the eastern sky ;
The tints that show'd her path adown
Our anxious gaze could not descry,
But everything was dim and drear,
And fraught the eye with boding tear.

No comfort gleam'd in earth or air,"
Loud moan'd the wind, the damp was chill,
And hope was lost in grim despair,
And faith in doubt, and good in ill.
The still small voice that soothes the soul
Had lost her wonted mild control.

But now across the placid deep
Calm glows that giant path of light ;
The troubled billows seem to sleep,
And hush'd is ocean's restless might ;
The tiny wavelets whisper bland,
As rippling soft they kiss the strand.

So sinks the Christian into rest,
 Though threatening low'r'd his early day,
 Though evil tempted, sorrow press'd ;
 His Master aids the child of clay,
 And death is life, the bond is free,
 And time yields to eternity.



REVIEWS.

NANNIE P.; or, Recollections of a Good Little Girl.
 Book Society, Paternoster Row.

A FEW months ago the life of that wonderful child Thomas Plowman, was reviewed in the YOUTH'S MAGAZINE, and some remarks were made on the care which should be taken of children whose brains are too early developed, and who are either in respect to intellect or feeling what may be called precocious.

This prettily and simply written account of Nannie P. shows that she was a child whose affections and imagination were very early developed; she was no doubt highly interesting and very loveable, but when her little sayings and doings are recorded as an *example* for other children, we may well demur as to whether such an example is desirable. "The following little narrative," says the author, "hastily and simply written, was merely intended for the gratification and benefit of the home circle in which little Nannie has left a sad blank; but a Christian friend, having observed how much it interested her own little ones, suggested that it might be the means of leading some little lambs of the flock nearer to the Good Shepherd, by showing that none are too young to receive religious impressions, bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, or try to be useful to those around them."

Such depth of feeling as interferes with happiness in a child always shows that something is wrong, and everything should be done to keep back and to calm, but nothing to draw forward. It is true that Christian parents are con-

manded to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and Timothy was highly favoured in the apostle's mind because from a child he had known the Scriptures; but such admonition and knowledge as are compatible with the health of the child, do not disturb the serenity of infancy, and should not interfere with exercise or play.

There is no evidence that this child was forced on, but it certainly appears that her sensitive affections were carefully cultivated, that her religious awe and craving for religious knowledge (even on such a point as the origin of evil) were fostered and ministered to, and her early desire to attain knowledge approved and encouraged. This is not wise; such culture has at least a tendency to encourage the original delicacy under which this child and all other precocious children invariably labour; and though scarcely anything is so difficult as to keep such children amused and happy, and yet to withhold the stimulating knowledge that they long for, it is certain that when efforts are made to that end it is more likely to be attained than if the parents cannot help feeling a secret pride in the forwardness of their children, while at the same time they are not duly informed of the danger of such forwardness.

Before she had cut all her teeth little Nannie P. began to show that she was no common child. "Her determination of character," says her aunt, "surprised me in a nervous child. She suffered greatly while cutting her teeth, and besought me to cut her gums, recollecting how much it had relieved her the year before when her uncle had cut her gums. I tried to dissuade her, saying, "I feared she would not sit steadily." "I will get Niell (the man servant) to hold me," she replied. She waited for upwards of an hour till he came in, brought him up, and sat on his knee without moving till I lanced them. The following summer her young mind opened greatly. She could read a letter, and could sing,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."


She had a perfect ear, fine voice, and very great taste for music, and could sing many songs, but hymns were her favourites. At four years and four months old she bribed her nurse, by promises of singing songs for her amusement,

to teach her a long poem called, "The Little Graves." She took great delight in the Bible, and not being able to read it perfectly, induced her aunt to read to her the history of Peter in prison, and the raising of Lazarus, till she knew them by heart. "The fall of man puzzled her, and she questioned her as to the devil being allowed to make Adam and Eve sin, and reasoned as to how we could resist his power (of course in her own childish language). I tried to explain, as well as I could, that we need not fear, for if we asked God he would make us strong, and then the devil would not be able to make us sin."

At five years old she was sent to school, and a year after this "she was so anxious to get on that she never could bear to go out to walk, even on her return from school, until she had learned her lessons for the next day, and I have frequently known her learn them for the following day before going to school. So eager was she to come on quickly that at intervals she commenced, by her own accord, 'The Child's Guide,' it was 'so pleasant and nice to know about everything;' then geography and grammar 'to surprise Miss R.,' and when she could not go to school, during Ellen's illness, she got me to get her copies in writing in order to improve herself."

Now that this was interesting and beautiful there is no question; all that may be doubted is, whether it should be encouraged, and whether either, other children of like temperament should have such biographies put into their hands. There seems to have been a somewhat morbid dwelling on the thought of death, which should not have been fostered. A child of six years old, of tender health and sensitive spirits, should not be instructed in the circumstances of pain and suffering that attend the dismissal of the spirit, nor suffered to look on the tabernacle of clay after its departure. While yet in health Nannie P. made her aunt promise to sit by her when dying, and look at her in her coffin. "Then she went on to say that she should like to divide her things among her little sisters, and wept as she consulted her how to do so."

Great simplicity characterizes this little memoir, and it may safely be read by dull and unexcitable children.





THE GLOW-WORM AND LANTERN-FLY.

AMONG luminous insects, there are probably none which give so much pleasure to mankind as the glow-worm and the lantern fly. With the former most of us are familiar; and preserved specimens of the latter, after their wandering lights have been put out, may be seen in most of our museums.

The glow-worm has long been a favourite with the poets, but they have contented themselves with admiring, without taking the trouble to understand her; and ever since Shakspeare's time have continued to mistake her sex—copying their master, who says,—

“The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his ineffectual fire.”

Rogers, too, in his “Italy,” perpetuates this mistake in the beautiful lines on the fire-flies of the Tusculan

Groves, where he recurs to his early recollections of the glow-worm :

“ Yet, cannot I forget
Him who rejoiced me in those walks at even—
 My earliest, pleasantest, who dwells unseen.
 And in our northern clime, when all is still,
 Nightly keeps watch, nightly in bush or brake
 His lonely lamp rekindling. Unlike theirs,
 His, if less dazzling, through the darkness knows
 No intermission ;—sending forth its ray
 Through the green leaves,—a ray serene and pure
 As virtue's own.”

Douglas in his “World of Insects” says, “The female only emits the light, a fact Shakspeare and Rogers evidently did not know, or they would not have used the masculine pronoun. The producer of this ethereal radiance is a most ordinary looking brown insect, destitute of wings, and with little power or inclination to use its legs. The male is winged, and flies at night,—not unfrequently to lights in houses. It would be delightful to think of such creatures as fed and nourished on tender plants and the honey of flowers ; but the truth must be told, and they are voracious eaters of flesh—the flesh of snails ! The subject has been decided—they have been taken in the act. It is too horrible to think of all the details of their history ; let us draw a veil over the scene, and, as with some examples of human genius, be content with the ultimate lustre, without inquiring into the minutiae of its origin and support.”

It is, however, a somewhat curious fact, that it is only in the larva state that the glow-worm is thus voracious ; in its perfect condition it is content with the juicy stalks of grasses and with honey-dew. This fact we owe to the researches of some French naturalists who devoted a good deal of time to the matter. One of these naturalists procured some glow-worms' eggs, and putting them into a glass vase

upon some fresh turf, kept them damp till they were hatched; they lived several weeks, but on observing that they seemed exceedingly faint and weak, he put in a fresh turf on which happened to lie a dead slug; at the sight of it their languid legs began to stir, and they went to dinner in a cheerful spirit.

A Scotch naturalist gives the following account of his experiments with glow-worms:—

“We once received some living specimens early in July, from Borthwick, about twelve miles from Edinburgh. They laid eggs a few days after their arrival, on the sides of a glass vessel. The parents soon after died; but the young larvæ were hatched in a few weeks, and by the end of September they measured about the third of an inch in length.

“These little creatures throve well in captivity, but whether they sustained themselves on the dewy herbage, or on the minute animal substances which it contained, it was not for a time very easy to discover. The arched and extended form of the little jaws would, in the first place, have led us to think that they were carnivorous.

“Fresh earth, and the moisture which arises from it, certainly seems necessary to their welfare, for we noticed that when their turf became dry, and a slice of fresh apple or potatoe was introduced, they immediately settled upon it, and inserted their heads as if drinking. We, however, soon detected one with its jaws fixed in the head of a minute snail, which it appeared to be devouring, its own head being inserted into the aperture of the shell.”

The substance from which the luminous property of the glow-worm results, has been many times a subject of curious investigation and experiment. It is ascertained to be under the control of the insect, for when approached or disturbed, it will often be diminished or even extinguished. The eggs, for some time *after they are laid*, shine with an exquisitely soft

and delicate green light; the nymph or chrysalis is also luminous.

Olivier says that "a glow-worm which he watched as it turned from the larva to the pupa state, shone with a beautiful green colour, which became more splendid for a time, when the vessel which contained it was moved."

The glow-worm is such a peculiarly beautiful ornament in parks, copses, and gardens where it does occur, that in these days of experiment, when even the inhabitants of the deep sea are brought into our houses and there sustained alive, fed and bred, it seems remarkable that no adventurous tradesman should have thought of dealing in, and no ingenious naturalist should have thought of rearing and transporting glow-worms.

These creatures, as partial experiments have shown, are easily fed, and not tender; in some parts of England they abound, and wherever they do so they betray themselves by their light—even their eggs shine in the dark. Would it not, therefore, make a pleasant change if some of the lovers of *live things* would leave off splashing themselves with sea-water, and wetting their feet in the search for fresh-water beetles, to undertake the rearing of glow-worms, which might be done with little trouble, and would repay any care bestowed quite as well, if not better, than any fancy which has come up among parlour naturalists for a long time?

In the north of England, in some of the western counties, and in Kent, glow-worms abound. The places they frequent are chiefly open heaths and knolls, banks, with hedges growing on them, and the sides of ditches. The time to find them is about August, or any time during the autumn, when the air is charged with electricity and the day has been hot. At such a time, people who are staying in a part of the country which they frequent, and would like to transport them to a less favoured spot, should go out after dusk, armed with a flat basket and a sharp spade. Glow-worms should never

be touched with the hand. If one is discovered, the sod on which it lies should have the spade slipped under it at a sufficient depth to leave the grass-roots uninjured; it should then be carefully raised and placed in the basket. In the same way, if a group of luminous eggs is found, they must be dug out upon their resting place, the warmth of the hand being very likely to cause them to perish. They should be transported to their destination in a hamper well lined with damp leaves, and the sod, together with plenty of moss and some ferns, should be placed in the fresh earth on a bank, and covered with a hand-glass to preserve the eggs from the attacks of birds. Food, such as white slugs and young snails, should be introduced frequently, and the sod should be kept damp. While the insects are in the pupa state they should still be protected, nor should the glass be removed till the first perfect insect appears and begins to shine. This will probably be in June. A shady place is necessary for the success of the experiment, and the sun should never actually shine on the glass.

If Londoners, or those who have no garden, wish to preserve a few glow-worms, they can easily do so by introducing them into fern glasses. A very large fern glass should be chosen, one which contains plenty of earth in its pan. A group of ferns, such as the smaller varieties of lady fern, the *Dilatata*, and some common spleenwort should be planted in the centre, which should be more elevated than the sides; fresh moss of different sorts should be planted round them, so as to cover over any patches of earth; two or three of the indispensable little slugs should be introduced, and the whole slightly watered. One or two glow-worms should then be carefully shaken out on the moss (not touched), and the glass covered over. The slugs are not for the perfect insects, but for the future eggs which may be laid.

For at least three months the glow-worms will pro-

bably shine, if carefully managed, that is to say, if the earth is not allowed to become dry, and if the glass is so placed that, though plenty of light falls on it, the direct rays of the sun do not shine on it. The experiment of transporting the perfect insect to a grass plat in a city was tried a few years ago with success; they shone nearly every fine night till the middle of October; and that none appeared the next year was probably owing to the voracious sparrows, from whom the young grubs ought to have been protected.

The great lantern-fly (*Fulgora lanternaria*) is a very curious and beautiful insect, which inhabits the warmer portions of South America. "Its muzzle," says a naturalist, "is nearly straight as to its direction from the head, but it is vesicular and inflated, or swollen out and rounded at the sides and extremity. The ends of the under wings are pleasantly varied with black and yellow, in the form of an expanded spot, like the eye of a peacock's feather. Madame Merion informs us, that from the head or front of this species a light is seen to shine during the darker hours, so clear and brilliant that it is easy to read by its rays. She adds, that during the day it is translucent as a bladder, and radiated with red and green. The indefatigable and accurate Reaumur, desirous to ascertain by anatomical investigation the proximate cause of the phenomenon, opened one of these vesicular expansions, but he found it empty except of air, and containing no organic structure." The Chinese lantern-fly is very abundant in collections. At night it glitters by thousands among and under the banyan-trees, and they also live in immense multitudes round the outer branches of the tamarisk-tree, producing a very splendid effect.

The fire-fly, generally so called, is another variety (*Fulgora Europea*). It occurs in the South of France, Italy, and the islands of the Mediterranean. This is the *mouche lumineuse* of the French; it differs from those previously described, in that the light it emits

proceeds from the throat and abdomen, not from the head. Several of these creatures are often captured and placed in a glass vessel, and a piece of gauze being then tied over the mouth, the illuminated vase is used to read and work by.

LETTER TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

HOME DUTIES.

MY DEAR EUPHEMIA,



In my last letter, while giving you some advice on the subject of doing good, in ways suited to your age and sex, as a Sunday-school Teacher, a Visitor of the poor, and a Missionary Collector, I observed that it is not necessary to leave one's home in order to be useful; and I promised, at a future opportunity, to enter more particularly upon the subject of Home Duties. That engagement I am now about to fulfil. The subject, I fear, may be less interesting than some which I might have chosen, but I hope that, if lighted up by the clear sunshine of a loving heart, and the endeared recollections of a happy home, it will prove, by God's blessing, neither dull nor unprofitable to you.

I trust you feel with me that *home* is woman's proper field, and the performance of Home Duties her chief and peculiar mission. To reform the world, and make mankind better; to cure society of its vices, and check the course of prevailing corruption, may be beyond her power. But she can, at least, do something to make *one* home happy, and shed the sunbeams of peace and piety, contentment and cheerfulness, around the little circle in which she moves, so that all within her sphere of usefulness may recognise and rejoice in her presence as a light in the house.

There are, it must be confessed, some unhappy homes. But what makes them so? Is it not a want of order, harmony, peace and love among the inmates? The religious

of Christ was designed to diffuse peace and happiness through every family, as well as every heart. But, alas! there are some who never appear to so much disadvantage as in the domestic circle. They are courteous, kind, and agreeable, when in the company of strangers; but contentious and quarrelsome, irritable and hasty, when at home. Why is this? It arises, no doubt, from a want of deep, steady, all-pervading piety. Their religion is only on the surface. There is no place in which the lowly, gentle, loving spirit of Christianity has a finer field for its exercise than at home. But there is no situation where more watchfulness is required. There are so many little things to annoy and irritate one; so many trials for a proud or peevish temper. In the unrestrained freedom and familiarity of one's own fireside we are more liable to be off our guard, and so all the more exposed to the unexpected attacks of Satan, and betrayed into the use of improper words, and the indulgence of a hasty spirit.

If you would escape these dangers, you must remember our blessed Saviour's words—"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Carry all your burdens, whatever they are, to the throne of grace; and look up to our great High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, for help to bear your daily cross. Before you enter on your home duties, whether in the kitchen, the parlour, the schoolroom, or the nursery, kneel down in your chamber, and ask God to give you his blessing *in* it. Ask the Lord to be *with* you, as he was with Joseph, and then all you undertake will prosper in your hands. But do not expect that everything will go on smoothly. Rather look for trials, and prepare to meet them. Take up your cross, and bear it after Jesus. Remember that whatever duty you are engaged in, is the work He has given you to do; and He will help you to do it, to his glory. That thought and purpose will sanctify, ennoble, and crown with glory the meanest and most ordinary employment.

Piety begins at home; and the first duties of home are those which you owe to your Father and Mother. Obedience, reverence, affection and assistance, are duties which, I trust, you will never neglect to perform towards your beloved parents. A pious and dutiful child will pay prompt attention to a parent's wishes, manifest the utmost consideration for his parent's feelings, a constant readiness

to serve them, even at a considerable sacrifice of ease and pleasure; a careful endeavour to gratify them in all things lawful, and a filial confidence in their love and sympathy as his best and most trustworthy friends.

This last point is one of great importance, and too little regarded. Believe me, my dear Euphemia, nothing is more conducive to moral purity, or a better safeguard against the snares which beset the path of youth, than a willingness to confide every secret to a father's or a mother's ear; while, on the other hand, nothing is more painful to a parent's feelings, destructive of his hopes, and subversive of his designs for the good of his child, than to be treated with cold, distant, and distrustful reserve. I hope, my dear young friend, that you will ever remember that the happiness of your parents is bound up with yours; and if you would contribute largely to their comfort, and secure your own welfare, you must "honour your father and mother." But how can you do this, unless you repose full trust and confidence in their wisdom, goodness, and love? In all these matters they are, to a great extent, God's representatives. So that we may say of them, what St. John said of love to our brethren, "If you trust not your father on earth, how can you trust your Father in heaven?"

Next to your Parents, your Brothers and Sisters claim your attention and regard. I know you need not be told that you should *love* them; for nature herself, and, I trust in your case, divine grace also, teaches you that lesson. But it must be confessed that comparatively few young persons seem to understand how much effort is required in order to sustain and manifest at all times a brotherly or sisterly affection. Such is our natural propensity to selfishness, that it is by no means an easy matter to act uniformly as we ought to do, in the midst of the little trials, temptations, and annoyances of home-life.

The jars and collisions which so often arise in a family, and are felt to be unlovely and injurious, are deeply regretted when they have gone by; but the offenders themselves may scarcely suspect their origin, and be the last to trace them back to their own undisciplined tempers and unrenewed hearts. The fact is, that Home Duties require a constant exercise of *self-denial*, trying to please others rather than ourselves; a generous liberality, "*looking not on our own things, but the things of others;*" a watch-

ful care over our words and actions, winning by patience, meekness, and charity; ordering your conversation and conduct, so as to do good to your brothers and sisters, and lead them to Christ.

How important is that precept of the Apostle, "*Consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works!*" Try to understand the feelings of others, to enter into their peculiar trials, and sympathise with them; "bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ," the law of mutual *love*.

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
There is a fellowship of hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait."

Always meet your brothers and sisters with a smile. Speak to them in a kind, gentle, affectionate manner, using an endearing mode of address; and avoid all harsh, short expressions, all blunt and uncivil airs, which some young persons assume, as if they thought it *clever* to do so. Above all, avoid sarcasm, and jesting at others' expense. That is the very opposite of *love*.

Nor would I forget the duties which you owe to your *servants*; not only to be kind and considerate towards them, even in little things, such as not ringing your bell too violently, not speaking loudly and harshly, but also striving to do them good, making allowance for their infirmities, and helping them to correct their faults.

Not that I would advise you to be familiar with servants, or be too much in their company. In very few cases can young persons cultivate the society of servants without sustaining serious injury. You are under less restraint in the company of your inferiors, than among persons of your own rank, and thus are more exposed to temptations to act improperly. Besides, the attention often paid to young people, and the praise bestowed upon them, by persons in a lower station, is very ensnaring to pride and vanity, and exposes them to many corrupting influences. Do not, then, permit any familiarities from servants, but treat them with uniform kindness, neither forgetting your own position, nor allowing them to forget theirs.

If time and space permitted, I would have written

some hints on your duty to the *sick* and *aged*, who have a special claim upon the young Christian female. Nothing is more beautiful and becoming than to see her sacrificing her own ease and pleasure, and the company of young friends, for the sake of affording comfort to some aged relative, or acting the part of a tender nurse in some sick chamber; to see her stealing about with noiseless footstep, preparing the tempting cordial, or striving with winning gentleness to relieve the restless sufferer, and beguile with sunny smiles and sweet music the wearisome hours.

But I must draw this letter to a close. Only one thing more I would suggest to my dear young friend, and may God, by his Holy Spirit, enable you to act upon it, and crown your efforts with success! If you would really be made a blessing to your family, seek to do good to their *souls*. Watch for opportunities, when the heart is soft and impressible, and avail yourself of these favourable moments for proposing to read the Scriptures, and have prayer together. Often the Lord calls one of a household, and says to him or her,—“Go home to thy friends, and tell them what great things the Lord hath done for thee, and how He has had compassion on thee.” How interesting is such a mission, in the midst of a careless and worldly family! How often has it been blessed to the gathering in of many souls into the family of God! But it is not a work which can often be done in a day. It usually requires much patience, perseverance, and diligence, much of that quiet heroism of a heavenly faith which will not be daunted by difficulties or discouragements, but, “strong in the Lord,” and “constrained by the love of Christ,” is not “overcome of evil, but overcomes evil with good.”

Commending you to the care, guidance, and blessing of our covenant God,

I remain,

My dear Euphemia,

Your affectionate Friend,

R. W.



THE APPLE-TREE.

ON a gay spring morn, when the sun shone bright
 O'er the budding woodland and flowery lea,
 And the blackbird caroll'd his heart's delight
 From the young and blossoming apple-tree :
 A beautiful child sat all alone,

Wreathing fresh violets with cowslips gay ;
 And she sang, " Oh, when I'm a woman grown,
 How happy I'll be through the livelong day ! "

The years roll'd on. In the month of June,
 When the fruit was swelling 'mid leaflets green,
 And the blackbird whistled a fainter tune
 From under the apple branches' screen ;
 A girl sat knitting beneath the shade,
 With a laughing lip but a thoughtful eye ;
 And, " Oh, to love and be loved," she said,
 " Is all I covet below the sky ! "

Time stole away. 'Neath an autumn sun
 The reapers labour'd on plain and hill ;
 And splitting the jennetings one by one,
 The blackbird sat in the orchard still :
 As a weary wife from her cottage door
 Look'd forth, by hardships and care oppress'd ;
 And murmur'd, " Truly the toil-worn poor
 Have only age and the grave for rest ! "

Years past. At night on the village church
 December's moonlight fell drearily ;
 And an owl from the tower came down to perch,
 Amid lichens and moss, on the apple-tree ;
 As an aged crone, by her fireside lone,
 Counted the hours by the belfry chimes,
 And sigh'd, " Alas, for the good days gone,
 That were better by far than these later times ! "

Thou deathless Spirit, is this thy lot,
 To chase bright visions that fly thee fast,
 And ever pursue them, yet grasp them not,
 And over their memory weep at last ?
 Nay, never believe it ; the hope, the love,
 The joys eluding thy touch, were given
 That cheated here ; thou shouldst soar above,
 And follow them on to their home in heaven.

Islington.

ON LOCAL NAMES.



THE word "Church" is necessarily of frequent occurrence in local names. The Greek adjective "Kuriakē" means "the Lord's house," or "the Lord's Supper," according to the substantive which is understood. This word was contracted by our Saxon forefathers to "Church," as, under their hands, "Eboracum" became the greatly abbreviated "York." The Scotch retain the old Saxon spelling and pronunciation, and "church" with them is "kirk," as with the Saxons. It has been lately the fashion to reject this palpable derivation, and to seek it in the Circle (circus, in Greek, *kerkos*) of the Druids. These circles of separate stones, of which Stonehenge is the best surviving instance, were the places of worship of the Teuton and Gallic nations, erected by their priests the Druids. But the true meaning of the word had better be sought in the Christian "kuriakē," than in the Gothic "kerque." So we have Kirkby, or Kirby, the Church-house; Kirkcudbright, or the Church of the Saxon saint, Cuthbert, in Lancashire and Scotland; while "church" remains the form of spelling among the southern parts of England.

The Scotch word "kist," for chest, is another instance of pronouncing ch as k. But the Latin "cista" (for it is decided that the Romans pronounced *c* hard, as the Saxons did) has been adopted by the Welsh, and occurs in the word "cistvaen." The likeness of the old British monuments to a "stone chest" is very great, as they often consist of four upright stones, with a fifth laid on the top of the others. The word "maen," liable to be spelt "vaen" or "faen," signifies "stone;" and solitary upright stones, when of sufficient height, were called by the Cornish men "menhir," or long

stones. The Cornish family of Tremenheere derive their name from the neighbourhood of some such rude obelisk. The Irish word "clock" signifies a stone, and is joined to many local names, such as Clockhilty, and Clackmannan. Crag is the Welsh "grraig" and the Breton "karrek," and bears the same signification as with us; although but very few Celtic (or Keltic) words have been preserved in the English language, still understood by all, and in common use. Carrickfergus is Fergus's rock or crag. There is a Crick in Essex and in Brittany, and both have probably the same meaning, although rocks are not of such frequent occurrence in the level county of Essex as in the wild Bretagne.

"King," we have already discussed under the form of Coning, and Cunning. But the word itself is applied in many ways that deserve a passing remark. The wren, the smallest of our birds, is dignified by the Danes with a royal title, and our "little Jenny Wren" would scarcely know herself under the magnificent style of Fuglekonge, "King of the fowls," or birds. The Romans also called the wren "Regulus," or the little king—"Roitelet," in French. So in Denmark the great eel, is kong-eaal or king eel; the huge osprey, or sea-eagle, is the kongeern, or king *earn*, as the Scotch still call the bird. The "King's highway," or the great roads of England, has its counterpart in the Danish and German tongues, in "kongevei," and "königstrasse." The Germans call our peony, "the king's rose," from the majestic spread of that flower. We apply more often the term "horse," to what is of unusual size. So, we have "a horse-laugh" for a loud and long cachinnation; we have "horse-chestnut" in contradistinction to the Spanish variety. We have also the ox-eyed daisy, a complimentary epithet, like that of the Homeric "ox-eyed" (in the original Bouōpis), applied to the regal Juno. There is also the word Bulmy

(in Greek Boulimia), which literally is "ox-hunger," signifying the rage of excessive famine.

The word "king" is of precisely the same meaning as the familiar Indian word "rajah," rendered still more familiar to us of late by the troubles of the unhappy country of India. The word "rajah" and "ranee" are the "rex" and "regina" of the Romans. The gipsies, who were proved to have wandered into Europe from the northern parts of the East Indies, have the same word. They call a gentleman a "rye," or "rajah," and their word for "lady" is "ranee," the Eastern word for queen. In fact, the King of the gipsies, as he is called, is known by his subjects under the imposing title of "O baro re," or "the great king," precisely the epithet of Darius, and Cyrus, and Artaxerxes, and the kings of Persia. The gipsy "baro" is the same as the Hindustani "burra," "great:" thus, Europeans in India are sometimes called "Burra Sahib," "great lords." But the Roman "rex" appears equally in the northern parts of Europe. "Ri" is the Gaelic and Welch term for "king," just as "reich" and "riogachd" are the German and Irish words which answer to the "raj" of the Hindoo, and the "regnum" of the old Latins. In modern languages, the "roi" of the French, and the "re" and "rey" of the Italian and Spanish, perpetuate the original "rajah."

In the Holstein dialect we find for "low-water," "leeg-water;" in Swedish the word is "lag;" and this shows us that the very common local word "ley" signifies low ground, or meadow. The word admits of very various orthography. It is spelt Lake, Leigh, Lee, Lea, and Ley. The Scottish "laigh," signifies "low:" but "law" is the favourite method of spelling the word, as in the Broomie-laws, near Glasgow. Most animals are in connexion with this monosyllable, as, for instance, Calverley, Oxley, Cowley, and *Ship-lake*, where the guttural "laigh" of the Saxon and Scotch is still preserved. The German

infinitive "*liegen*," *to lie*, supplies the source of the word, from which we get, also, "*beleaguer*," from "*lager*;" literally, an army encamped, or *lying* around the besieged town. So also we have "*lair*," the *lying-place* of a wild beast, by omission of the *g* of "*lager*." The word *siege* is from the French, with the meaning of *sitting* round a fortress or city. Our "*assizes*" are, similarly, Norman for "*sessions*" or "*sittings*:" and we may observe that the English word "*layer*," applied to stones, or other material, is in French "*assise*." "*Assises*," the plural, signifies, as with us, "*sessions*," or "*assizes*."

"*Little*" appears in another form in the north of England; "*Lille*," or "*lyle*," is the Danish form, and occurs in "*Lillington*," and "*Lilleshall*," Little-town or Little-hall. A Shropshire family bears the name of Little Hales, which has the same meaning. "*Lile*" is used in Yorkshire, and those parts, as an endearing appellation, as in Danish. Any thing or body much liked, or a general favourite, is so termed. "*Lile Hartley*" was the epithet given to Hartley Coleridge, the son of the poet, when for a short time engaged as usher in Sedbergh Grammar-school, Yorkshire. The Anglo-Saxon form is "*lytel*," the Gothic "*leitils*," and the modern Holstein or Ditmarsch spelling is "*lüttj*," or "*litty*." "*Lowe*," a common Staffordshire and Cheshire term for either a hill or a barrow (often called Publowe and Offlow), seems also of Holstein, and therefore Anglo-Saxon origin. "*Lot*" in the Ditmarsch dialect is applied to a precipitous fall of the land near the flats of the Elbe, and in Saxon and old Danish is spelt "*llid*," and "*llita*." The custom of putting *l* before certain letters such as *r*, and *v*, is common to Danish and Saxon, and is retained in Northern pronunciation.

The Welch "*Llan*," occurring in such names as *Llanvihangl*, *Lampeter*, or *Llandydno*, signifies "*holy*," and answers often to our "*saint*." So *Lampeter* is

Saint Peter. The word "glen" means "pure," as it does also in Irish, and is precisely the same with our "clean," which is not a Teutonic or Latin word.

"Lade," as in Cricklade and Lechlade, means a landing or landing-place; "ladeplads" has the same force in Danish, while in that tongue "landing" signifies only a descent, or disembarkation, from the word "land," a country, as with us.

Lechlade brings us to Leck or Lyke, common in names of places, and preserved in the Scottish "lyke-wake," or funeral feast held in the room where the corpse is lying. The Danish "ligge," "to lie," gives the origin. So "cadaver" comes from "cadere," to *fall*. Similarly, the Danish for "coffin" is "ligkiste," the "dead man's chest," and "ligkrauds" (or the "tod-tenkrang" of the German) is the "dead man's wreath," placed by that nation on the coffin of the defunct. Many of our old churches still preserve a gate or porch at the entrance of the churchyard, where it was formerly the custom to deposit the coffin, while awaiting the arrival of the officiating clergyman from the porch of the church. This gate is still called the "lychgate." The wake or *vigil* of the dead, or the Lykewake, is derived from the East. Mourning for the dead is frequently mentioned in the Bible, as in Jeremiah xxxiv. 5, respecting the death of King Zedekiah; and St. Luke viii. 51, where the death of the young daughter of Jairus is recorded.

The Irish also keep up the custom in their "keening," or lamentation for the dead, often performed, as in Eastern countries, by hired mourners. Where Rachel, or the Jewish mothers personified, is described as "mourning for her children, because they are not," the Irish translation is, "Rachel keening (a *caoireadh* a *cloinne*—St. Matthew ii. 18) or wailing for her *clan*, or children." The custom itself is one of high antiquity, and older, doubtless, than the time of Abraham and Sarah. The word "lig," or "lech," is spread

widely over England, and bears testimony to the numerous battles fought between contending nations, between Briton and Saxon, Saxon and Dane. So Leckhamsted is the "homefarm of the battlefield;" Lichfield is the "battlefield;" and the arms of the city bear the disjointed limbs (*disjecta membra*) of three kings habited in armour, supposed to have been slain in mortal combat in times of old, of which Barrow Cop Hill is a memorial.

E. R. P.



A SABBATH IN THE NURSERY.

It was a wintry Sabbath day ;
The blast was loud, and rain
Dash'd fiercely on the dismal road,
And down the window pane ;
And the tempest did but lull its wrath
To double it again.

Then in her cheerful nursery sat
A mother fair to see,
One babe was cradled at her side,
And one was on her knee,
While two young boys, to hear her words
Were still, amidst their glee.

She taught them words of simple faith,
And earnest words of prayer,
Then told of heaven's untroubled homes
And those who enter there,
For the dear love of Him who died
That they His bliss might share.

And then she told how each of these
Her children young and bright,
From the gay boy whose gladness fill'd
His home with joy and light,
To his babe sister sleeping there
As lilies sleep at night—

In infancy's unconsciousness
Were deeply pledged and sworn,
Soldiers of Christ unmoved to brave
The world's contempt and scorn,
Fighting with sin, their banners still
The cross that He had borne.

She warn'd them of the foes that lurk'd
To work their spirits wrong,
And taught them whence to seek for might
To bide the conflict long,
And win at last the victor's crown
And shout the conqueror's song.

Then told she how their Captain brave
Was pitiful and meek,
And did not scorn such faltering prayer
As childish lips could speak,
But ever loved with tenderest love
His followers young and weak.

Oh, mother! earnest in the work
God to thy hand has given,
When these thy children yet awhile
In life's fierce war have striven,
I question not they shall be thine
For evermore—in heaven.

Thou, for thy sowing time of care,
Shalt golden harvests reap;
Thou 'rt faithful to the vow that bound
Thy babes in covenant deep,
And never doubt that God His part
Will well perform and keep.

I know the world has stain to cast
On many a fair presage,
But not to blot the promise good
Out from the sacred page—
For the child that's train'd for God in youth
Shall walk with Him in age.

BUTTER WORKS OF THIBET.



It seems to be an understood thing among rulers and superiors, that if you want to keep people in good humour, you should get up some kind of show for them.

In England, we generally give the show to children, and we almost always present something to eat with it; we decorate an infant school-room, and make it gay with pictures and garlands; perhaps we have a great Christmas-tree covered with gifts in the middle, but there is always cake for the delighted admirers of the show. We collect the children of the neighbourhood, and show them dissolving views, while their complacent parents look on in the background; but tea and buns are invariably consumed in the intervals, for neither parents nor children would be contented to feast (as our French neighbours do) their eyes alone.

These said neighbours of ours are now and then treated with shows on such a grand scale as is never attempted in England, excepting at a declaration of peace or a coronation. As we bear rule over our youthful population partly through promises of rewards, and say to them, "If you are very good, we will show you a magic lanthorn," so the French Government bears rule over its grown-up children partly by the promise. "If you are good and do not grumble against us, nor quarrel with one another, you shall have a grand illumination; illuminated fountains shall shoot up higher than the church steeples, and the fireworks shall make Paris as light as day." Thereupon the naughty boys on our side of the Channel strive hard to be good, and the vagabonds of Paris keep out of mischief for a while, because it would be such a pity to miss the show.

Perhaps the prettiest show in the world is the

Chinese Feast of Lanthorns; and assuredly one of the most singular, is that given annually by the Lamas of Thibet on the fifteenth of the first moon. On the 6th day of *our* first moon, our pastrycooks' shops may almost be said to constitute a show, and their windows are filled with models of houses, flowers, birds, and rocks, all made of sugar, and coloured to imitate nature with no mean success. But the Lamas of Thibet are more ambitious than our pastrycooks, and infinitely more successful. They give their show on a grander scale, and all the country comes to see it, which is less to be wondered at, considering the nomadic habits of the people; they also go to a great expense with their shows, and it is doubtful whether even the French Government would sanction such a waste of good food as it occasions, for this show is concerted entirely with butter, and the very day after it is over, the whole of these thousands of pounds of butter are ruthlessly thrown away.

But before describing "the Feast of Flowers," as the Lamas call their grand show of butter works, it may be as well to say something about the people who give this grand show, and whose customs and country are little known in Europe, excepting through the writings of M. Huc, the French Roman Catholic Missionary.

The Lamas are priests of Buddha, for the inhabitants of Thibet are Buddhists, and support thousands of priests in monasteries, where their duties and their manner of life bear a remarkable resemblance to those of the monks and the secular priests in the Roman Catholic establishments. This resemblance is so striking as often to have been observed by Huc and his companions. The begging Lamas especially reminded them of their brethren in Europe; and the Lamasery at which they were first received during their travels, just as in old times travellers were received at monasteries in Europe, reminded them so

strongly of their distant home, that they had no sooner entered, than they felt comfortable and at ease.

This similarity, so freely mentioned, speaks for itself, but we have not space to comment on it here, our business being with the Lamas, who annually, throughout Thibet, provide for their supporters and countrymen the splendid festival of "flowers," or *butter show*. It should be borne in mind that thousands of the Lamas, in their mitres and yellow gowns, spend their lives in wandering over "the land of grass," and whenever they come to a tent, they are considered to have a right to partake of whatever meal its inhabitants are enjoying. If no food is cooking, a cup of tea is forthwith prepared, and after a night's rest, the lama goes on to the next tent. There are no roads, as Huc observes, therefore he cannot well lose his way, specially as it is his mission to wander, and he is not making for any ultimate destination. If he sees a tent on the horizon, he wanders towards it, and there dines; if he overtakes a caravan, he quenches his thirst at the skins carried by the cattle of its owners; but he is a mendicant brother belonging to some great lamasery, and therefore the good-will of the people must be conciliated on his behalf, and on behalf of the thousands who, like him, live in the name of religion, on their fellow-worshippers.

Accordingly, four times a year, the priests or lamas of the grand lamaseries give a treat or festival, and the strangest and the finest is called the "Feast of the Flowers," a show that attracts to each group of lamaseries thousands of eager spectators, and which consumes the produce of thousands of cows and goats, besides costing the lamas many weeks of labour and discomfort.

At no place, as Huc informs us, is the "Feast of the Flowers" celebrated with so much pomp as at the Lamasery of Kounboun, to which pilgrims resort

from all parts of Tartary and Thibet, so that not a day passes during which there are not some arrivals and departures.

Though called "flowers," the representations shown to the people are more like pictures or statuary in bas-relief, in which landscapes, towns, persons, and dresses are represented in appropriate colours, and all moulded in fresh butter.

Three months are consumed in preparing these "flowers;" the butter is first carefully kneaded till it becomes perfectly firm, and as this process is carried on during the depth of the winter, it causes great suffering from cold to the twenty lamas engaged in the work, for in order to keep it cool, they are obliged to knead it in troughs full of water.

The twenty lamas, who are always selected for their skill in designing, are then entrusted with the models of the scenes to be represented; these vary every year, and are prepared by the principal artist. When these are copied, they constitute an immense *museum* of works in butter.

When night fell on the fifteenth of the moon, Huc and his companions were invited by their interpreter to join the multitude of pilgrims and behold the butter works.

"They were arranged," he says, "in the open air, before the various Buddhist temples of the Lamasery, and displayed by illuminations of the most dazzling brilliancy.

"Innumerable vases of brass and copper, in the form of chalices, were placed upon slight frame-work, itself representing various designs; and all these vases were filled with thick butter, supporting a solid wick. The illuminations were arranged with a taste that would have reflected no discredit on a Parisian decorator.

"The appearance of the 'flowers' themselves quite amazed us. We could never have conceived that in

these deserts, amongst a half savage people, artists of such eminent merit could have been found. From the paintings and sculpture we had seen in various lamaseries we had not in the slightest degree been led to anticipate the exquisite finish which we had occasion to admire in the butter works. The 'flowers' were bas-reliefs of colossal proportions, representing various subjects taken from the history of Buddhism. All the personages were invested with a truth of expression that quite surprised us. The features were full of life and animation, the attitudes natural, the drapery easy and graceful. You could distinguish at a glance the nature and quality of the material represented. The furs were specially good. The various skins of the sheep, the tiger, the fox, the wolf, &c., were so admirably rendered, that you felt inclined to go and pat them with the hand, and ascertain whether, after all, they were not real. In each bas-relief you at once recognised Buddha: his face, full of nobleness and majesty, appertains to the Caucasian type; the artists conforming therein to the Buddhist traditions, which relate that Buddha, a native of the western heaven, had a complexion fair and slightly tinged with red, broad, full eyes, a large nose, and long, soft, curling hair. The other personages had all the Mongol type, with the Thibetian, Chinese, Si-Fan, and Tartar shadings, so nicely discriminated, that without any reference whatever to the costume, you recognised at once to what particular tribe each individual belonged. There were a few heads of Hindoos and Negroes, excellently represented; the latter excited a good deal of curiosity among the spectators. These large bas-reliefs were surrounded with frames representing animals and flowers, all in butter, and all admirable, like the works they enclosed, for the delicacy of outline and the beauty of their colouring. On the road which led from one temple to another were placed, at intervals, small bas-reliefs, representing in miniature

battles, hunting incidents, nomadic episodes, and views of the most celebrated lamaseries of Thibet and Tartary. Finally, in front of the principal temple, there was a theatre, which, with its personages and its decorations, was all of butter !

“The *dramatis personæ* were a foot high, and represented a community of lamas on their way to solemnize prayer. At first the stage is empty, then a marine conch is sounded, and you see issuing from two doors, two files of minor lamas, followed by the superiors in their state dresses. After remaining for a moment motionless on the stage, the procession disappears at the sides, and the representation is over. This spectacle excited general enthusiasm ; but for ourselves, who had seen rather better mechanism, we regarded these manikins that moved on the stage, and then moved off it, without stirring a limb, as decidedly flat. One representation of the play, therefore, amply sufficed for us, and we went about admiring the bas-reliefs.”

The French priests then went further on, and while they were admiring a strangely fanciful representation of a group of demons, the shouts of the multitude proclaimed that the Grand Lama, the “living Buddha,” had issued from his lamasery to receive the homage of the multitude. He glanced vaguely at the butter-works as he passed ; he seemed to be a man of common soul, and was of mean appearance ; but what struck these ecclesiastics was his dress. As he glanced at the fine face of Buddha, which met him on every side, he must have acknowledged, they thought, that in the transmigration of souls he had strangely degenerated from his original type.

But the Frenchmen were too much occupied with his costume to notice his features particularly. “It was strictly,” they say, “that of our own bishops. He bore on his head a yellow mitre, a long staff in the form of a cross was in his right hand, and his

shoulders were covered with a mantle of purple coloured silk, fastened on the chest with a clasp, and in every respect resembling a cope."

After the passing of the Grand Lama, the multitude gave way to transports of frantic joy, and sang, danced, and shouted, till the riot and disorder threatened to bear them like a great wave on the barriers erected to protect the butter-works. Late in the night the French missionaries accordingly retired to their cells in the lamaseries, and it is probable that the conclusion of the festival consisted in tearing down and destroying the "flowers;" for says Huc, "Next morning, when the sun rose, not a trace remained of the Feast of Flowers. All had disappeared; the bas-reliefs had been demolished, and the immense collection of butter had been thrown down a ravine to feed the crows withal. These grand works, on which so much pains, so much time, and we may also say so much genius had been expended, had served merely as a spectacle for a single evening. Every year they make new 'flowers,' and every year upon a new plan.

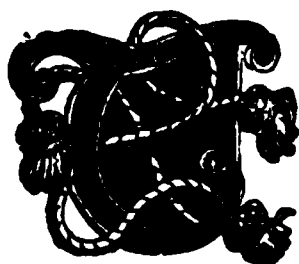
"With the flowers disappeared also the pilgrims. Already at daybreak you saw them slowly ascending the tortuous paths of the mountain, returning to their homes in the desert, sorrowfully and silently; for the heart of man can endure so little of joy in this world, that the day succeeding a festival is generally full of bitterness and melancholy."

C.



M A R K E D.

CHAPTER IV.



HE morning was hot and still, so much so, that being fatigued by the exertions of the previous night, I was glad to sit quietly after Mr. Kilmer had left me, till the boy arrived to carry away Estelle's basket of provisions; the boat was down the stream some miles; we, therefore, could not expect to have the use of it till some of the Quakers in the next clearing brought it up for us. I accordingly plodded homewards on foot, and on leaving the house saw a man standing in the porch, and Estelle talking to him.

I advanced cautiously, wishing to discover who this might be, and whether he was come to make any inquiries regarding the slaves, but I was agreeably surprised, for Estelle's first words showed that this was a friend in whom she could place confidence; they were—"Oh, John, what a good thing it would have been if you had arrived a few days earlier!"

I advanced to the porch, and a pleasant frank-looking young man turned at the sound of my footsteps.

"This is John Evans," said Estelle, blushing; "he is come over unexpectedly, and I have been telling him what we have done this morning, and what has been my chief employment for the last three weeks."

"Why, would it have been a good thing?" asked the young man, when he and I had greeted one another.

"Oh, because you would have done it so much better."

"If a thing is done effectually, could it have been done better," he asked.

"Yes, you would have done it bravely and firmly, without all those doubts and dreads, and that want of faith in God, and that terrible impatience, which made it so very difficult to keep the poor creatures in the cave till their master had almost ceased looking for them."

"I should have found this waiting infinitely more difficult than you did," answered the young man, looking at Estelle with admiring eyes. "Milton speaks of angels who

did 'only stand and wait.'—Only ! If God gives me work to do, I will thank him that has bestowed on me a strong arm ; if he gives me danger to brave, I will bless him that he has not made me without courage ; but I will go down on my knees and beseech him humbly to make me fit for my task, if He tells me it is *only* to stand and wait."

He rose as he spoke, as if the mere thought of impassive waiting while others were in danger was terrible to his impetuous spirit. And when he had ceased to speak he set his lips with a firmness that revealed very plainly the force of his character.

He presently said that he would walk over to the Quaker settlement, and fetch back the little white boat, for there was no saying how soon it might be wanted. "And if you should see Mr. Kilmer," observed Estelle, "pray do not forget to mention in passing that you have but just arrived in these parts, for in case that poor fellow should be traced after all, it is highly desirable that it should be plain you have had no hand in concealing and aiding him."

"Yes, to be sure, the more one is suspected the less chance one has of doing the deed," answered the young man with a smile. "So I may be trusted to remember prudence for the sake of the next runaway !"

"I meant for your own sake," said Estelle.

"My own sake," he repeated: "Oh, I can take care of myself, and defend myself too, if any fellow is inclined to try the strength of my arm."

"You do not need," I remarked, "to defend yourself from strength so much as from treachery—hand to hand blows you can easily ward off, but no man can defend himself from a rifle shot."

"Do be careful," pleaded Estelle.

"I mean to be," he replied. "I hold it a moral delinquency to risk my life when some good, as I humbly hope, depends on its being preserved."

So saying, he ran down the steep slope of the ravine. And Estelle, as she looked after him, said with a sigh, "He always puts me off in that way—how far more difficult it is to be brave about him than brave in my own person!—if I cannot learn the last, how shall I ever learn to be trustful and confident about him ?"

"God will make it possible," I replied.

I remember how she watched him with her deep eyes;

gazing down the steep ravine, and listening to his retreating footsteps. I remember the heat of the clear sky, and the cheerful chattering of the swallows in their nests under the eaves, but I cannot recall any conversation or incident of that morning which calls for record. We passed an idle day, for Estelle's grandmother, not having slept all night through anxiety at our protracted absence, retired soon after noon to rest, and Estelle took up at the same time some slight piece of work; but her fair head drooped over it, and she was soon sound asleep in her rocking chair, close to the open window.

I myself was also asleep, and dreaming of the solemn face of the woman so lately committed to the grave, when the striking of a clock on the mantelpiece woke me, and my newly opened eyes became aware of something that they would least have desired to encounter. Outside the window, and furtively peeping in at Estelle as she slumbered, stood the negro child who had been concealed in the cave; she was gorgeously dressed as to colour, her garment being of orange coloured chintz, with large wandering flowers imprinted on it, and a crimson ribbon or bandeau encircled her head. This gaiety was sufficiently out of place as she stood at her mother's grave, but now it struck me as positively dangerous, being conspicuous at a distance, and making its wearer easily recognised. I started up on seeing her, and she as hastily retreated behind the jessamines. I was soon outside the house, and looked right and left for her, but she was not to be found; and, fretted beyond measure, I walked about trying to discover whether any person was near at hand who might have observed her presence.

There were many trees near, and the broken ground made it not easy to assure oneself that there were no spies about; indeed the circumstance that she could so easily hide herself proved that there was no security against the observation of strangers and perhaps enemies.

Pacing the hot gravel before the house, I now looked behind every bush, and scrutinized every nook, trying to discover the child, and calling to her softly to come out of her hiding place; at last, in the midst of a laurustinus shrub, I caught a glimpse of her crouching figure, and the glitter of her white teeth, for a grin, half fear half triumph, revealed them to me as I passed. My vexation was extreme *to think that she should have left the retreat to which the*

friendly Quaker had led her; and should have brought herself and us into so much danger by this worse than childish folly.

Though I had passed this drooping shrub at least ten times without seeing the child, my eyes had no sooner beheld her than I fancied her presence must be obvious to every one; but as I knew not what to do with her, I ordered her to remain where she was, threatening her with punishment if she disobeyed.

But the threat of punishment, to one so hardened and insensible from ill-treatment, was not at all terrible; she knew I had aided to conceal her, and did not believe that I would beat her, therefore she felt no respect for me; for, strange as it may seem, the lash and the holder of the lash absorb to themselves very frequently all the veneration, obedience, and awe that the slave, and especially the slave child, is capable of yielding; and though their hearts be sick for freedom, and their bodies wasting from misery and hardship, they will sometimes exhibit a feeling of something like contempt for the mildness of those who reason with them instead of striking them, and expect to have their orders obeyed without adding to them the stimulus of a blow.

The slave child's eyes glittered, and she showed her white teeth, but all my questions and all my commands that she would not stir, did not draw from her a word of answer, good or bad. Instead of appreciating the danger of capture into which she had brought herself, she was evidently chuckling from inward satisfaction, and I soon became aware of the cause; for, unawed by my presence, she began to untie a portion of her orange dress, which she had knotted up, and displayed a lapfull of forest berries, which she proceeded to pick over and eat.

One reason why I had not observed her before was that a deep gardener's basket, full of leaves and weeds, stood before the shrub—it was a round basket without a handle—some tools were lying beside it, and the ground had evidently been freshly dug over. The man who had been working there might be expected to return at any moment, and I was looking for a sufficiently conspicuous spot to which I could remove them, so as to prevent his approaching the shrub, when voices behind me proclaimed the unwelcome fact, that young Evans and Mr. Kilmer were coming.

the ravine together. I could only return to the shrub, and in slowly passing the now terrified child, adjure her to sit perfectly still, before the two young men emerged from the thicket; and to my horror, Estelle's grandmother looked out from an upper window, and cheerfully invited them both to come in and take tea.

The young American actually required some pressing, and I, standing before the shrub, was powerless to prevent his receiving it; while, feeling that she had not been very hospitable the previous night, and believing that the slaves she had harboured were now far away, my old friend courteously repeated her invitation, and the young man, accepting it, actually brushed the leaves of the laurustinus on his way into the porch.

It was scarcely four o'clock in the afternoon; but they were early folks, and black Clara was already preparing coffee. The little discussion outside had roused Estelle, and she came to meet us, blooming and refreshed after her sleep. I so contrived matters as to get young Kilmer placed with his back to the window, and sitting myself so as to command a view of the laurustinus-tree, I bore the anxiety of that afternoon as well as I could. At first all was still, neither sound nor motion told of the trembling child's presence under the tree; but as if nothing, not even the dread of the slaver's lash, could keep her quiet, she soon began to stir, and I could see the branches shake slightly. All my hope was that my companions could not observe this; but when small clods of earth were flung out, and a slight noise like the scratching of some animal was heard, I really was almost in despair.

"It appears like you have rats on the premises," said young Kilmer.

"I never knew it," replied my old friend, "and I never heard that noise before."

"It seems to be just outside the house," said Estelle, as several more clods lightly struck the wall.

I looked hard at Estelle and contrived to silence her, but the grandmother's curiosity was excited, and she remarked to her future son-in-law, that after tea it might be as well to loose the house dog and bring him to the place, if rats were really undermining the premises.

As if the poor little negress was bent on her own recapture, the gardener's basket now rolled over without any

apparent cause, and was lightly pulled under the branches, but most happily no one observed this, for the window was narrow, and I had, fortunately, time to approach and stand before it, ere the locomotive basket had done more than rock and quiver a little.

I felt seriously angry against the child, but was quite powerless in the matter. I could neither prolong the meal nor keep up the conversation long, and when the party rose, and, coming out into the porch, looked about them for some signs of the rats, I believed that the orange petticoat must assuredly be discovered, and I looked towards the laurustinus shrub with the most lively alarm.

To my joy and astonishment, the child was gone; yea, most certainly she was not there; but how she had contrived to creep away without being seen, remained the greatest mystery. No words can describe my relief of mind as we walked round the shrub, and I saw lying underneath it the leaves and rubbish that she had turned out of the basket, and the basket itself topsyturvey on the ground. Yet knowing that she must be near, I was anxious to keep young Kilmer close to the house; and was greatly relieved when, the house dog having failed to discover any rats, the young men sat down in the porch, and began to relate various hunting adventures; while I, having contrived to withdraw the ladies, made them aware of what had taken place. Estelle's terror was extreme; her wish now was to detain young Kilmer till after sunset, that he might not have a chance of perceiving the child, wherever she might be hiding; but all her efforts at persuasion, and her grandmother's courteous invitation, failed to induce the young man to remain, and in broad daylight he came out on the gravel to shake hands and take his leave.

We were close to the laurustinus shrub. "Well, good evening, ma'am," said the guest. "You had better get that dog tied up again; how he scratches under the trees! has he found a snake?"

I lifted up the branches and shook them, and he gave the basket an idle kick with his foot, but it did not move; then he turned away, and he and John Evans went down the slope together.

"Be quiet, Growler," cried the grandmother. "How the dog scratches! Get up, Estelle—Estelle, my child—what is it! what is the matter?"

"Oh, the yellow petticoat!" murmured Estelle, who on her knees was moving away the leaves. "Oh, mercy, oh, mercy! the child is buried." A little piece of the gay chintz was peeping out of the ground, and also a small black foot—a fearful sight this certainly, but the foot was warm; and the truth now flashing on me, I raised the basket—not without some trouble—and underneath appeared the head and shoulders of the little negress; she had actually buried herself to the waist in earth and leaves, and had turned the basket over her head.

Well, indeed, it was for her that the earth had been so freshly dug over, and that she had had presence of mind to conceal herself so artfully. We pulled her out, shook her free of the loose earth, and promised her some supper; but the terror of hearing "Massa" Kilmer talking close to her, and of feeling his foot within an inch of her cheek, had completely subdued her, and she shivered in every limb.

The negro child was left under the laurustinus shrub till nightfall, and we then concealed her in a loft. She could not be trusted in any way, a little low cunning being all the sense that seemed to have survived her infancy of ill-usage and toil. Yet, still more for their own sakes than for hers, it behoved my friends to keep her from falling again into her master's hands, lest a few blows should unlock her tongue, and induce her to tell what had become of her parents, and from whom they had received aid in their extremity.

In this loft I visited her the next morning, and gave her, as I suppose, her first lesson in the Christian religion. She was not an inapt pupil, but I knew that it was her interest to appear attentive, and I left her, feeling keenly that my friends would have a difficult task to accomplish if they were hoping to conceal her there for any length of time.

I remained a fortnight with Estelle and her grandmother, and on the morning of my withdrawal, had the pleasure to unite the young couple, and give them my blessing. Two or three hours after the ceremony I rode off to my little flock in the north, and had not pursued my way more than three or four miles when I came to a log hut, close to which was a saw-pit, and two workmen, sitting on a fallen tree beside it, were eating their dinner. I dismounted to ask for some water, and tying up my horse began to converse with the men: they were Englishmen who had emi-

grated—and as soon as they found that I was not of American birth they began to exercise the Englishman's privilege of grumbling.

"Free country, indeed! when a man can't open his lips at a public-house and speak his mind about their fevers, and their swamps, and their mosquitoes, and their niggers, but they must threaten him with a bowie knife."

"I like to speak my mind," observed the other, "but in this here State you can't so much as tell a man he's a humbug."

I introduced the subject of religion. "So you're a parson, are you, Sir? Well, you're the first parson that ever came nigh here since I emigrated."

"But do you never go to a place of worship?"

"Can't say I do; don't like their ways," replied the one.

"I went now and then when first I came here, but bless you it wasn't a bit like a church," said the other.

"Nor a meetin' either," chimed in his companion. "Now, at home you never hear a parson say, 'My brethren, the holy duty of poaching is plainly revealed in the Bible;' nor you never heerd a minister say at a *Bethel* (for all he knows the folks smuggle a bit); 'My dear friends, smuggling's a pious thing.' Now what I ask you is, Did you ever hear such a thing said in the old country in all your days?"

"I have not lived much in the old country, but I never did hear such a thing, certainly. I suppose you are alluding to the custom that they have here of defending slavery and the sale of slaves from the pulpit."

"No, I wasn't; I was thinking of these ways of telling folks they have a right to take the law in their own hand; 'And why,' say they, 'if war is lawful between two States, isn't a duel lawful between two men?' As to niggers, poor souls, I pity 'em—so I do; but bless you, Sir, what fools most of 'em are!"

"Give 'em a holiday and a handful of corn," added the other with strong contempt, "and they all begin singing like mad. You're an abolitionist, I reckon?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, so am I."

"Hold your tongue, mate," said the other gruffly; "what need for you to tell the gentleman that? You mind your business, and keep your notions to yourself; do you want to

get your house pulled down over your head, and yourself dragged on a hurdle, as they threaten to do by some folks hereabouts?"

"What folks, I asked?" with involuntary interest.

"Folks that interfere with other folk's slaves," he replied cautiously; "and has been helping some on 'em to—some on 'em to——"

"Emigrate?" I suggested, seeing that he hesitated.

"If walls have ears, I s'pose leaves have," he answered. "Well, emigrate, if you will—go out for change of air, you know."

"But respecting the folks that are threatened," I answered, "are they threatened openly or only in their absence?"

"Well, not openly, I reckon; and yet I have heard things said about them several times, but nothing has been proved again' them yet."

"Is it only one family?" I asked.

The men looked at me, as if surprised at my curiosity.

"I thought you was a stranger in these parts," said the more cautious of the two; and then, after reflecting, he said with a smile, "They may be one family by this time, for aught I know; but they *was* two some time back."

"I should not wonder if I have just been assisting at what has made them one family," I replied. "Look here!"

"Well!" exclaimed the man, colouring, as I produced a small piece of wedding-cake. "I am sure I did not mean to speak so plain, and not a single name has passed my lips."

"No, you have been cautious; but, my good fellow, did you, an Englishman, mean to let one of your own countrymen suffer in this cause without warning him?"

"Not I—you let me alone for that, and my mate too."

"You have warned the young man, then?"

"I've spoke to his father, and got no thanks for it: says he, 'Jem, don't you go spreading *repoorts* that they suspect my son; it's enough to make folks suspect him. For my part,' says the old gentleman, 'I always tell every body that negroes are ten times more trouble and expense than they are worth, and I never will let one darken my doors; but you see they don't threaten me, because I never talk about sympathy and moral right, and all that; I let other folks *manage their own affairs*, and take care of their own con-

sciences, for I have plenty to do with my own.' Well, mate, we've sat here talking long enough—wish you a good journey, Sir."

I found they did not intend to hold any further discourse with me, for one of them immediately descended the saw-pit, and his fellow, looking down upon him, said quite loudly enough for me to hear, and perhaps indifferent whether I heard or not, "Queer sort of parson this, I should not wonder if he's a spy, after all." "Then," said the other gruffly, "you shouldn't have spoke so free to him." And thereupon the saw began to grate in the wood, and I, finding that they were now, or pretended to be, intent on their work, mounted my horse and rode off; but the first opportunity that presented itself I wrote to young Evans, detailing the remarks I had heard, and entreating him not to forget to exercise the wisdom of the serpent.

I did not hear much of these good friends during the winter, though occasionally a Southern newspaper would reach me in my retreat. Every little town in America supports its newspaper, generally it supports three newspapers, and its petty interests are all laid therein before its miniature public, as well as the private affairs of many of its inhabitants; this being done with an extravagance of abuse, or an excess of laudation, a daring personality, and a vehemence of party spirit, that has no parallel in any other part of the world.

Two years passed away, and these Southern newspapers often made me uneasy respecting my friends. I saw that the tide of opinion was setting against John Evans, that he was hated as holding abolitionist views; that he was suspected of favouring education among negroes; and had been reported to have said that the tie of marriage was no less binding on the slave than on his master.

A natural thing this for a man to have said, a self-evident truth to have uttered, but then it could not be uttered with impunity; and when I read it, and the remarks made upon it, I knew that John Evans and his family could not long continue to live in that locality with safety and comfort. But for these newspapers I should have heard little of my friends, excepting that their grandmother continued in good health, and that Estelle had become the mother of two children.

The northern climate in which I was living was cold and

ungenial, the rigour of its winters deprived me of strength, and forced me southward to feel the sunbeam that in my earlier life I had been brought up to bask in ; and when, after two years, my old friends entreated me to come again and visit them, I resolved to undertake the journey, long and fatiguing as it was.

It was a glorious afternoon, in the freshest part of the Americanspring, when I again approached the neighbourhood of my old friend, and was put down by a coach at a road which crossed the highway, with directions how to reach, by its means, the river that flowed near their house. I had not more than four miles to walk to the river, and there I had been told that John Evans himself would meet me, and row me down to my destination. The road I had to pursue was little more than an opening cut through the trees of the primeval forest ; such a road, indeed, as we can scarcely picture to ourselves, if we are only acquainted with the continent of Europe. Some of the trees which had been cut down were piled on either side ; some of the stumps left in the soil had had fires kindled upon them to burn them to a level with it ; where the ruts were deep logs had been laid in them ; and in holes and swamp-hollows waggon loads of branches, trunks, and underwood, had been flung, to render them tolerably safe for pedestrians.

I pursued my way along this road, and the air of desolation that pervaded it, and the evidences of reckless destruction that I saw around me, robbed it of all interest, lonely and sylvan as were its accompaniments. At length a footpath crossed it, a natural opening which had probably been first used by wild animals, and then adapted by man to his own purposes. It seemed to lead downwards, and supposing it to be my way to the river, I did not hesitate to pursue it ; nor did I discover that I had missed my way till, becoming suddenly steeper, the path brought me to the edge of a deep hollow, at the bottom of which was tumbling a noisy little stream.

I looked to the left, and to my disappointment recognised the saw-pit which I had passed in my last journey from my friend's house ; I was, therefore, still four miles from my destination, and had taken the wrong footpath through the wood, this being the head of the same ravine on whose further brink, where it opened from the river, Estelle and her *grandmother* lived.

There was nothing for it now but to walk to the saw-pit, for past it lay the road to the house. I was thirsty and tired; the men now working in it gave me some milk; they were not the same whom I had previously seen there; and while I sat and rested my weary limbs, they questioned me as to my former life, present intentions, income, and opinions, in true American fashion.

I sat, as I well remember, in the glorious sunshine, and rejoiced in the beauty of the spring; the magnolia leaves were spreading, and all its snowy buds ready to burst; the American cowslip thickly covered the ground on which I sat; great flocks of pigeons were cooing and winnowing the air with their wings overhead; the yellow bird was chattering in the wood; and from every pore of the warm and steaming earth life and growth were breaking forth.

My two companions were at work in the saw-pit, under the shadow of some mighty maple-trees, and the regular movement of the saw did not disturb my meditations. My heart, like the world about me, came forth to meet the sunshine, and thawed after its long winter; the pulse of life beat high, and that strange feeling which is like short renewal of youth came over me, and held me for awhile in its thrall. At last warmth and fatigue made me drowsy, and I was lost in a dream, in which the revival of strength and renewal of the feelings of manhood, made me fancy that I was young. I was young, and moreover I was transported to ages long past: I was no less a person than the Scottish hero Bruce; the bloodhound was after me, and I was wading in the stream that he might lose the scent. I remember the deep baying of the hound in my dream, further, then nearer, mingled with shouts of encouragement and excitement, and my own reflection, as crouching under a rock—the very rock that my waking eyes had admired—I felt the soft gurgle of the stream as it rippled over my feet, and exulted, with that strange mixture of fact with fiction that sometimes visits a dreamer, first, that I myself had become young and strong again; and, secondly, that I should certainly escape from my foes and come to the throne; for history, methought, assured me of that fact, though my pursuers could not know it. For a long time after, nothing that happened appeared to me half so like waking fact as that dream.

The hound drew nearer, its baying was deeper and

more terrible, and now the tramping of horses galloping was in my dream. I opened my eyes, and the next thing I recollect is a frantic cry, and that men were pulling me out of the way of a horse, which, with bridle flying, and no rider, was madly rushing over the very spot where I had been sitting. There was shouting behind, and dogs barking, and a rushing onward of horsemen, and a coming crowd visible among the trees; and before my dazzled eyes could get accustomed to the light, or dismiss the dream, a man on horseback flew past, with eyes staring and terror-stricken countenance. Two large hounds were close on the horse's heels; and, swiftly as he went, I noticed that his features bore slightly the negro cast, though his complexion was fair. Another horseman, and another, were flying past us in less time than it takes to tell of it—these were white men; and after them, with frantic shouts, followed the pursuers. In an instant we were in the midst of a raging mob, consisting of probably 200 persons, most of whom were mounted, while the rest were in carts and gigs, and all of whom were riding and driving with such reckless hurry, and in such a state of wild excitement, that it was with difficulty they pulled up their horses in time to avoid the edge of the ravine.

In two minutes they had swept past us, and the men who had been at work in the saw-pit followed on foot. I was left alone to collect my thoughts after this rude awakening, and to pursue my way at my leisure, which I did, devoutly trusting that the fugitive slaves (for such I could not doubt they were) would succeed in making good their escape, though why two of them should be undoubted white men I could not conjecture.

Rested and refreshed, I now quietly walked on towards my destination; and when the distant baying of the hounds was lost in the nearer sounds of the forest, and all was tranquil, I forgot, for awhile, the adventure of the morning, in the pleasant anticipation of meeting my friends.

Who does not know the sense of uneasy agitation which attends a visit to places and people cared for long? A very little circumstance at such a time surprises the mind, every little change is noticed. I was coming up a bye path in the shrubbery, and I observed how well the ground was cultivated, and how rich were the beds of the spring flowers. I also noticed a strong smell as of charcoal burning, and

heard a slight crackling sound, as if John Evans was performing this operation somewhat nearer to his house than seemed prudent. And as I hurried onwards, longing to meet some one or hear voices in the hospitable abode, an unexpected gap meet my eyes, where there should have been a house-wall, and roof, and chimneys. I stood a moment confused and amazed; then a light puff of smoke came out of the ground; I rushed forward, rounded the corner—and there was no house—the house was gone!

Burnt to the ground—not a spar left—not a wall standing. The edifice had been of wood, and was utterly consumed; all that remained were the stone doorsteps, which led now to nothing but ashes and smouldering beams. The sun was shining gaily on the scene, and every now and then a tongue-like flame shot up, but was scarcely seen in the dazzling light; everything was perfectly still, not a creature was near to watch the spot. I cannot call it a ruin—for ruin implies that something was left to show what had been; here nothing was left but the site. No efforts seemed to have been used to check the flames—no water had been thrown—no furniture whatever had been saved—nothing lay about which bore any appearance of having been taken out of the house.

In my distress I looked here and there to discover, if possible, the meaning of this frightful sight and utter desertion. I saw that the fire was of very recent origin; it must have taken place in broad daylight, therefore I might reasonably hope that no lives had been lost. But what a piteous sight it was! the young green leaves of the trees were seared; the rich damask roses, just opening their first buds, were whitened with ashes; the ground was dry and hard, and here and there a few blackened sticks, standing close to the site of the house, showed what had been some flourishing shrub a few hours previously. I shouted, but no voice answered; and I walked about the premises, but could find no one.

I will not detail all the events of that miserable afternoon, nor dwell upon my searchings in the ravine and by the river. I came upon a broad tract, trampled, and evidently of recent formation; it led to the dell hard by where Estelle and I had breakfasted two years previously, and here there had evidently been a fray; but there was no one lingering about the place; so at last I left it, and made my way to the

nearest house, where, only by slow degrees, and with many contradictions, I heard the sad story of the morning.

I will not tell it as I then became acquainted with it, but relate it as shortly as I can.

The feeling of suspicion and ill-will had long been growing to an alarming height against John Evans, though, as he declared, it had not for a long while fallen in his way to take the part of a slave against his master. However, about a week previously to my arrival, a man, who in the North had lectured against slavery, had the temerity to make his appearance at the nearest town, and though he did not attempt to open his lips on the subject, he was recognised and told to quit the place at once. He went to John Evans, and being a minister, and a most peaceable man, he was not denied an asylum, and might have stayed there quietly enough, but that five days after his withdrawal two most valuable slaves, of great intelligence and little admixture of negro blood, disappeared. The hue and cry was immediately raised, the town turned out and poured forth into the forest; John Evans was immediately suspected, the riotous mob poured into his grounds and began to search his woods, while a detachment surrounded his house and demanded the abolitionist minister.

The doors were locked, as my informant told me, but when John Evans found that they would soon be battered down, he came to an upper window, his wife and grandmother standing behind him, each with a child in her arms.

"The minister, the minister!" shouted the mob; "give him up, or we will tear your house down."

"He is not here," replied the undaunted Evans.

"Then he is in the cave," screamed the ringleaders; "we know there is a cave; you and your wife have hidden run-aways there before now:—come down and show us the cave, or we'll burn the house over your heads."

"I will come down," he replied, "and show you the cave, but I warn you beforehand that there is no one there."

"Come down, come down!" they shouted; and he came down, the two women following.

Estelle, as I was told, was white, and her limbs trembled, but she and her grandmother gave the children to their servant and followed John Evans; perhaps from a feeling that the mob would not injure him in their presence—perhaps from an added motive.

"Now," said they, seizing him and hurrying him down the steep, "give them up to us, one and all, or we shall hurl you into the river."

In hot haste, with curses and execrations, the raging mob came down, partly dragging Evans, and yet guided by him to the neighbourhood of the cave. Kilmer was among those who had waited below; but though he knew how to find the cave, he had not pointed it out; and when he saw Estelle, he came up to her and entreated her, if she knew it, to point out the place where the fugitives were concealed.

Estelle was leaning against the trunk of a large tree, her arms folded across her bosom, and her dark eyes intently fixed on her husband's face, as if for encouragement or direction.

"Give him up, and let him be shot!" shouted the more excited among the slave-hunters. "Where's the cave?"

"Show it them, Kilmer," cried Evans, who now perceived for the first time his own extreme danger, and perhaps hoped to create a little delay.

Kilmer advanced to the river. Evans stood still, firmly fronting his adversaries. Estelle never took her ardent gaze from her husband's face.

It was soon evident that the cave was empty, and they poured forth again more enraged than ever.

"They will take your word, Evans," cried Kilmer, "don't throw away your life; if the runaways are not on your premises, say so."

Evans was silent.

"If you have not harboured this lecturing fool, say so," cried Kilmer; "pacify them, for pity's sake, if you can."

Still silence; but rifles were pointed at Evans.

"Stop!" cried Kilmer; "try his wife, friends; speak out while you have time, young woman."

"Will you spare the minister's life if I promise that he shall go North immediately that you withdraw?" asked Evans.

A roar of laughter, derision, and curses, followed this speech. "They shall all be flogged within an inch of their lives," cried the ringleader, "and then he shall be shot for a warning."

Still Kilmer urged Estelle to speak, and as he did so Evans drew nearer; he was now aware of his danger; perhaps he wished to reassure her, for he looked her in the

face with calm and steady eyes. Perhaps the infuriated mob thought that the husband and wife would consult together to betray the wretched slaves, and the still more unfortunate minister, but instead of that, stooping quietly, he kissed her pale face, and she was heard to say,

“What is this for, John?”

“Because, my beloved,” he replied, “it seems that we must part.”

“Speak out, speak!” cried Kilmer, taking advantage of the now awful silence.

“Come on, then, you murderers,” cried Evans, turning from his wife, “but not here, don’t shoot me down under my wife’s eyes; let her stand where she is, and now do your worst.”

He sprang away as he spoke with unexampled bravery, as it afterwards appeared; desirous to lead the now raging and infuriated mob away from the tree, and meet his fate at a distance. He had reached the top of a knoll when they overtook him, and he was forced to turn and face them. They all cried, “Shoot him down, pull him down!” but unable either to defend himself or escape, he stood erect, and seemed about to speak, when a rifle was lifted close behind him and the trigger pulled. Kilmer, who was unable to see his neighbour shot down, knocked it aside; it was discharged, and Evans stood unhurt; but a long, loud cry arose from behind; horror, and rage, and triumph, seemed to mingle in it. Alas! the rifle had done its deadly work: at the foot of the tree lay Estelle, scarcely paler now than when she had received her last kiss—but dead, shot through the heart. And in her fall had become visible a hollow place in the tree, which her flowing skirts had concealed, and which only in dying she had ceased to guard. The awestruck crowd flew back for an instant, but rushed on again with curses and execration; for out of the gap, and over her prostrate figure, sprang the three fugitives, and flew for their lives from their infuriated pursuers. Many of the more eager searchers had dismounted, the better to beat about in the brushwood. The unhappy men had therefore the rare good fortune to find saddled horses at their elbows; desperation made them active; they were on them, and some distance off, before the astonished people could pursue them; but they soon gathered themselves together, and loosed their hounds and horses forth after

them, leaving Evans and the grandmother alone with their dead.

The flames were already rising from the burning house, but no one knows who set fire to it. I never heard any further particulars respecting that dreadful day; neither my old friend nor Evans would hear the least allusion to it.

Wonderful to relate, both the minister and the two slaves made good their escape, so that the life of the lovely Estelle was not sacrificed in vain. I saw her beautiful remains the day after her death; they, with her family, had been removed to her father-in-law's house. Very calm and peaceful was the expression of her youthful features; no trace of dread remained upon them, nor of the fearful anxiety that must have clouded her last moments. All was happy and still—her work was done; she had not fainted in her day of trial. Evening was now come, and she was gone to rest, but she had carried with her to her couch one of the weapons of her warfare; for on her arm she still wore the simple ornament given to her by her husband—the bracelet, with its heart-inspiring words—"The Lord is my rock."



THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Luke vii. 11—16.

It is the holy sunset hour—

Slowly the lord of day declining;
And city-wall, and gate, and tower,
Are with his parting lustre shining.

But coldly falls that glorious ray

On one poor, pallid, aching brow;
Her "light of life" obscured that day,
Earth's brightest hues are gloomy now.

It seems a saddening mockery,

As gleams the radiance of the west
Along the clay-cold form, which she
Is following to his long, dark rest.

But yester-eve, by that same ray,
She watch'd by his uneasy sleep ;
Then—half-desparing—could but pray,
Now—half-submitting—can but weep.

How often hath she thought that he
Would gently soothe her dying bed !
And is it a reality ?
And can that cherish'd one be dead ?

Are all her anxious tendings o'er ?
Her many toils, affection borne ?
And will she watch and wake no more ?
Or only watch, and wake to mourn ?

From thought to thought distracted driven,
The anguish'd mother moveth on ;
Now almost doubts the love of Heaven,
Now strives to breathe " Thy will be done ! "

See from yon fields a little band
Draws near, and gains the sorrowing train ;
Its Chief, with aspect mild and bland,
Seems one whom none could sue in vain.

Grand and majestic are the lines :
His features and His form that trace ;
And dignity with meekness shines,
Divinely blended, in His face.

Quickly hath His discerning eye
Read all that full heart's bursting store ;
And, to the death-train drawing nigh,
He bids the mourner weep no more

How strange to her such mandate seems !
Not weep ! oh, idle, cruel word !
She listens, but as one that dreams,
Nor knows her Counsellor—her Lord.

But He hath come and touch'd the bier ;
And they that bear it all stand still ;
Instinctively they pause, to hear
The sovereign dictates of His will.

That eye, which not e'en death can brook,
Is resting on the pale, cold brow ;
Hush'd is each sound—and every look
Is fix'd on the Redeemer now.

And hark ! as strains of music steal
Softly beneath the summer skies,
So sounds the voice which speaks to heal ;
“ Young man, I say to thee, Arise ! ”

And he, the dead—the dead no more !
Life rusheth back to heart, to brain ;
He speaks like one whose slumber 's o'er,
Then seeks his mother's eye again.

The blessèd hand that raised him up
Hath led him to that mother's side ;
Sustain'd by Him to drink the cup
Of rapture, by His hand supplied.

Oh ! who can tell how deep and strange
The emotions of that wondering crowd,
As they for words of praise exchange
The pitying sob, and wailing loud.

And who shall dare *her* thoughts to trace,
As, circled by his vigorous arm,
She marks how healthful glows his face,
His eye how bright, his step how firm !

Oh ! did they not adoring fall
Low at His feet, th' Almighty Word,
All gratitude—affection all—
To Him, the life-restoring Lord ?

No more the sacred page imparts ;
But fancy mingles with the train,
And follows their rejoicing hearts
Back to their peaceful home again.

One loves to think how sweetly eve
Closed in upon that spot of love,
Where hover'd angels to receive,
And waft the full heart's hymn above.

Close we the page—not ours the power
 To imitate our Saviour here;
 To bid the mourner weep no more,
 Or life-renew the funeral bier.

But, Lord of mercy, grant that we
 Compassionate may still be found;
 Our oil and wine ungrudgingly
 Bestow'd upon another's wound.

And labouring on, each helping each,
 'Mid life's entanglement and pain,
 Till we that better world shall reach,
 Where not a sorrow will remain.



PAGE OF EXTRACTS.

OF late years education has become a subject of general care and attention. But there may be excess even in so amiable a feeling as the devotion of a parent to a child: that very devotion may be productive of mischief to its object. No pains are spared in cultivating talents, in giving graces, accomplishments, useful information, deep learning; but it may be a question whether the wholesome training of the feelings is as judiciously attended to as that of the understanding. May not the very importance attached to all concerning the young lead them to think too highly of themselves? Unless they are early taught to consider the feelings of others, is not one strong motive for controlling their own (that most difficult and most necessary lesson) utterly neglected?—*Mrs. Sullivan.*

There are two channels of information, by which the Creator has enabled mankind to arrive at a knowledge of truth, namely, sight and hearing. And each has its appropriate source, from which a knowledge of the things pertaining to God are derived into the mind. The visible world, or natural kingdom of God, is the province in which the eyes expatiate in search of materials for contemplation; the invisible world, or spiritual kingdom of God in

Jesus Christ, that which *cometh by hearing*. In other words, the visible world leads the way to the religion of nature; the invisible, through hearing, to the religion of grace. And that this latter method of arriving at divine truth is the surest, appears from this, that even the most stupendous miracles, although they overpowered the reason and established the fact of divine interposition, did not enlighten the minds of those who were only spectators to the understanding of the gospel doctrine; whereas the plain and simple exposition of it from the mouth of an Apostle, made thousands *wise unto salvation*.—*Blomfield*.

Although credulity is nearly allied to superstition, yet it differs very widely from it. Credulity is an unbounded belief in what is possible, although destitute of proof, and perhaps of probability; but superstition is a belief in what is wholly repugnant to the laws of the physical and moral world. Thus if we believe that an inert plant possesses any remedial power, we are credulous; but if we were to fancy that by carrying it about with us, we should become invulnerable, we should in that case be superstitious.—*Dr. Paris*.

Some Christians admire giving up something under the notion of its being for Christ, when they are not called upon to give it up; which is just as if a son were without any reason in the world to stab himself in order to show his affection for his father.

Though it may never be too late to repent, it is always too late to think of deferring repentance.

If a thing is right to be done, it must be right that somebody should do it. Is there any reason why I should not be that somebody?

There may be great faults in reference to small things.—*Whately*.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch, in our families our tempers, and in society our tongues.

A keen and exquisite perception of whatever is ludicrous or defective is rarely united with a lofty or poetic sensibility for elegance and beauty.

Sir William Temple observes that, as to knowledge, the

moderns must have more than the ancients, because they have the advantage both of theirs and their own ; which is commonly illustrated by a dwarf standing on a giant's shoulders, and, therefore, seeing more and further than the giant.

Christians possess what Archimedes wanted ; they have another sphere on which to fix their hold ; and by that means can be enabled to move, to influence, and to benefit this present world of transitory enjoyments ; a world which is in reality safe and precious to those alone who use it without abusing it, and who are ever looking beyond it to a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—*Opie.*



THE TWO ROADS.

A YEAR or two ago I spent some weeks in clambering about among the Grison mountains. I rather fancy I was something of a queer figure, but I do not wish to be positive, for looking-glasses are scarce luxuries in those parts, and the reflection on the back of your watch does not always enable you to come to a satisfactory estimate of your personal appearance. I fancy, however, that I bore a striking resemblance to Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, with a slight dash of Robinson Crusoe, and a faint trace of the London costermonger. I carried my pack, smaller than Christian's, strapped lightly on my back, and my trusty alpenstock—an iron-shod mountain pole, some six feet long—always in my hand. My face was blistered and brown, my razors had long ago been lost, my garments showed sundry apertures which had not been designed by the tailor's art. My shoes, it is true, let the water in, but then they let it out again directly after. The article I wore on my head had been used on emergencies for a pillow, and a drinking cup, and a wash-hand-basin, and a sofa cushion, and a ewer, and

a butter-fly net, and a dinner service, and a boat-bailer, and what not beside, so that it now bore but faint traces of the glory of the glossiness of olden time.

Well, as I said, I had been wandering about for some weeks—in no particular direction—and with no particular object. The road was a mere narrow mule-path, a kind of notch cut out of the mountain's side. After trudging along for some hours I came to a place where the road forked into two branches. A good path, broader, and more level, and better made than usual, led straight on, exactly in the direction of Halsenbrechenfels, the little village where I had resolved to pass the night, and which I could see perched up far away, on the mountain side. The other path was very narrow and uneven, and turned off sharply to the left, wound over some most uncomfortable rocks, and finally plunged into a cut-throat looking pine forest. Well, I thought, there can be no mistake about the right road. *There* is Halsenbrechenfels, and *here* is the road leading straight to it. Just as I thought this, I caught sight of a finger-post, inscribed in decided characters, "Weg nach Halsenbrechenfels." This was nice enough, but the finger undoubtedly pointed to the narrow road—the disagreeable road, that turned to the left and led through the forest. "Ah," thought I again, "the sign-post is evidently wrong; there is Halsenbrechenfels straight a-head—I shall certainly take the broad road, and leave the other for those who choose it." I was the rather confirmed in this course by seeing several people at some distance, all on the broad road, while the narrow one seemed quite deserted. Well, I trudged on prosperously for an hour, and was beginning to congratulate myself on my discrimination in having been so much wiser than the sign-post. But pride must have a fall, and mine had several, as you shall hear. On reaching a turn of the road I found that my beautiful path ended suddenly in a fearful precipice—another step forward, and certain destruc-

tion would be the result. Consequently I did not take another step forward, but selecting a smooth rock, sat down to consider what should be done next. Presently, high on the hill side, right above my head, I heard a confused noise of shoutings in all languages—French, German, and Italian. As far as I could make out, they were ordering me, not in the politest of manners, to be off instantly, and retrace my steps. No, no, said I, not quite so fast, my good fellows; if you do make a road leading nowhere, it's very hard if you can't let a poor tired traveller stay and rest nowhere, when he's got there at last. The polyglot shoutings still continued, and even became more violent than ever, though I was glad to see that my friends all kept at a safe distance from me, and confined themselves to noise and gesticulation. Well, I sat on immoveable, with the calm imperturbability of a Briton intent on maintaining the national privilege of doing what he chooses—right or wrong. I shook my fist at the men, and began to scold, too, and they presently ran off in a great hurry. I was just congratulating myself on this triumphant result, when the ground shook with a terrible explosion, and a whole torrent of rocks and stones came shooting down the mountain side, in close proximity to the spot where I was sitting. By a miracle, almost, I escaped without injury. The truth flashed suddenly upon my mind. The men were making a new road, to avoid the ruggedness and detour of the old track; they had completed it up to this point, and had just been blasting the rocks above, in order to make a passage round the corner of the precipice. I had conceitedly neglected the direction of the sign-post they had put up; I had misconstrued the exertions they had made to warn me of my danger. Humbled and crest-fallen, I commenced my toilsome clamber up the hill-side, to regain the narrow path I had left. I scrambled over a painfully steep slope of loose *debris*, then over some steep rocks *where there was hardly foot-hold*. I waded through

sundry unbridged rivulets, and plunged into the pine forest ; and at last, after great labour, succeeded in regaining the steep and narrow path which, in my self-conceit, I had abandoned. This led me round about, it is true, but safely to Halsenbrechenfels, where I was truly glad to repose my wearied limbs.

Have you never heard, my friends, of two other roads—one broad and pleasant, but which leadeth to destruction ; the other, steep, and narrow, and difficult, but which leads to the place of rest where you are, or ought to be, desirous of going ? You have all learnt to read the sign-post which would direct you aright ; if you persist in going wrong, you have often and often heard the voice of those who every Sunday cry aloud to you, to escape from the impending destruction before it is too late. Do not neglect those warnings, but escape at once, by the rough and stony path of repentance, into the safe old way, that you left so foolishly.



THE WAGER OF THE CUCKOO WITH THE NIGHTINGALE.

A FABLE.

(See *Docen. Miscell.*, *Herder's Volkslieder*, and *Erlach's Volkslieder*.)

LONG time ago, in a deep vale,
The Cuckoo and the Nightingale
This wager laid for honour :
To sing their best, and who should claim,
Through art or luck, the victor's name,
She should be Prima Donna.

The Cuckoo said, "If you decide
By my opinion to abide,
The Ass for judge I'll mention ;
That he will know what's right appears,
Because he has two such long ears
Wherewith to give attention."

They quickly flew the judge to find,
 Imparted to him all their mind,
 He to their wish consented ;
 The Nightingale sang sweetly out,
 The Ass said, " What's it all about ?
 Sure I feel half demented."

The Cuckoo then his song began,
 Cuckoo! Through three, four, five it ran,
 Each note from each divided :
 He laughed therein, too, in his way,
 It pleased the Ass, who said, " Now stay,
 My judgment is decided :

" Your's, Nightingale, a pretty song,
 But, Cuckoo, you sang clear and strong,
 And kept time to a minute ;
 I speak of what I understand,
 And should it cost the entire land,
 Still, I must say you win it."

THE SUNKEN ROCK.



VESSEL named the "Thetis" was cruising in the Mediterranean in search of a shoal or bank, said to exist beneath the treacherous waters. The captain, after his efforts to find it had failed, abandoned the enterprise, declaring that "the reported danger was all a dream." An officer on board formed a different judgment, went out by himself on an expedition afterwards into the very same latitude and longitude, and then discovered a reef of rocks, which he reported at the Admiralty, and it was inserted in the charts; the discoverer being rewarded with a high appointment.

The intelligence came to the captain's ears; he would not believe in the discovery; he was a shrewd, clever, practical man, but unscientific, incredulous, and obstinate.

"The whole thing is a falsehood," he exclaimed; adding, "If ever I have the keel of the 'Thetis' under me again in those waters, if I don't carry her clear over where the chart makes a rock, call me a liar and no seaman."

Two years after, he was conveying, in the same vessel, the British ambassador to Naples. One windy night he and the master were examining the chart on deck, by the light of the lantern, when the latter pointed out the *sunken rock* on the map. "What," exclaimed the old seaman, "is this invention to meet me in the teeth again? No, I swore I would sail over that spot the first chance I had, and I'll do it." He went down into the cabin, merrily related the story to the company, and said, "within five minutes we shall have crossed the spot."

There was a pause! Then, taking out his watch, he said, "Oh, the time is past, we have gone over the wonderful reef!" But presently a grating touch was felt on the ship's keel—then a sudden shock—a tremendous crash—the ship had *foundered*!

Through great exertion most of the crew were saved, but the captain would not survive his own mad temerity; and the last seen of him was his white head, from the dark hull of the "Thetis" as the foam burst around her bows and stern.

He perished a victim of unbelief. So perish multitudes. God has laid down upon the map of his Word a sunken rock. He warns all of hell, of perdition, but many will not believe. On they go, determined to brave the worst, and too late they will find what unbelieving souls they have been.

But why, O reader, will you die? We would fain make an effort to stop you in your progress, and urge you to turn from wickedness at once, and flee to the Lord your God at once for pardon and peace. Do you say there is no hope, no pardon for you? If you are a child of Adam, in the name of God, we tell you that there is mercy for you.

It matters not what country you belong to—your age—the guilt you have contracted—the evil you have done; be you what you may—where you may—who you may—we tell you now that the blood of Christ can pardon you at once, that he is "able to save to the uttermost," that His blood cleanseth from all sin.

Friend, fellow-sinner, do you believe? or are you altogether careless about these things? Indifferent whether you shall be saved or lost! whether you shall spend eternity in heaven or hell! Why, oh why will you die? You may, if you will, choose death, and not life. We cannot command you. Entreaties, remonstrances, arguments, tears, you may set all

at nought. But remember, then, that whatever there may be of fearful, tormenting, and awful in the future, *you have chosen it!*

If all creation became vocal, so that the universe resolved itself into a sound which might pierce and lacerate the lost, this would be their utterance—*Their own choice! Their own choice!*

[From one of an excellent series of tracts "For the Highway," which the editor has been requested to recommend.]

CHINESE LETTER OF THANKS.

THIS curious letter appeared a short time ago in the Melbourne "Argus." It is a sufficient proof that the Chinese can use our language better than we can theirs; and is interesting as showing that they are grateful and observant of kindness and good-will.

In the "Argus," the letter is printed in the original Chinese, and after it comes the translation, done by a Chinaman.

THE BARQUE CORNWALL.

"A statement made by the Chinese passengers of the ship Cornwall, for the purpose of showing their gratitude to her commander, Mr. Dawson:—

"We, Chinese passengers of the ship Cornwall, being 260 then in number, having received a very kind and affecting treatment from him; and having, consequently, been in happiness and safety, both when being on board and arriving at Melbourne, are constrained to render our recompensation to him, and now have therefore the happiness to get the gratitude of our heart to him; but, in writing which, we expect to offer to the knowledge of the public, in order to show our gratitude a little, and at the same time to clear ourselves from being the ungrateful. We expect that our deficiency in composition will not be rejected, along with our sincerity in our heart.

"In undertaking this happy task, we shall pick up some

of his good treatment we can recollect,—and proceed to divide them into four parts :—

“First, the Captain protected us on board. We did not understand to meet the foreign people in many respects, and might be sometimes despised. The Captain knew how to do with this. He treated us meekly, and in spite of the displeasure of his men, had done his best to make them treat us all kindly.

“Secondly, the Captain was very kind in giving provisions. Food is necessary for man’s life. He gave good arrangement to give us our daily bread on board ; and got as much fresh bread and fruits as possible for us. After arriving at Hobson’s bay, he did not cut us off from food, but when we came on shore he schemed to get us off from the expenses in his power (that is, to prevent them from being cheated) and favoured us with some rice and meat.

“Thirdly, the Captain made every scheme to keep us in health. Though we are spared by Heaven, yet this must depend on some human plan still. Cleanness is needful to health. He got every place clean always, and used to take a view of that in person. Air is needful for man’s life. He kept every berth with fresh air, and always persuaded us to exercise on deck.

“Fourthly, the Captain gave us good instructions and informations. We must require instructions. He instructed us to be peaceful on board, and select some head man on board to ask for wants and settle our disturbances. He had never felt tired to converse with us, nor to answer our questions, which were often put to him on all sides.

“Almost all these virtuous actions of our Captain we had been not informed of before hand ; neither when we were in Hong Kong, nor when we asked our countrymen here. We do feel that we have owed him a great deal of thanks. Of course we now offer this statement to the public, trusting that it will be accepted by our fellow Chinese, whether in Melbourne or in China, and hoping that Heaven will bless him greatly.”

“SUE-TO, HUNG-KEEN,

O. SHUG-TONG,

MA CHIEL-CHANG,

OU-HENUG YOU CHUN.

Agents to the Chinese passengers.”

‘True Translation. O. Chenug.”

THE STAR OF HOPE.

"There shall come a Star out of Jacob."—NUMB. xxiv. 17.

"Lo, the Star which they saw in the East, went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they saw the Star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—MATT. II. 9, 10.

"I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, *and the bright and morning Star.*"—REV. xxii. 16.

My heart is full of sorrow, and in vain
I seek to clear the cavern in my breast
That harbours the dark phantom of unrest;
I would be free, but cannot rend my chain!

They tell me tears will rust its links at last,—
That Death will come and set the pris'ner free:—
But, oh! beyond, a Judge enthroned I see,
And know that justice still will hold me fast!

"Look! thro' the prison walls there gleams a Star!
And hope and promise its bright beams impart;
Its message shineth in the lonely heart,
Dispersing melancholy thoughts afar.

"In its mild radiance read the passport given,
To all whose hope is in the Crucified;
That *sin* might be forgiv'n,—*the Sinless died*,
And, by His *Resurrection*, open'd Heaven!*

"The trusting heart will find in Him repose:—
His word illumines sorrow's darkest night;†—
And wrong and falsehood yield to truth and right,
When for His children He doth interpose."

Then far be every sad foreboding thought!
Since in unfailing strength I may be strong;‡
Thy love, my Saviour! wakes a grateful song—
In Thee e'en sorrow is with *blessing* fraught.||

J. E.

REVIEWS.

ADELINE : A Tale of the Mysteries and Realities of Jewish Life. Run and Read Library. Simpkin and Marshall.

SKETCHES IN NASSAU, BADEN, AND SWITZERLAND. By John Curwen. Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

"ADELINE" is the last published of a series which contains many interesting tales, and no doubt, by the class by whom it will be more largely read, it will be thought one of the best of the series.

The author of this tale takes very high ground for herself and her fellow-novelists, and proposes to herself the assisting in so lofty a purpose, that after reading her preface, in which she makes known her feelings and aspirations, one is naturally led to look into her tale, and see whether she carries out her intentions, or justifies, by the value of her productions, the opinion she expresses as to the mission of works of imagination.

"It has always been my conviction," says the author of *Adeline*, "that if Christianity shall ever occupy its proper exalted position—if its glorious ideality shall ever have its full influence on mankind—it will be done by works of imagination."

Now we are not left to this dreary "if;" we know, because it is revealed to us in the Scriptures of truth, that the day will come when Christianity SHALL occupy its proper exalted position, when "all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest; when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea." But, from the same unerring record we discover by what means, human and divine, this blessed result shall be brought about. Works of imagination are not mentioned as bearing any part;—it shall be done, as we read, through "the foolishness of preaching," and by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Yet works of imagination have a place, no doubt, among those works which help to educate the generation,—they

have a part to perform; if they are powerfully written, they sway public opinion; if they are truly written, they improve public morals. How careful, then, should those writers be, if they bear any sway, to use it in the right direction, and to study carefully that the examples they present may be in accordance with human nature, and that the precepts they enforce may be good ones.

Since it became so much the fashion, however, to write and to read novels, and to praise those which are natural, and drawn from a knowledge of life and character, a number of writers have sprung up who, instead of going to real life for their incidents, go to the books that have been so praised, forgetting that by this they effectually deprive themselves of all the merit of their original. The first book was copied from nature, the second is to be the copy of that copy, and there must be, of course, less of nature in it, for it is one degree further removed; and when this copy is again copied and taken for a model, no wonder that scarcely anything of the original likeness to material nature or human nature remains.

Sitting in a London drawing-room and writing by gas-light on a foggy day, many a book is produced by the copyers as they industriously work for the good of their species; and they suppose that they are doing what their models did! their models, who walked about in the open world, talked to real men and women,—lived, and worked, and felt,—and described what they experienced and what they saw.

Now, if we describe at first hand from nature, we may, perhaps, be very unfortunate in our choice of objects for description; or, we may describe what is in itself interesting, so badly, that people shall say it conveys to them a very faint notion of the original; but we shall never fall into the absurdity of describing things that have no existence, or of putting people on heights, which those who know better than we do, are sure they could not have climbed.

Some years ago, two clever little girls, who had discovered that the people in books did not talk and act like those about them, resolved to write a story. Half in burlesque, and half in earnest, they arranged a strange tissue of adventure and incidents. There was a castle, of course, and a moat, in the story.—“And in the moat,” said the elder, “there shall be a number of ‘dolphins.’—

"Dolphins!" said the younger, "they live in the sea!" "That does not matter," replied the elder, "in our story things must live where we please." So the moat was filled with dolphins, and when the lord and lady of the castle came home from their travels, "these faithful animals reared themselves up to welcome them, and sang the following song."

There is no need to give the song, but neither song nor story were more utterly out of nature than some of the incidents in tales now frequently read and admired; tales in which the actions are performed without sufficient motive, and the characters die without suffering from any known disease; in which noblemen are "as common as blackberries," and there are at least two beauties, such perfect loveliness as does not astonish the old world more than once in an age.

The author of *Adeline* sometimes forgets the probable and the possible in such a manner as to make one wonder what books she copies from, or in what wonderful clime she learns her knowledge of human nature.

An excellent Jewish gentleman and some of his family go into the country to witness the opening of a new Synagogue. A pale thin woman, with a countenance that bespeaks a familiar acquaintance with sorrow, and with an infant in her arms, came to beg, bringing a letter of introduction to the Jew. She has seven children, and is asked how she manages without *any* furniture.

"Is it possible you have nothing at all left?" he inquires.

"My husband," she answers, "went and got a bundle of shavings for us to sleep on; and those, with a few bricks"—

"Spare yourself any further particulars, pray."

Such sufferings and privations are, alas! not very uncommon. What follows, seems scarcely to belong to them:—*Adeline*, the lovely heroine of the tale, feels that she cannot "restrain herself by the cold rules of etiquette,"—she wishes to nurse the baby and play with it. Accordingly she begs that the mother will forgive her intrusiveness, and asks to be allowed to have the baby while she remains.

"Of course no objection was offered: so *Adeline* took the infant gently in her arms, smoothed down its long white

robe very carefully indeed, laid a kiss upon its peach-blossom lips, and marched off with it to her seat triumphantly."

Now some of us know what babies are:—and those who do, will only need to be informed that this one was six months old, and they will wonder why it had a robe at all. It should have been "short-coated" long before; but if the mother's taste led her to dress it so long in robes, one cannot help wondering where she contrived to keep these expensive and inappropriate articles, as the whole furniture of her house consisted of a bundle of shavings and some bricks! One thing is certain, and that is, that she did not allow her baby to creep about, though this exercise is reputed among mothers to be a very healthy one for infantine limbs; if she had, the robe would not have been a white one, for a baby's frock cannot possibly be kept clean and white, even where it creeps among neat furniture and a carpeted floor; what must it look like, then, after the infant has made a journey of discovery on its knees among bricks and shavings!

But the mother in the book could probably do more than the mother in real life; if she could, she resembled the heroine; for we are expressly told that Adeline could do what scarcely any one else would have attempted.

We read, "It was the morning of the day following the circumstances described in our last chapter. Breakfast was over, and Adeline had placed her easel—for she never allowed a moment to pass idly—arranged the blinds, so that she might have a proper light, and spread her canvas. The subject was a mighty one, that scarcely any one but Adeline would have attempted—*portraits* of the most eminent persons in English history, from the landing of Julius Cæsar downward; but her calm, quiet perseverance had nearly conquered it, and it was now drawing to a close."

This young lady's destiny was as remarkable as her industry; her father kept a curiosity shop in the city of London; he was a vulgar and exceedingly shabby and dirty old Jew. An English earl—Earl Vernon by name—coming to buy some coins, the lovely Adeline appears for a moment to deliver a message; the earl being fascinated, says to her father, "A word with you;" he is led into a private apartment, when he, after a little other discourse, proposes to marry the lovely Adeline, never having seen her previously, and not expecting to see her again for about a week, when he is to appear and

arrange the matter with her. This nobleman, who has red hair and bandy legs, opens the discourse by saying to the shop-keeper, "I've *took* a fancy to your daughter;" but this little mistake of his we had better pass over, for we can hardly expect a nobleman who acts so strangely to express himself like other people.

"SKETCHES IN NASSAU" consists of a few familiar letters to the author's friends at home, those friends being evidently not members of the very large section of the community which takes wing almost annually to the continent, and considers the flight no great feat. Mr. Curwen is already very favourably known as a great promoter of the new system of musical notation, and editor of several valuable works on congregational singing; his remarks, therefore, on the church music and singing in the Lutheran churches abroad is valuable. And it is agreeable to find that, in the opinion of so good a judge, it is not by any means from superior talent, but from more general cultivation, that the German people so much excel us in music; also that the one nation is not more highly gifted than the other, as far as the voice is concerned, the greater heartiness, energy, and business-like earnestness with which the Germans "lift up" their voice in the congregation giving them that fulness and power which we miss in England.

"Here, at Schwallenbach," he says, "we attended the Lutheran church. On the first Sabbath morning we were early. The time of commencement is nine o'clock. As the seats seemed to belong to no one in particular, and there were happily no signs of pew-letting, we took the first convenient place. The congregation soon filled up the seats around us, when, to my surprise, I found myself in the midst of a goodly company of bonnetless, and for the most part also, capless matrons—the only man in that part of the church. However, my dear wife and children were with me, and I was not afraid! . . . Soon the organ gave a prelude, and then while it paused entirely for a moment, a first tone was given out by the *voice* of the organist. It was upper D. Immediately followed, not any sound of the organ, but a mighty out-streaming of 600 or 700 voices on that same high tone, carrying the tide of the song swiftly and brilliantly onwards. Presently one could hear that the organ was following. Its ever-varying tones seemed to dance the crests of the waves. Every man, woman, and child

in the place seemed to sing, and all sang in unison. The women around me sang with such a vigour of lung, and such an evident enjoyment of the physical exercise, as was itself inspiring. But there were also many tokens of the heart's interest in the subject of the song. The whole effect was very unexpected and thrilling. It was interesting to notice how well prepared every one was. The number of the hymns was announced on a black board by the side of the pulpit. Every hymn-book was open at the place. The voices began not only on the first tone, but also on the very first part of the first tone. It was like the clear striking of a good clock. In England most people would excuse themselves from singing so high a tone as D at the opening of a tune. They would leave it to the precentor, or send after it a trembling falsetto. But falsetto—falsetto in a country church of the Duchy of Nassau! Falsetto is not believed in. It is all healthy chest-voice here. And yet they neither stand up to sing, nor open their mouths. In this I do not commend them. But, oh! if English people would but begin at the beginning, and 'sing out' as they do—if they would but make the service of praise into a hearty work, then should I greatly rejoice.

"This congregation keep in use, I afterwards learnt, about fifty tunes, which are adapted to about three hundred hymns. These tunes and hymns they have learnt from their childhood."

Again—"I should tell you that the Catholics, in this little county of Schwallenbach, form nearly a third of the population. Several of the neighbouring villages are entirely Catholics. Their priests have been preaching and hearing confessions here for a fortnight, and this is the last day of their visit. At a little past eight this morning, a long procession, with flags, passed along the ridge of the opposite hill, coming from a village near, and singing so loud and sweet as to make the valleys ring. It seemed, taking away the flags, like some of the 'Primitive Methodist' processions in England, only the song was lifted up with more unflagging vigour. I do not think the Catholics in England have any people's song in their services. I suppose that in Germany they dare not leave such an attractive power all to the Protestants. I am told that many of the hymns they sing are truly good. Let us hope that many a broken heart *may pick up higher truths from them than they learn from*

the priests. I think that a true people's psalmody would be dangerous to the Catholic church."

One thing generally strikes the mind in reading of continental habits, whether in France, Italy or Germany; it is, how very few pleasures are enjoyed by the poorer classes in England, compared with their continental neighbours. The healthy pleasure of singing is one that they might have with advantage to their homes and to all our places of public worship. It would greatly enliven their homes, cheer them at their work, and might even tempt them to a better attendance at the public services of religion; for if they understood music it would certainly have great attractions for them, and those who could sing would like to join in the harmony of the sanctuary, and would thus be drawn within the influence, or certainly within the sound of the gospel, so that, to adapt the words of the poet, "those who came to *sing*" would "remain to pray." In no country is music so much cultivated among the females of the middle classes, as in England. One scarcely ever meets with a young lady who cannot play on the piano, and who, consequently, does not know enough to play accompaniments, and teach children *to sing tunes*.

There is scarcely a village in England without either a squire's, parson's, or farmer's daughter able to take this first step towards diffusing a liking for music; that, namely, of teaching children to sing pretty songs and hymns. Such teaching, it is true, would do nothing for their voices beyond benefiting them by exercise; but if given systematically it would provide village youths with occupation for many a dreary evening hour, and would prove a delightful relaxation for the toilworn folks whose "all work and no play" often gives them an expression of vacant dulness, which is quite as much owing to the absence of amusement and innocent pleasure in their daily life, as to any deficiency of intelligence or of education.





